January 11, 1936

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Collier's

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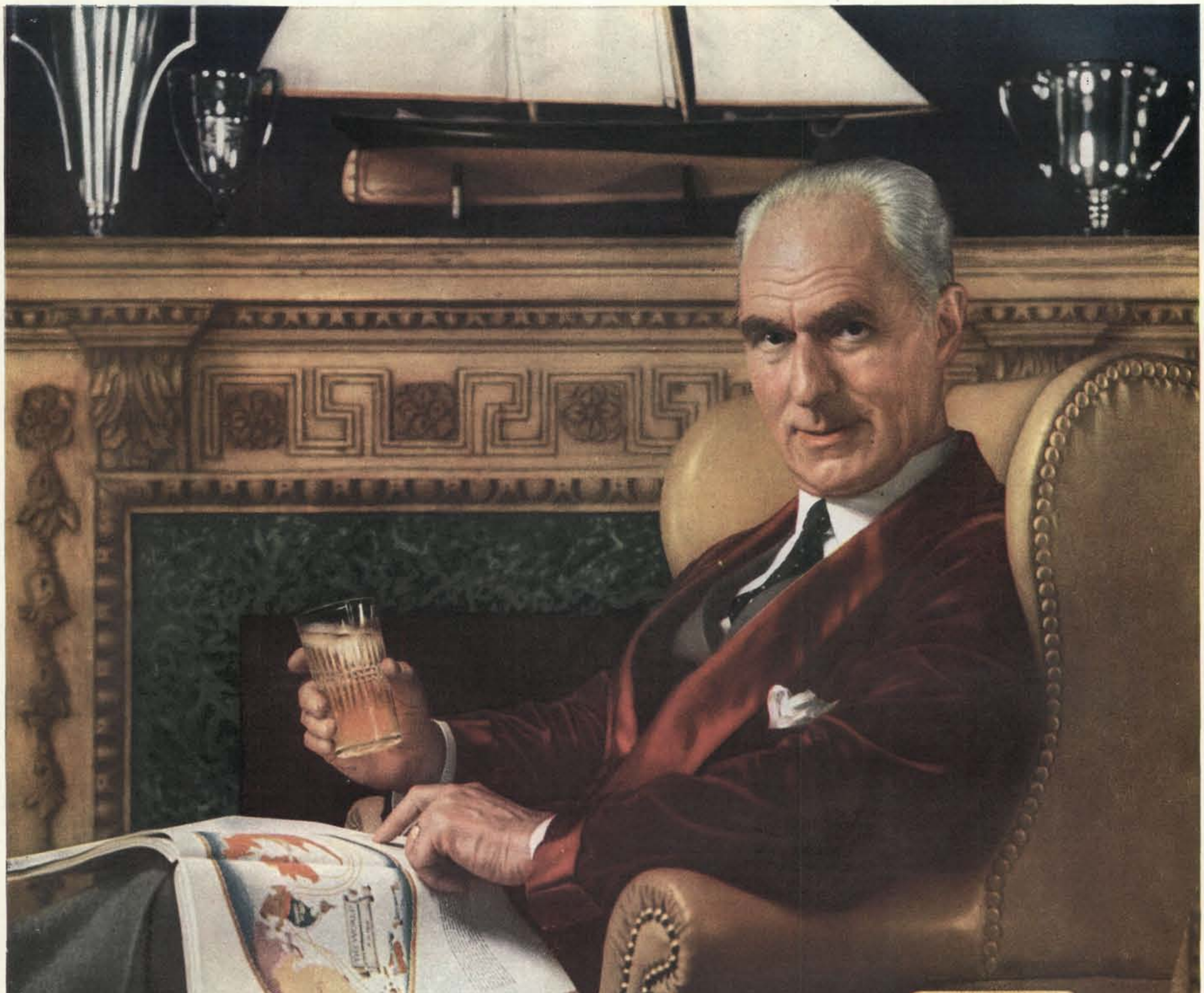
"Whiskies, you know, are like people"



"THE LONGER you live, the truer you'll find this to be.

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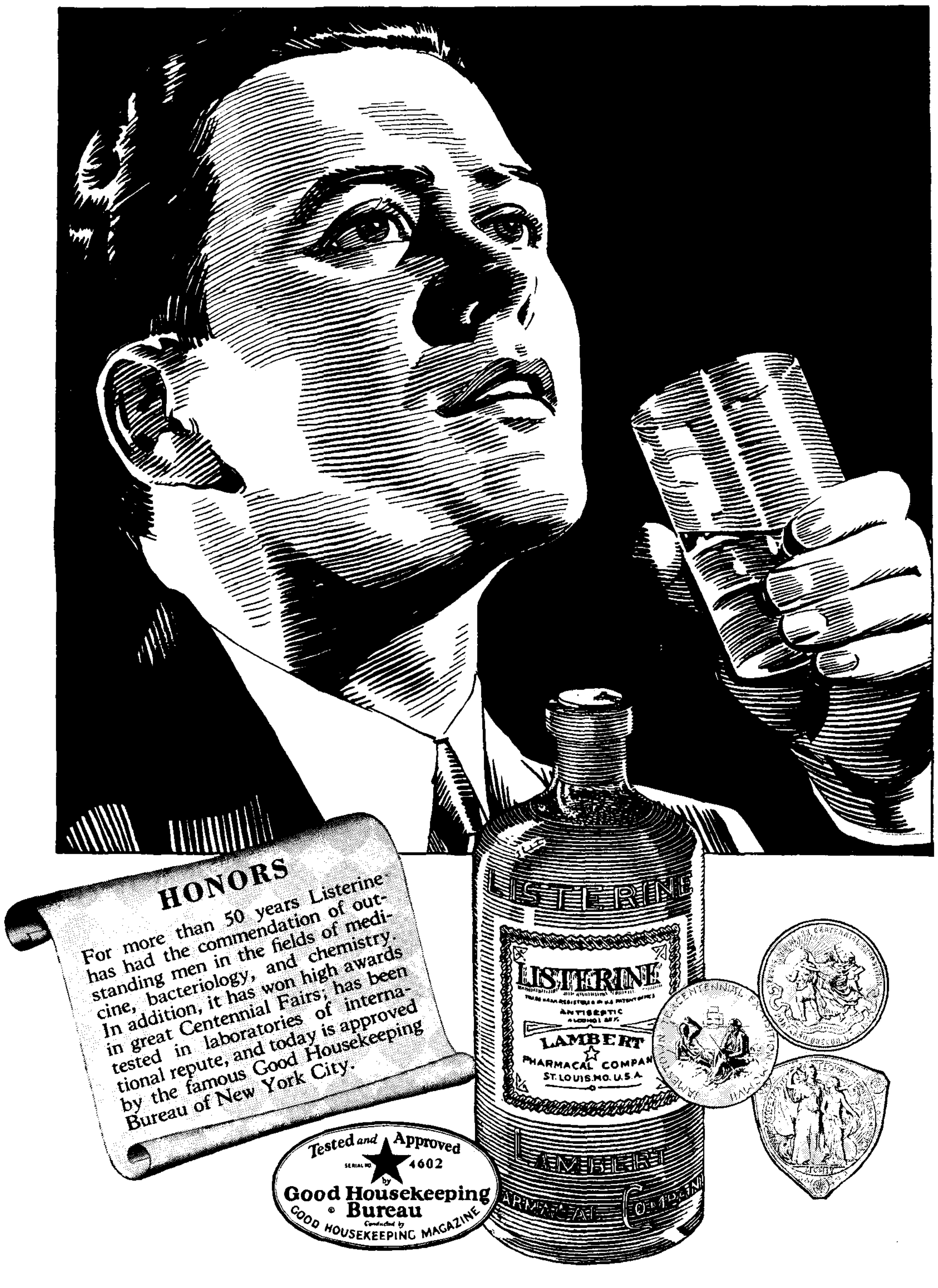

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A new, finer cough drop, medicated for quick relief of throat tickle, coughs, irritations.

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IOLA, KANSAS

Next Week

ANY seafaring man will tell you that black cats carry dreadful gales of wind hidden in their bushy tails. And if a black cat and a whistling girl come aboard when you're making ready to sail on Friday the thirteenth, you might just as well give up. The ship's bottom is sure to drop out of her. "All we need now is a minister," said Thomas Fulger, master of the Makena.

And shortly after they had ridden out a typhoon in the China Sea, that's just what they found. But by then a good many things had changed, including the captain's attitude toward girls and ministers. The romantic story of a seaman's triumph is told by Jacland Marmur in "A Black Cat and a Girl."

IN THE next few months, in addition to paying taxes, you are going to hear a great deal about taxation. You will be told that our taxes are too heavy. That they are not heavy enough. That the Republic is on the verge of bankruptcy. That its credit is the best in the world. Before the uproar reaches a pitch that makes thinking impossible you will find it useful and enlightening to look at the facts. They are clearly and impartially presented by John T. Flynn in "Who Pays the Piper?"

TO a refined girl like Miss Hodge the absurd capers of Hurley Stupp, realtor, could be of no possible personal interest. Just the same, she was sorry to see him being made a fool of by a scheming divorcee, who was less interested in real estate than in Mr. Stupp. A woman like that—why, she is a menace to stupid, nice fellas and a girl had not ought to sit by and let her get away with it. In "The House Dreadful" Frederick Hazlitt Brennan tells the story.

WHILE Stalin and the other rulers of the U. S. S. R. sit at home in austere meditation, Russia's "Traveling Salesman," the genial and astute Maxim Maximovitch Litvinoff, hurries from country to country making deals. He is so informal, friendly and talkative that statesmen in top hats usually don't realize until he has gone how good the deal was—for Russia. T. R. Ybarra introduces you to this horse-trading diplomat.

THE arrival in Little Bee Bend of "The Widow Man" was the beginning of confusion. Giles, the foreman, said he ought to have a wife; immediately the plantation was full of candidates. Roark Bradford records their rivalry.

THERE will be articles and stories by Walter Gilkyson, George Creel, Ernest Haycox, Quentin Reynolds, and others. So all will be well.

This Week

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January 11, 1936

Cover by Paul Shively

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
Mumbo Jumbo. Gods on a cannibal isle. Page 7

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The Charmer. What happens at the collision of irresistible persons? Page 10

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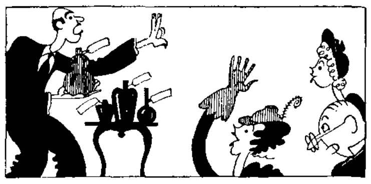
●

Any Week

THIS one from Mr. John Jay McDevitt of Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania, should appear in the Business Opportunities column. But we haven't that kind of column and—well, Mr. McDevitt writes: "I am not a man of means, but I have a few hundred dollars to wager that President Roosevelt will fail to make the grade at the coming Democratic National Convention. And I will make another bet that the man selected will be Al Smith and that it will be a forced compromise."

MR. McDEVITT'S name is rather familiar. He may be a friend of ours. So we take no chances and, in the name of friendship, warn him that some enterprising young fellow like Mr. Julius B. Loan of Detroit, Michigan, will make him even less a man of means. Mr. Loan was out of a job. Having nothing else to do, he collected several dozens of those lovely bottles our big distillers are dispensing their wares in. He picked only the best-looking. He entered the choicest in an auction where only antiques were supposed to be sold and got twelve dollars for them. He invested ten dollars in a supposedly defunct automobile and with the remainder bought a couple of gadgets which, added to parts he found in scrap heaps, restored the car to usefulness. He sold it for thirty-five dollars. We haven't room to tell you what happened after that but a few days ago, after seven months of such industry, he bought a half interest in a filling station. A lot of young fellows, maybe a McDevitt or two among them, will be working for Mr. Loan one of these days.

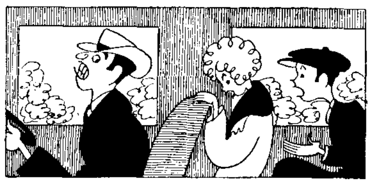


DOCTOR TOWNSEND needn't read this one because the writer, Mrs. Jeannette G. Lisbon of San Francisco, California, has sent him a copy. But we know he's glad to learn that Mrs. Lisbon is in favor of his Old Age Pension Plan provided it is amended to read that "nobody under sixty years may participate in the spending of the $200 a month or enjoy any direct benefits such as eating the food or wearing the clothing such money buys or living in a house this money maintains. Otherwise two thirds of the beneficiaries of these pensions would be people much less than sixty and I do not feel like being taxed to support several million strong young loafers."

MR. GEORGE H. KAUTCHMAN of Denver, Colorado, would amend the Doctor's plan, too. But Mr. Kautchman, who assures us he has no direct interest in the pensions "outside of his mother and father and his wife's uncle," would amend it upward. "The money would be collected by charging everybody a five per cent sales tax," says Mr. Kautchman. "This would be very unjust to the old folks. Our Townsend club has adopted resolutions demanding that beneficiaries be exempt from paying the sales tax."

AND nothing is going to convince Mr. P. H. Wilt of Houston, Texas, that there isn't something awfully, awfully wrong with "any Republican who wants to be President." He reasons thus: "The next administration is going to have to find two and a half billion dollars to pay off the veterans of 1918. Also it will have to dig up the dough to pay some kind of a Townsend plan. And then there will be the permanent relief crowd that no administration will dare to refuse, and sure as you are alive there is going to be a movement to pay a weekly dole to the parents of all children up to the age of ten or twelve. And still there are a lot of guys hunting Roosevelt's job. They don't know when they're well off—if they ever were."

AND speaking of the children, Mrs. Helen S. L. Davis of Orange City, Florida, reports that Safety on the Highways was discussed at a meeting she attended recently. The gathering learned that "one state has reduced accidents by teaching its motorists good manners. And another way," continues Mrs. Davis, "was, according to our lecturer, to teach the children to be back seat drivers and continually chant, 'Oh Daddy, Daddy, please be careful.'" It was a little too much for Mrs. Davis, who is as strong for Safety on the Highway as anybody. So she proposes: "Herod For President."



BUT Mrs. Belle Grother of Lawrence, Massachusetts, contends that the only thing that will reduce motor accidents is education. "There should be some place where a great school of highway rules and careful motor driving could be taught all persons who are responsible for accidents," thinks she.

A GOOD tough jail, for example.

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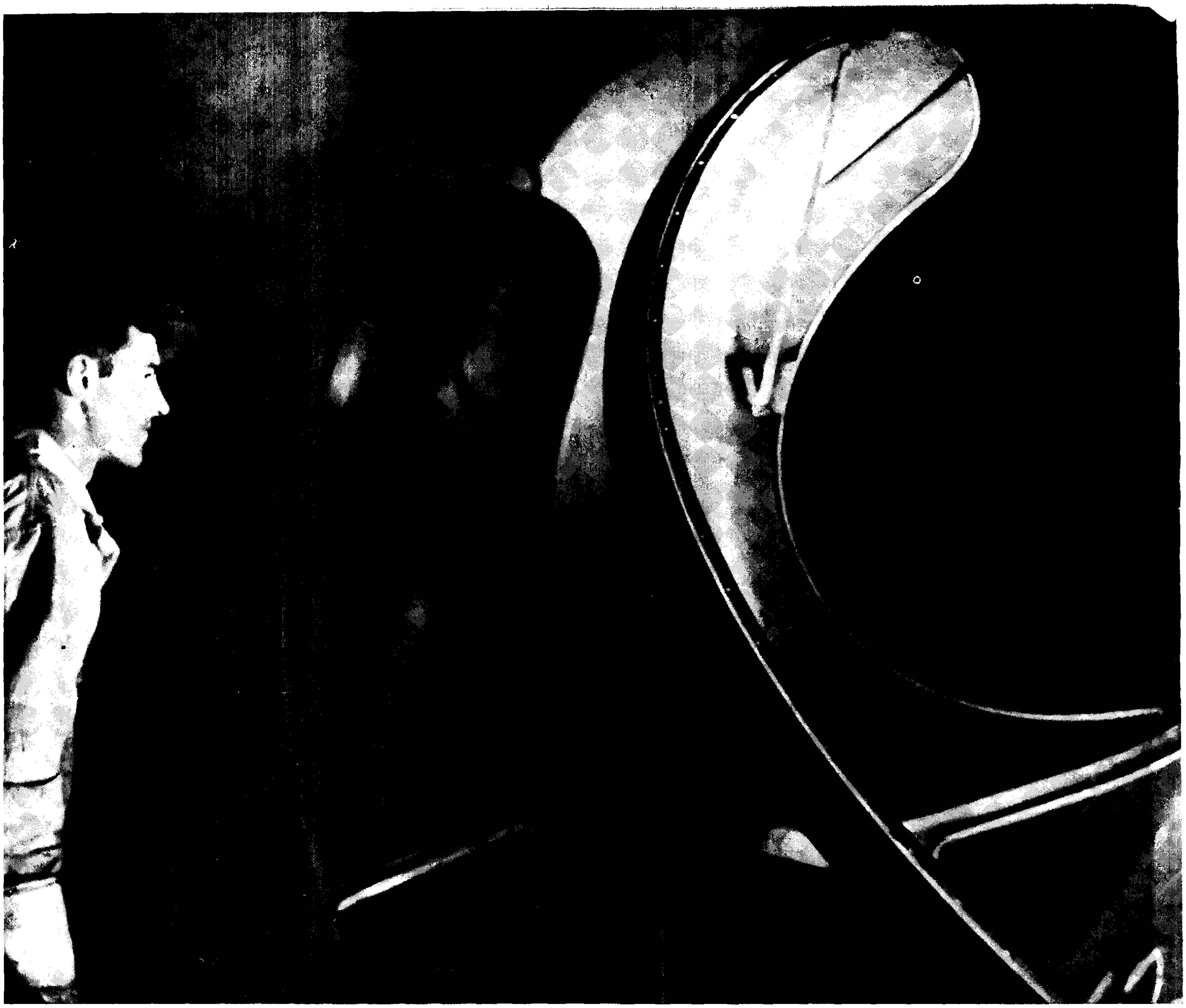

War Against Rust

HERE'S ONE of those graceful-looking Plymouth fenders getting a "beauty treatment" that is more than skin-deep . . . a scientific rust-proofing that will keep it beautiful long after most fenders of its age have chipped, peeled and rusted into painful ugliness and shabbiness.

The beautiful 1936 Plymouth Safety-Steel body . . . the fenders . . . every sheet metal part . . . the steel wheels . . . even the nuts, bolts and washers . . . are rust-proofed.

Not *some* of the parts, but *all!*

Bodies and fenders are first washed in chemicals that remove all oil, grease or dirt. Then rust-proofed with a coating that becomes a physical *part of the surface of the metal* . . . which not only stops rust, but prevents chipping, cracking or peeling of the finish.

Your own eyes will tell you it's the most beautiful low-priced car. What you do not see is this war against rust . . . which keeps a Plymouth beautiful through all kinds of driving and weather conditions . . . month after month and year after year.

Care and quality like this go deep . . . clear down to the tiniest, hidden detail . . . in building every Plymouth. That is what makes it a great car.

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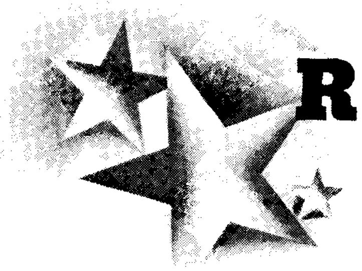
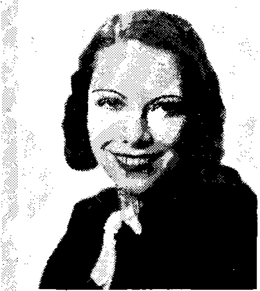


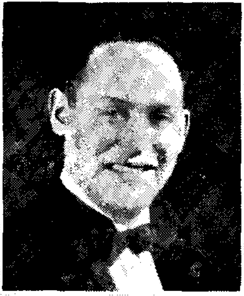
Radio HIGHLIGHTS of the New Year!

RECOMMENDED BY THE RADIO INSTITUTE OF THE AUDIBLE ARTS . . . FOUNDED BY THE PHILCO RADIO AND TELEVISION CORPORATION

FROM stage and screen . . . from opera and concert hall . . . from vaudeville and from the lecture platform . . . come the radio artists who will make 1936 the most brilliant year in broadcasting history. Old favorites will continue their welcome visits to your home . . . new stars will arise in the radio sky. Through the magic of short-wave broadcasting and the remarkable discoveries in modern aerial-tuning systems, European and other overseas stations will be heard with surprising regularity and clarity in American homes.

This list of programs is only a *partial* list of those recommended by The Radio Institute of the Audible Arts . . . a point the Institute wishes to emphasize in fairness to the many other fine programs on the air. To derive the fullest enjoyment from these splendid offerings, and from all other radio highlights of the year, a radio capable of true High-Fidelity reception is absolutely essential.





FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS

Tuesdays, 9:30–10:30 P.M.*, over CBS. Fred Waring's Orchestra and vocal ensemble with Rosemary and Priscilla Lane as soloists. Sponsored by Ford Motor Co. Dealers.

This band presents one of the most finished performances on the air. Distinctive arrangements for orchestra and ensemble make this one of the most popular programs of its type.

BOAKE CARTER

Mondays to Fridays, inclusive, 7:45–8:00 P.M.*, over CBS. News commentator and editorialist. Sponsored by Philco Radio and Television Corporation.

Crisp comment on the news of the day, and the trend of national and international affairs by Boake Carter, an editorialist of the air who commands the respect and attention of a tremendous audience.

A & P GYPSIES

Mondays, 9:00–9:30 P.M.*, over NBC-WEAF. Harry Horlick's Orchestra. Howard Price, tenor. Sponsored by Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.

Under the baton of Harry Horlick, who led their first broadcast . . . these radio pioneers enter their fourteenth year for the same sponsor . . . a record never approached. One of the first programs on the air . . . in years, ability and enduring popularity.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY

Sundays, 3:00–5:00 P.M.*, over CBS. The New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Sir Henry Beecham. Columbia Sustaining Program.

One of the finest Sunday afternoon features, presenting a splendid orchestra under the direction of an accomplished musician.

MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR

Sundays, 8:00–9:00 P.M.*, over NBC-WEAF. Major Bowes presents a new array of amateur talent each Sunday in a program of sustained interest. Sponsored by Chase & Sanborn Coffee.

An "Amateur Hour" in which contestants compare favorably with professionals. A program that has started many young artists toward radio stardom.

THE SINGING LADY

Mondays to Fridays, inclusive, 5:30–5:45 P.M.*, over NBC-WJZ. Nursery Jingles. Songs and Stories. Sponsored by Kellogg Company.

A program that children love and parents approve. The charming voice of Ireene Wicker and her sympathetic understanding of the child mind have made this program deservedly popular.

JACK BENNY

Sundays, 7:00–7:30 P.M.*, over NBC-WJZ. Comedy program, with a cast including Mary Livingstone, Kenny Baker and Johnny Green's Orchestra. Sponsored by Jell-O.

Jack Benny, Radio's "First Comedian", in his new series, continues in his dryly humorous way to present a program that means a half hour of laughter to every listener.

FOREIGN SHORT-WAVE PROGRAMS

Daily news bulletins in English are available from such powerful transmitters as GSD in London . . . EAQ in Madrid . . . DJD in Berlin and FYA in Paris. From early morning until late at night, these and other foreign short-wave stations offer the finest of European entertainment. Program schedules of these stations will be supplied by the R.I.A.A. on request.

*EASTERN STANDARD TIME

This is Number 10 of a series of programs recommended by R.I.A.A. It is only a partial list. For bulletins containing a more complete listing, write to The Radio Institute of the Audible Arts, 80 Broadway, New York, and they will be mailed to you without charge.

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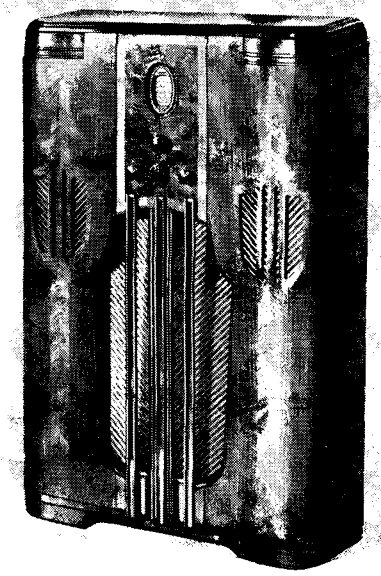

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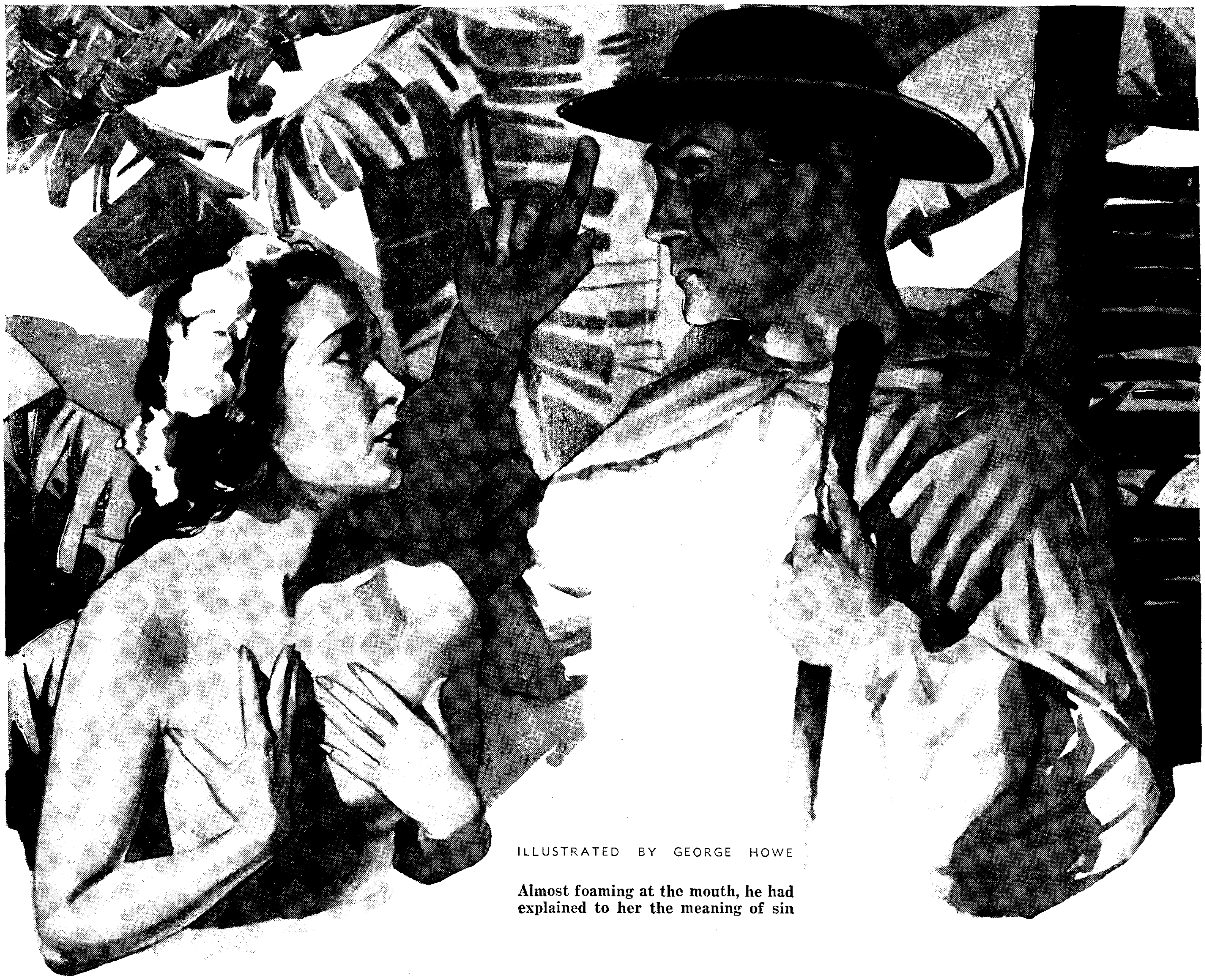


ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

Almost foaming at the mouth, he had explained to her the meaning of sin

Mumbo Jumbo

It must be very difficult indeed to be a god on one of those savage South Sea islands. The men in this story tried it

By Gouverneur Morris

THE "old man" wouldn't put them ashore. No sense asking. Or if he would put them ashore he wouldn't let them have anything out of the chest that had belonged to the priest—Father Amber—dead now and sea-buried in a bit of canvas with a shot at his feet.

So all that was that. But even if the old man would put them ashore, there wouldn't be any sense in it if they couldn't have the priest's white robes to wear, and his hats and all the rest of his gear. Forget it. Something else was sure to turn up. And anyway how could they know that the boy had spoken the truth? Just because he hailed from that particular island and talked a funny kind of Kanaka didn't mean that he had told the truth about the white men who would land on the island in white robes and be gods and possess it.

But the idea stuck. It was hard to give it up.

"Have another pump at the boy," said Bitts.

"Right you are," said Pennant, "I'll have another go at him."

"Put him on the stand like a court," advised Leech, "and cross-question him plenty."

"Teach your grandmother to suck eggs," remarked Pennant in those cold tones which the two lesser men feared and hated, and he went forward to where the boy slept in the shadow of the staysail, kicked him into wide awakeness, and did not return for nearly an hour.

"I believe him," he then said.

"Can we be sure?"

"*I* believe him."

"That's enough for me."

"Same here. *We* believe him."

"And therefore," said Pennant, his pale blue eyes agate-cold, "but purely as a matter of form I shall ask the old man to put us ashore."

"And if he did, could he work the ship without us?"

"And would it matter to you if he couldn't, my poor friend?"

PENNANT moved aft with a casual. "No harm in asking," and Messrs. Leech and Bitts with ill-concealed nervousness watched and waited the outcome.

The other boy, a gold-colored Hercules, half asleep, lazily minded the wheel. The schooner had no more than steerageway. Far to leeward the violet truncated cone of Rapiti cleared the sea rim. Captain Mallard, his seasoned face fringed with white, was engaged with the aid of an outdated sextant in bringing the high sun down to the horizon.

"Captain Mallard," said Pennant in his suavest voice, "Leech, Bitts and myself would be deeply obliged if you would turn long enough from your course to put us ashore on Rapiti."

Captain Mallard's steady hands continued to hold the sextant and he continued to look into it with one steady eye, the other being squinted shut.

"Even if I could do without you, and I very well can't especially if we have weather, I wouldn't put white men ashore in a place where all that happens is they get knocked on the head and eaten."

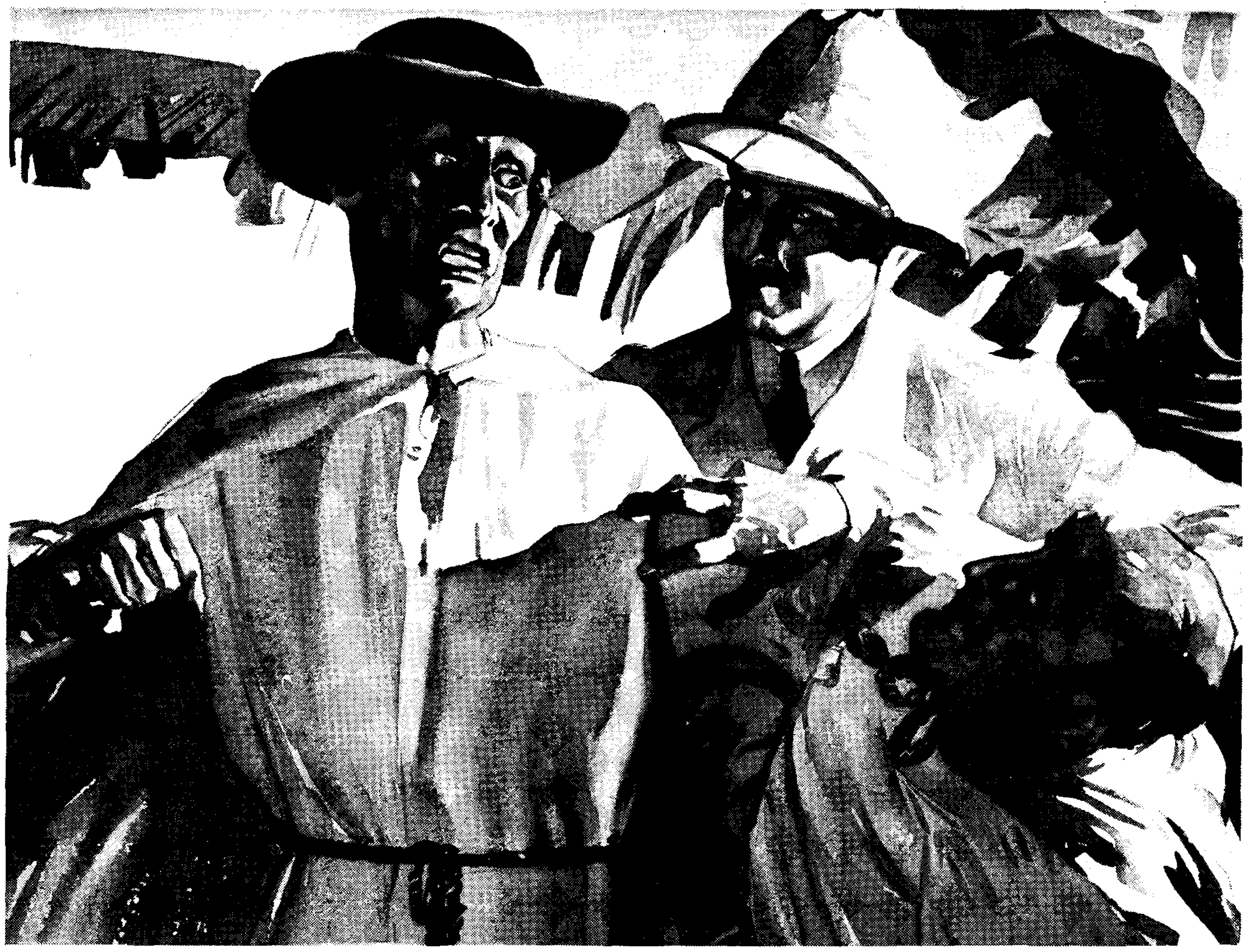
"In short," said Pennant, "you won't."

"That's the long and short of it."

"Sorry sir," said Pennant, "we had set our hearts on it. And so for the last time of asking *will* you *kindly* set us ashore?"

"I've had enough of this," said Captain Mallard.

"And I," said Pennant, and in what looked to be one continuous motion he ripped the knife from the sheath on his belt, and drove it to the hilt under Captain Mallard's short ribs on the left side. The old seaman's arms flew upward and



Pennant turned on Bitts. "You gave the show away. You! You had to tell!"

outward. A cry choked in his throat. The sextant fell heavily on the deck. The wounded man's knees began to give.

Pennant slid an arm about him, and half carried him to the leeward rail. The action resembled that of a good samaritan, solicitous of one who has been grievously hurt. Arrived at the rail, he loosed his hold and assisted the heavy, dying man to topple into the sea. Then he turned to the blanched Tahitian at the wheel.

"I'll take her," he said. "Swab up the blood."

THE weather had now fallen to a dead calm.

"But Arii," said Leech, "how can we be sure of the other boy?"

"How," said Bitts, "do we know that he won't spill the beans?"

"What in the name of common sense," said Pennant, "is to prevent him from giving the show away?"

Arii shook his comely head. The puzzle was too much for him.

"What will happen to us," said Pennant, "when the other boy tells your people—and sooner or later tell he will—that we are not gods but men?"

Arii was embarrassed by this question. Very horrible things would happen, very horrible things on the stone platform below the stone gods. So he did not answer with words, but only with a wry twist of his lips and a shake of his head. After a little he said: "Maybe he won't tell."

"Maybe isn't good enough," said Leech. "The pot isn't worth the ante."

"Or the game the candle."

Pennant's mouth was a fine straight line between thin sun-bitten lips.

"But tonight," he said, "is time enough."

"When he's asleep," said Bitts.

"Or when he isn't. It's all one. Isn't it, Arii?"

"Isn't it what, sir?"

"All one. But never mind. Let's have a round of rum, all hands, and talk cheerfully." Bitts went to break out a case of rum, Leech to invite the other boy to join them. And Pennant asked Arii a question or two.

"In the minds of your people, Arii, what is the difference between a man and a god?"

"We put out food for the gods," said Arii, "and in the morning it is gone. So both eat. But the gods cannot be hurt. They don't bleed, they can't die."

"They don't bleed. They can't die," echoed Pennant. "But there are more important things than bleeding and dying. Can the gods breed, Arii?"

"Breed—enjoy wives—have children?" Arii shook a firm head, and Pennant, a sensual man, long at sea, scowled.

"Anything like that, sir," Arii stammered in his embarrassment, "Oh, no, sir—nothing like that, sir!"

PENNANT was not pleased, but he forced a smile and a phrase whose inner meaning was Greek to the native.

"'It may be for years,'" he murmured. "'And it may be forever.'" And he wondered if he could count on an eternal chastity from his satellites.

Here Leech returned with the other boy in tow, and Bitts with the rum. They passed the bottle—that bottle and then another. By dusk the golden island boys had sung and danced for their white companions, and were boasting and quarreling like two children. Pennant egged them on. It seemed that the women of Tahiti were more beautiful than the women of Rapiti. It seemed that they were not. A Tahitian could throw a Rapitian as fast as he could get up. He could not. Could. Couldn't.

They wrestled drunkenly. Their faces flamed with anger. Sometimes one fell, sometimes the other, sometimes both. The white men laughed and cheered them on. Now both were down, and it was growing dark. But stars were out, and knives flashed. Then suddenly Arii got to his knees, and to his feet. His knife and his knife hand were all agore. He shouted explanations and excuses. The other boy had been the first to pull a knife. But the other boy was not able to enter a denial. They heaved him up and pushed him over the rail.

"There's one that won't give the show away," exclaimed Leech.

"And here," said Pennant, "is another."

And he drove the knife now ready in his hand deep into Arii, just under the short ribs on the left side. Then, sustaining him as he was falling and half carrying him, they dragged and heaved the boy who had showed them how to be gods to the rail and let go.

Until an hour after dawn so flat was the calm there was no material change in position of the schooner. The long slow ocean swells lifted her and lowered her. Her clipper nose boxed the compass. And now the truncated cone of Rapiti was to be seen off the starboard bow and now off the port, and again it was dead astern.

The South Pacific fish are thick along the coral reefs, in the lagoons and passes, but in the great cold depths of the open sea life is conspicuous by its absence, and during the night the unnibbled swollen corpses of the murdered men had risen to the surface, and by that law which causes floating objects to draw together into gams and rafts, kept the ship company—now receding a little and now bumping lightly against her. It was an unpleasant aftermath of a bad night, and although Pennant would not allow his companions to take rum for it, he joined them in whistling for a breeze.

It came presently—a dappling darkling shiver across the satin sea from the southwest. Rigging creaked, blocks rattled, canvas flapped, filled, emptied and filled. The schooner gathered way. Pennant stepped to the wheel against which the rudder was beginning to pull, and laid his course across the wind for the cone of Rapiti. Slowly this rose higher from the sea and changed color, from violet to opal, from opal then to copper, and when at last the white line of the surf on the barrier reef came into view, the splendid mountain was shapely black upon a broad, boldly-sloped base of solid green.

THE priest's great wooden chest, painted blue, rode amidship in the whaleboat. Leech and Bitts manned a single oar apiece and Pennant, erect in the stern, steered with a longer oar. The pass in the reef of Rapiti toward which they were slowly turtling was a narrow gap in a continuous bank of snow. Dead astern, her sails black against the sun, her deck awash, the schooner was sinking. Sunk ships tell no tales.

The adventurers, barefoot and naked beneath, were dressed from neck to ankle in snow white albs from the priest's chest. White capes with bleeding hearts applied in red cloth, and low-crowned black hats with broad flat brims completed the desperate parody of godhood. They had shaved cleanly. The upper lip, chin and jowls of Leech were a pronounced blue. Bitts had not found any words to say for a long time. He was badly frightened. So also was Leech, only more noisily. But Pennant upon self-examination could not determine whether he was frightened or not. A something had come over him with the alb and the cape, a sudden enlargement of his intention, a sense of responsibility toward his companions and toward those whom they intended to deceive.

They were alone now upon the dappled ocean. The schooner had gone down. And with the roar of the surf loud in their ears they were committed to their adventure beyond recall.

The impounded lagoon waters escaping through the pass were strongly against them. But the breeze was in their favor and the lesser men pulled with a will.

From the pass to the nearest beach of the island was no more than half a mile of jade-green mirror touched here and there with complementary violet and wine color. The beach was of black volcanic sand. Beyond the foreshore was a graceful confusion of preternaturally tall coconut palms and ironwoods. Of men or habitations there was no sign or sound or smoke. Only ranged upon a wall of black stone above a severe terrace of the same were seven black stone idols. These were the gods of Rapiti of which the murdered Arii had told them. The central and tallest figure must have been thirty feet high.

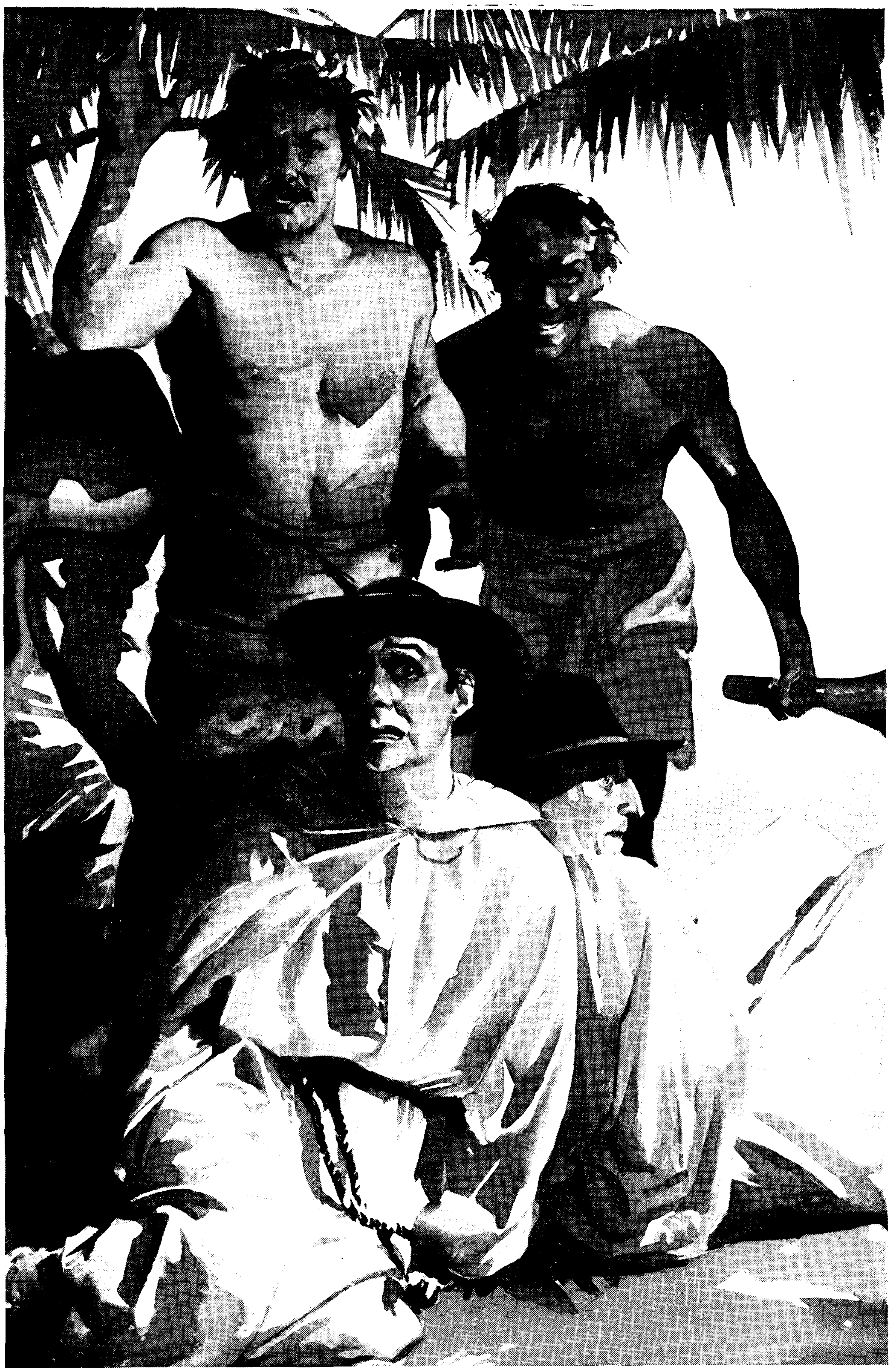
These seven inscrutable, splendid gods were the rivals of the frail and sinful men in the whaleboat. Pennant studied them with cold eyes and, all at once the proselyte determined that they must be overthrown, pitched down and broken on the stone terrace over which they had lorded it for untold centuries. His glance dropped to the priest's crucifix which lay on the stern seat. It was an antique of ebony and silver, eighteen inches tall and a work of art. The boat grated on the submerged beach and Pennant took up the crucifix. The contact stiffened his courage. It was as if he had taken a powerful and well-balanced weapon in his hand.

The three seamen stepped into the shallows and pulled their boat a little way up the beach. Except for the now distant periodic percussions of the surf there were no sounds at all. Pennant spoke in a low voice.

"Remember—no monkeying around the women or we're done."

He turned his face toward the forest. At this distance it was no longer a confusion, but open, and parklike, almost ordered. There was an undergrowth here and there, for the most part bushes of double gardenias in full bloom. He turned again and now looked seaward.

The cumulus clouds had descended from their high places as is usual in the tropics at the end of day and gathered in masses the length of the horizon. They resembled a dark continent of land with



"We shall have a great feast," the high priest said, "with love-making and dancing"

a tormented skyline. Amidships the mystic darks were shattered by the flaring greens and blood colors of the sunset.

The adventurers crossed the beach, and with Pennant and the crucifix in the lead entered the forest.

It was very hot in the forest, very still. It was growing dark, but they could see for quite a long distance in every direction and there was nothing to see but the stems of the trees and the gardenia bushes. And then suddenly they found themselves thickly surrounded by savages. These seemed to have incarnated out of nothing. There they were—tall, thick golden men, richly tattooed, armed with spears and clubs. Silent, horribly silent. Two of them less brown and even more golden than the others wore headdresses of feathers and carried feather fans in their right hands and appeared to be the head men.

VERY quietly and humbly this magnificent pair stepped forward and prostrated themselves before the white men. Pennant spoke to them in Tahitian. And they nodded their heads to show that they understood.

"We are the new gods," he said, "the true gods, come out of the sea, all in white . . ." He could think of no more to say. The relief afforded to his strained nerves by the prostration of the head men had the effect of stunning his mental processes. He held up the crucifix for all to see, and in so doing wondered greatly and was a little shocked to discover that deep within him he had, as all men have, the makings of a priest. And from that time he had himself called Father Pennant. And both in public and in private addressed his companions as Fathers Leech and Bitts.

One of the men to prostrate himself was Matua, the high priest. But he had not made his gesture in a true spirit of humility. He loved his island and his gods. In addition he was hard-headed and something of a realist. He did not admit to himself that the white men, though dressed in white and come over the sea according to prophesy, were gods. He did not deny it. He simply did not know. The whiteness of their skins did little to deify them in his eyes. He had once helped to drown and dismember an entire ship's company of the same color.

If he had been an impulsive man he might have tried the experiment of snatching the nearest war club and cracking one of the strangers over the head. If the one cracked was a man he would go down bleeding and perhaps dead. But if the man wasn't a man but a god he wouldn't go down, and he might react to the blow in some altogether different and dreadful way.

He dared not make the experiment. If, he argued, the strangers were men the fact must be revealed sooner or later. If they were gods they would, of course, keep on being gods, and nothing would have been done to offend them.

MATUA made up his mind for the time being to be punctiliously respectful and obedient. So also should Maputua, the king, be obedient and respectful. And so also the people.

But that same night when the new gods had retired into the fresh clean huts which had been set aside for them, Matua engineered an experiment which, so his oceanic morality assured him, could not possibly give offense to anyone.

He commandeered three plump and seductive girls, one of them his own daughter, Turea, a beauty by any standards, and delivered himself of certain instructions which at once caused these young things to giggle and filled them with nameless and delicious terrors.

Leaning close to a burning candlenut, one of the priest's books—a prayer book in English and Tahitian—in his hand, "Father" Pennant was mastering the Ten Commandments, upon which, for want of any better platform he intended to base his rule in Rapiti. Sensing that his hut had been entered, he looked across his shoulder, and saw Matua's daughter, Turea, standing just within the entrance.

She was skirted from the waist to the knee with a length of fine white tapa cloth. Her hair parted in black masses was drawn forward over her shoulders so that her breasts were covered. Her eyes were two black pools. She was trembling, but managed a smile. This smile was no less sweet and seductive than the smell of the gardenia wreath which crowned her head.

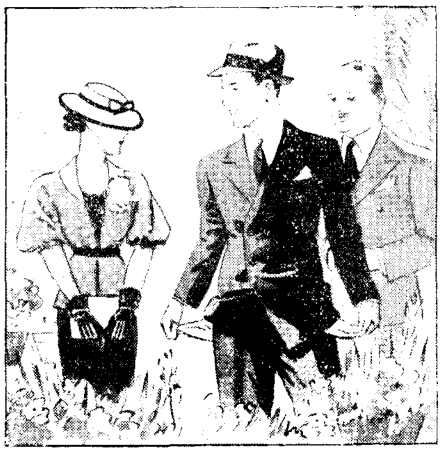
The man's pulses went into action. He moved so that his face came into shadow where he might master its expression before the girl could read it.

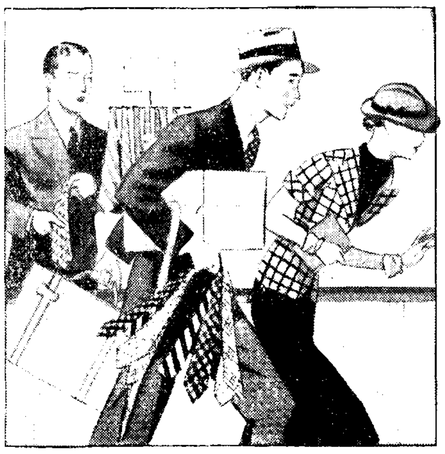
(Continued on page 44)

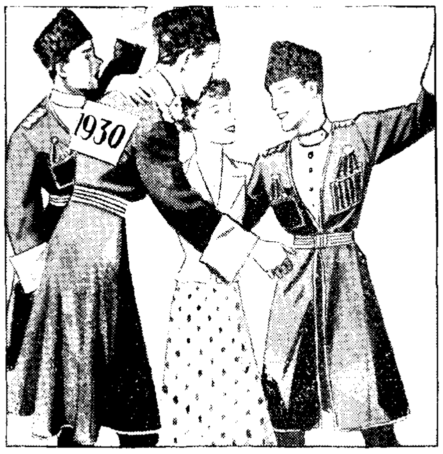
The Charmer

By Ruth Rodney King

The story of a man who had plenty of that commodity known as "charm"—and a girl who believed you can't pay bills with smiles







"BUT he has charm," Bill said, "you've got to admit that."

"Oh, charm!" Fiji took a cigarette from the glass box and tapped it violently on her red thumbnail. "What of it? Seven dollars is seven dollars."

"Seven dollars isn't so much money," Bill said, "he might have borrowed seventy."

"He certainly might," Fiji said emphatically. "How right you are! And then going and buying me gardenias with it! My own money! Honestly!"

She struck a match so hard that it broke in two and Bill watched her with a smile.

"Oh, now," he said mildly, "it was pretty nice . . . getting you flowers. I think that was sort of charming, myself."

"Phooey!" Fiji stood up and threw her cigarette at the fireplace, "I'm sick of charm! People put altogether too much emphasis on it. Charm isn't everything."

"It's a lot, though," Bill said, and Fiji held up a silencing hand.

"It's not enough," she said. She went over and looked at herself in the mirror, patting her fuzzy brown hair and tipping her face this way and that. She licked one finger and passed it over her eyebrow carefully and then turned, bringing her hand down with a slap on the mantelpiece.

"No, Bill, really . . . it was too sickening, the whole thing! The seven dollars and the gardenias were just drops in the bucket . . . it was absolutely cockeyed to drive all the way down to Princeton just for tea, in the first place. I told him so . . . and on a Saturday!" She closed her eyes. "But, oh, no, he thought it was just the thing. And then coming back he got us lost twice . . . twice! . . . as though he hadn't been over that road at least a hundred and fifty times. So then, of course, we were late for dinner, and he had got that black Irene who cleans for him to stay and cook, which she hates to do anyway, and by the time we pulled in she wouldn't speak, even. And finally, when we got through, he asked me . . . oh, so charming . . . to go out and be nice to Irene and tell her how good the dinner had been . . . me! Can you believe it?" She flung out her hands. "Asked me! As though I didn't know how to be charming myself!"

"Dear me," Bill said.

"YES, dear me," Fiji said, "I'm sick of it . . . and when he brought me home of course he had to have my key to unlock the door . . . you know, all that gallantry . . . and then he lost it through the grating and we spent half an hour with matches looking for it. That was frightfully charming, too. Dear heaven!"

"It seems to me I've heard this kind of talk before," Bill said, stretching his legs. "I could almost do it myself, as a matter of fact."

"Well, you won't hear it again." Fiji folded her arms and looked up at the ceiling. "It's my swan song. I'm through. I'm through with charm and I'm through with people who are under the impression that they can get away with everything because they have it."

"You don't say. And what are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to break the engagement, that's what I'm going to do about it. I'm going to give Cam Smithers his nasty star sapphire and tell him to go off and be charming somewhere else."

"Fiji!"

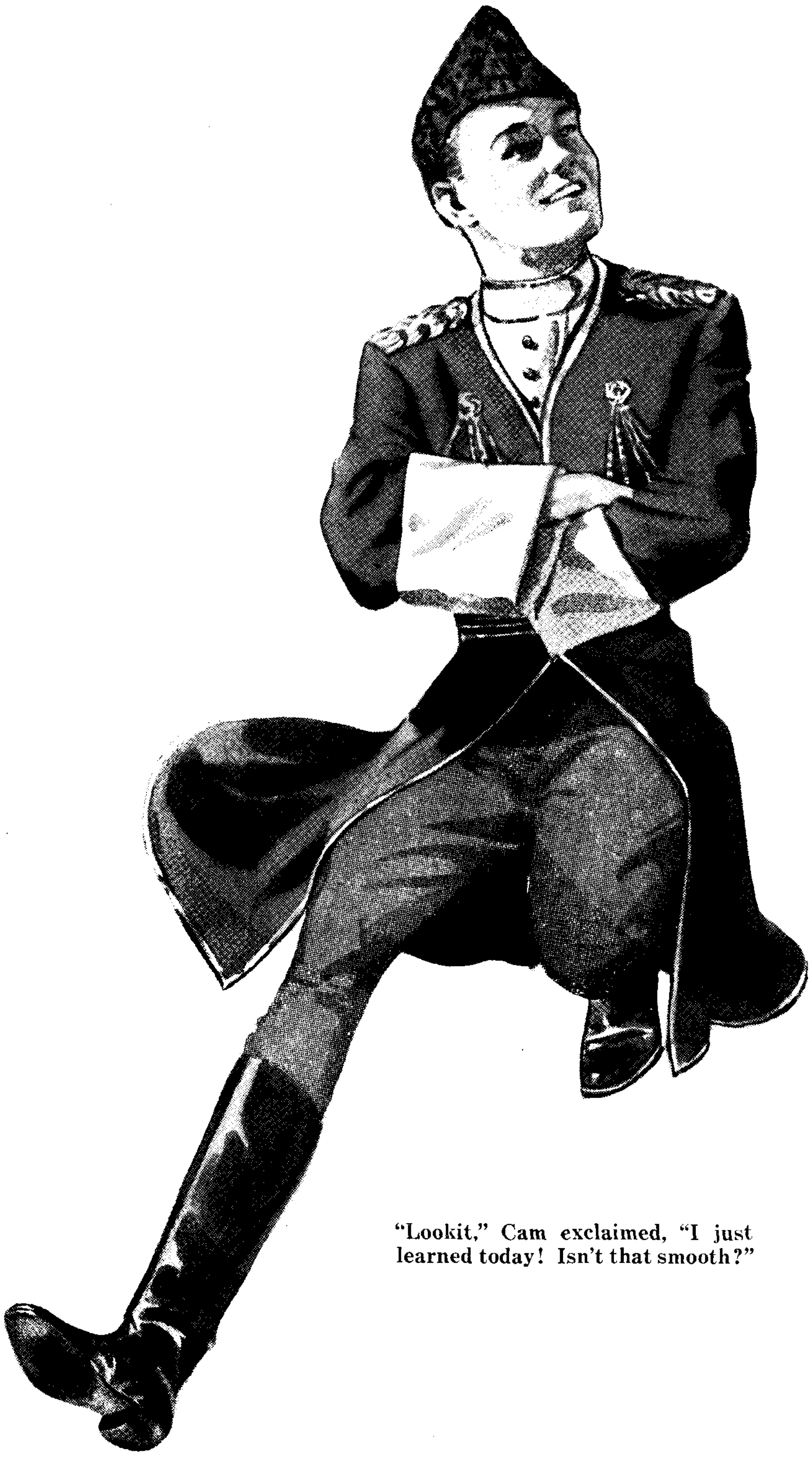
"Of course." Fiji's voice was firm. "You don't marry for charm, you know, any more than you marry for money. Those are just things some people have and it doesn't mean they're any better than other people because they have them. Half the time they're worse. And when Cam finally does get his old money . . . !" She flung her hands out and shuddered. "I tremble to think . . . he'll have both!" She was silent a moment, and then looked at Bill with an expression of delicate bewilderment. "And anyway," she said, "my dear Bill, can you conceive of a name like Fiji Smithers? I must have been mad."

IN THE family discussions that followed Fiji's announcement, Bill, as her brother-in-law, assured her that she was still mad; so did his wife, who was Fiji's sister Anne. But then Anne, eight years older, had always thought her younger sister rather mad. She had looked after her from the time Fiji was a child, because their mother had died when Fiji, christened Isabel, was a baby, and their father had died when she was only a thin, brown ten-year-old child, rather striking even then, with large bright eyes and fuzzy brown hair drawn tightly back into a thick pigtail. Augustus French had left his two daughters almost all the stock of his very successful newspaper, the New York Daily Star, but it needed more than money to look after Fiji properly. She was a difficult little girl . . . quite unpredictable, and entirely sincere about it. At the age of thirteen she ran away from St. Hilda's, the school outside of Baltimore, to arrive at the French mansion on Seventy-second Street at midnight, waking everyone in alarm.

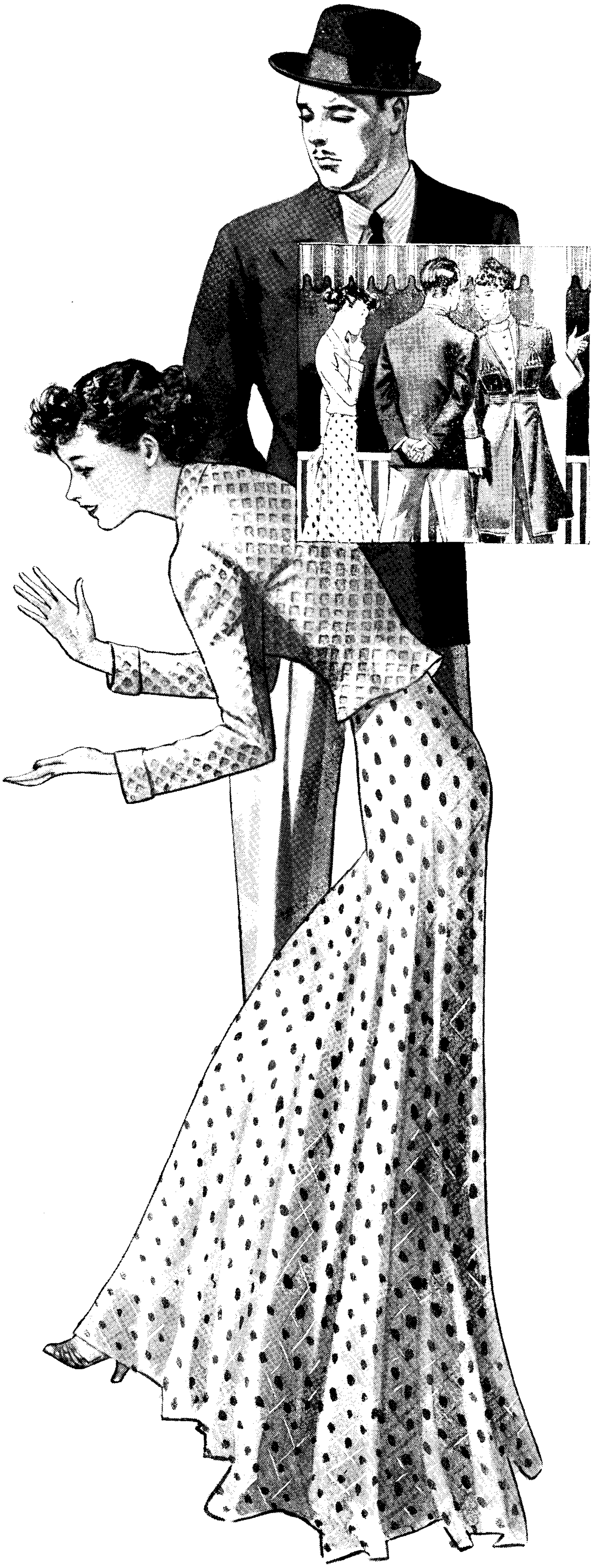
"But why did you do it? Why on earth?" Anne demanded helplessly.

"Well, I couldn't bear it . . . it was so neat, Sis. The whole school was suddenly like a big white shoe box and I had to leave right away. You don't mind terribly, do you? Of course I couldn't stay."

It was the "of course" attitude that Anne found always so difficult to handle. On the day of her wedding to Bill Ames,



"Lookit," Cam exclaimed, "I just learned today! Isn't that smooth?"



ILLUSTRATED BY
IRVING NURICK

her young sister appeared, ready to put on her maid-of-honor dress, with her hair cut off. Not long, in the current accepted fashion, with curls in the back of the neck, but quite short and fuzzy all over her head.

"Why, I had to have it this way," she said, smiling engagingly, "naturally."

"You look awful," Anne said. "You look dreadful. You look like a Fiji islander."

FIJI was a nice name, and as she grew up Fiji learned to make the most of it. She wore bright red lipstick on her wide, charming mouth, crimson or chalk-white flowers in her hair when she dressed up, and her clothes were always simple and striking, in brilliant colors that went well with her clear, faintly brown skin and deep brown eyes. She was mentioned in the papers and magazines always as Miss Fiji French and in the curious sourceless way of such things, she became quite famous. She looked exotic and acted bewitching and men fell in love with her.

Fiji fell in love with men, too, and Anne went through a period of four stormy years before Fiji finally made up her mind to marry Cameron Smithers. She had known him ever since the year she had come out, when Cam had been a senior at Princeton and had taken her to every football game, prom and house party. After that, during her various intense affairs with other young men, she had continued to see him with a kind of steady intermittency, but nothing seemed to come of it except a certain amount of publicity; Cam had a natural flair for disastrous situations and Fiji was often involved in them.

"Cam Smithers," Bill once remarked, "is the kind of a guy whose name you always expect to find in the morning paper. And then you open the morning paper and always find it."

Cam seemed to be a perpetual bystander at all catastrophes and a frequent participant in many . . . the kind of person, in fact, who gets arrested for trying to steal his own car. He was a lean, sprawling young man with yellow hair, carefree eyes and a general air of happy fatality which made even his constant lack of money something for which he was not personally responsible. However, it was his lack of money that was the most catastrophic thing about him, because until he inherited his Grandmother Smithers' substantial estate at the age of thirty, Cam had to live on an allowance, and while it was a decent allowance, it was never enough; Cam, unfortunately, was born a philanthropist.

AFTER college, his philanthropies grew more magnificent. He poured money into the ventures of his various friends . . . business schemes, unsuccessful plays, nonadvertising intellectual magazines . . . all of them investments returning nothing more substantial than gratitude, and he supported all the ramifications of the large Negro family in Harlem to which Black Irene, his cleaning woman, belonged. In fact, he spent his time giving his money away and no one could stop him, not even Fiji. But Cam kept after Fiji with easygoing persistence until finally, when she was twenty-three, she reached one of her "of course" decisions. She told Anne about it casually at the breakfast table.

"Well, I'm going to be married, my dear. Will you be matron of honor?"

"Fiji! Darling, how wonderful! . . . Who to?"

"Cam, naturally. I haven't told him yet but I'm going to see him tonight. By the way, have you seen the new 'City and Country'? My picture's on the cover in the red dress and those white wooden beads, and underneath it says 'Miss Fiji French, see p. 23.' I look wonderful. May I have some more coffee, please?"

From that time on Fiji was entirely "of course" about marrying Cam, in spite of frequent tirades against him, and the engagement was announced. But suddenly, after the trip to Princeton for tea, she reversed her decision, and nothing anyone could say would change her at all. "Well, I give up," Anne finally told Bill hopelessly, after days of argument with Fiji. "She's impossible. No matter what I say she just keeps on going around like a second-rate Tallulah Bankhead, full of inevitability and monosyllables. I could wring her neck."

"She's an awful fool," Bill said. "Cam is a good guy . . . it'll be rotten for him. The trouble with Fiji is that she gets an idea the way some people get pneumonia . . . it hits them suddenly, overwhelms them for a few days, and then proves fatal."

"She's outrageous," Anne agreed, and sighed. "If only she weren't so charming about it."

FIJI did not try to be charming about it; she was very serious and quite sincere.

"I have to do it," she told the Ameses, and her dark eyes were large and grave. "Man cannot live by charm alone. I must marry some quiet, sensible person. Cam will probably be much better off with someone else anyway."

She used that argument on Cam himself, as they went into the fourth-hour discussion over the broken engagement in the living-room of the Ames' carefully deserted apartment. Cam was unimpressed.

"I'm not marrying to be better off with anyone," he said, walking around with his hands in his pockets, "and if I am it's my business, not yours. The nerve! Did I ever suggest for a moment that you'd be better off married to me?"

"You never did," Fiji said, "you never could."

"I never would," Cam said, "it hasn't anything to do with it. What do you think marriage is?"

"Something unspeakable," Fiji said, "with you, yelling and stamping all over the lot. Fiji Smithers. . . !" She shuddered.

Cam looked at her out of the corner of his eye.

"Gee, you're an unpleasant little girl," he said, carefully. "Altogether nasty."

"But you, on the other hand, are charming." Fiji threw her hands out and stared at the ceiling. "Oh, don't I know!"

"Do you know, darling?" Cam knelt

(Continued on page 31)

Full Stream Ahead !

This is the year when America rediscovered the railroads. We, as a nation, had got cinders in our eyes and had resolutely forgotten the choo-choo cars. Suddenly the railroads snapped into it and began providing modern transportation. They gave us bars, solariums and modern decorations. They made it fun to travel. And as a result their future is bright. Here is the newest thing in streamlined marvels

By Charles F. A. Mann

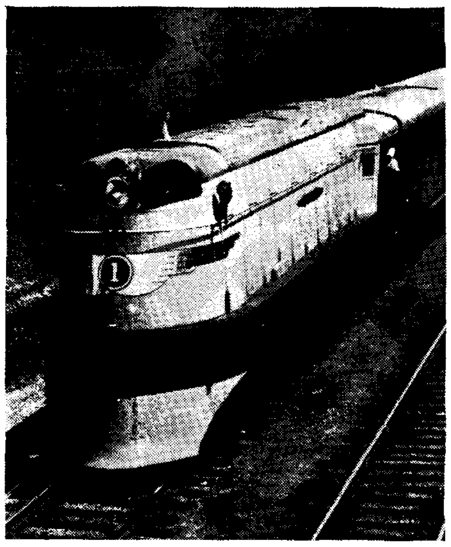


FOTO NEWS

Above: The Milwaukee's Hiawatha on a 6½-hour run between Chicago and the Twin Cities. Left: A sleeping car of the Union Pacific's City of Portland. Metal grilles replace the old-time sleeping-car curtains

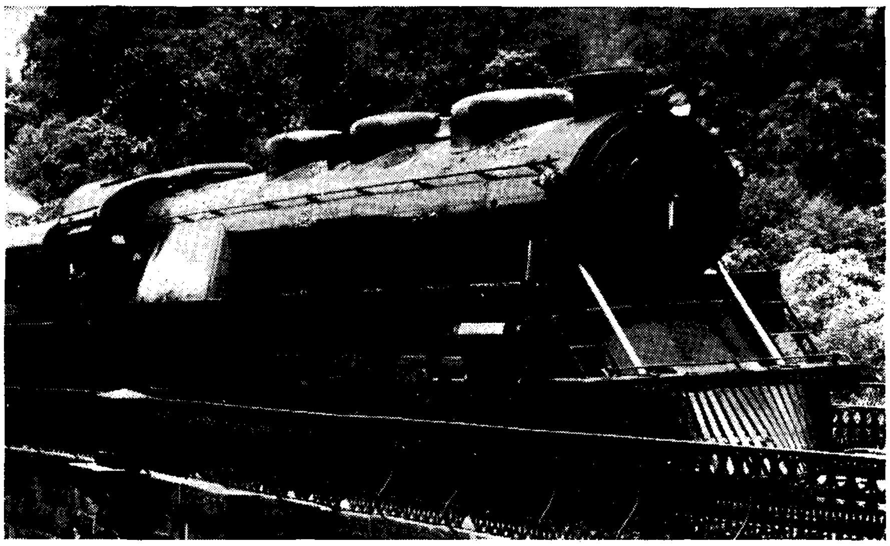
IN THE spring of 1934 there were introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Traveling America two sensational new trains—the world's first completely streamlined passenger trains. The first, "Tomorrow's Train Today," a creation of duralumin and alloy steel, powered with an oversize distillate-burning engine of radically new design, was launched by the Union Pacific Railroad after Mr. W. A. Harriman had trampled down opposition of his colleagues and convinced them that now was the time for action, if passenger business on the railroads was to be saved from extinction. The second train, the famed Burlington Zephyr, a creation of gleaming, silvery stainless steel, and America's first Diesel-powered train, was pushed through to completion by energetic, smiling Mr. Ralph Budd, whose enthusiasm and technical knowledge was successful in bucking strong opposition from the parent Burlington owners—the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern railroads.

Both of these gentlemen were the first big-league American railroad executives to sense the danger of blind indifference to public opinion; of ignoring the march of progress. John Public was sick of hearing railway managers moan and grumble over declining traffic and of the woes brought on by canals, trucks, buses, airplanes, private automobiles and goofy state legislatures. He didn't give a whoop about the ponderous statistical reasons why railroads felt justified in hauling seven tons of dead weight for each first-class passenger; operating trains at forty miles per hour with roadbed and equipment suitable for one hundred miles per hour and the merits of choking passengers to death with coal gas and ruining nice clean linen with soot and cinders.

All the Comforts of Home

So when the Iron Horse gave way to shiny, speedy new colts, the streamliners, it was not difficult to arouse an immense nationwide enthusiasm for anything on rails that would give speed and comfort at lower cost. The family car and the two-cars-in-every-garage idea mainly had their origin in the stubborn refusal of the railroads to lower fares and improve service. But there are many places where trains are better than cars.

Veteran travelers and salesmen heaved a merry sigh of relief and saw their journey time cut in half and their aches and pains on the old plush seats no longer a weary part of a journey. With



Above: The Lord Baltimore, steam locomotive, hauling the B. & O.'s Royal Blue on its run from Washington to New York. This train is in competition with the Pennsylvania's electrified streamlined giants

Right: A drugstore soda fountain on rails, the new lunch counter in one half of the dining car on the B. & O. Royal Blue

day-coach travel being hoisted to parlor-car standards, a fat saving in fares loomed pleasantly. Now they could smoke black cigars and foul pipes right in their seats, and the old lady from Pocatello in the seat just ahead couldn't smell a thing but sweet pure air wafted through spun-glass filters, humidified, heated or cooled, and blown gently past each passenger's nose, individually and right from heaven! The nasty old cigar smoke in the streamliners goes at a 45-degree angle right to the slots in the roof of the car. And milady can steal a smoke while curled up in her seat. At last a way to get rid of the ladies from the smoking rooms!

Small boys began buying toy trains and reading about railroads once more, and asking Mamma if they could go down and watch the 5:15 go by. After all, an engineer's job might be just as thrilling as being an airplane pilot.

The West Welcomes a New Idea

Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen went wild with delight after seeing the riot of color inside, the comfortable seats, built-in radios, bright tile floors and roomy washrooms with porcelain basins and free drinking cups. Father beamed all over at the thought of a few snifters at the rubber-topped bars. Imagine a real bar on a railroad train! The bar idea was so good that by the spring of 1935 nearly forty American railroad trains, of all kinds, carried bars!

Writers and poets waxed lyric in praise of these airplane fuselages that have ball-bearing wheels tucked under their metal "pants" that extend nearly to the ground, instead of wings. What began as a customary railroad exhibition tour to give the folks out West a treat turned into a triumphal transcontinental tour for the Union Pacific streamliner. After the first day a schedule had to be worked out to the last minute, and telegraphed ahead to every town the train was scheduled to visit. The receptions at various towns turned into a series of near-riots, while hundreds pushed against the sides of the cars and nearly smashed the shatterproof glass windows.

The farther West the train went, the more joyous and wild was the reception in each town. No Hollywood publicity agent could have done better with King George than the job done by a few bewildered Union Pacific traffic men when this publicity plum fell into their laps. From Portland, Oregon, on the famous Puget Sound line to Tacoma and Seattle, every single school on the 200-mile run was dismissed and in many towns people had arrived several hours before to get choice seats on flatcars, water tanks and boxcar roofs! To prevent the train from being squashed by the mob—it only weighs eighty-four tons complete—it traveled through towns at one mile per hour, instead of being stopped, to prevent kids from clogging up the wheels and climbing up the sides!

The whole West was built and colonized by the Iron Horse and now those mythical Wall Street giants have sent us a train that will match the airplane's swift progress in the vast, open and blue skies of the West, they reasoned, so give 'em a great big Western Welcome! And it was the idea of holding on to passenger traffic in the West that caused streamliners to be built.

The Burlington Zephyr had the same kind of exhibition tour, only it covered twice as much territory, from Florida to Los Angeles. High in the Rockies, on the Denver, Rio Grande & Western, cowboys and sheep men came down from the hills to declare a holiday in honor of the sleek, shiny train that eased up the mountain grades as effortlessly as it ran on level ground. Band concerts were aplenty, in this most thinly settled part of the United States. Before it reached Los Angeles, Hollywood had a movie ready to shoot, the Silver Streak, with the Zephyr playing a leading role. Every jokesmith and radio wit began searching for words that rhymed with Zephyr, and the cartoonist began showing the stream-liners timidly playing leapfrog with big trucks.

New Life in the Old Horse

Fifteen million people visited and inspected these two streamliners and tried vainly to scrape a souvenir loose to take home. As many as twenty-five thousand people a day passed through the trains in towns with barely twice this total gross population!

America had taken the streamliners to heart and suddenly discovered that riding on railroads was pretty nice after all, and *maybe they had been missing something all these years.* They began buying railroad tickets on even more than pre-depression scale once more, and on every route these streamliners traveled, ticket sales on regular trains showed an actual but mysteriously unaccountable increase.

The psychological effect of the magic possibilities in traveling 120 miles an hour—fair airplane transport speed four years ago—on rails in homey luxury, with all the comforts spread far and wide. The long decline in passenger traffic for the nation ended with the coming of the streamliners and a slow but thorough change began to spread over the whole country and over the railway managers themselves, and a new estimate of passenger traffic was taken. Long considered as a general pain in the neck by railway operators except on a few lines, passenger traffic was a sort of expensive and glamorous trailer on the year's operating statistics, with little profit. A whole school of railway operators believed that the passenger business should be left to die and fall into the hands of competing transportation.

But there were valuable express and mail contracts that had to ride the passenger trains. Many overnight runs were economically justified—you might just as well sleep and ride, as to take a bus or airplane and get there in a shorter time and then have to go to a hotel. There were many longer runs that could be made overnight, runs with swift, lightweight equipment, and the once valuable monopoly on transcontinental traffic from Chicago to the Pacific Coast could be regained *if just one day could be cut from present schedules*—just twenty-four

(Continued on page 42)

Right center: The lounge car of the Rebel, new Diesel-powered train of the Gulf, Mobile and Northern. Right: The windowless taproom on the Milwaukee's Hiawatha. This room takes the place of the usual baggage car. It is soundproof and air-conditioned

Callingham's Girl

By Arthur Somers Roche and Ethel Pettit Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

CIRCUMSTANTIAL evidence leads Bill Cantavo, leader of a famous New York orchestra, to suppose that Mary Byran, an attractive Park Avenue girl, and Walter Callingham, a profligate playboy, are having an affair. When, however, Tim Marsten, his closest friend, informs him that he and Mary are to be married, he dismisses the Broadway gossip and is one of the ushers at the wedding.

Immediately following the ceremony, Inspector Henderson, of the New York police force, appears on the scene. He announces that Walter Callingham has been murdered, and insists on interviewing "Callingham's girl"—the bride! Whereupon, informed of Henderson's presence, Mrs. Marsten slips away from the reception and disappears.

There follows a series of events which completely mystify Cantavo. Two men—Willy Jernegan, a rich spender, and one Rapport, whose record is none too savory—insist that he reveal the whereabouts of Amy Martin, a singer. Cantavo hardly knows the girl (he has met her just twice—once when he gave her an audition), and he says so.

Then comes another shock: Mary Marsten commits suicide, throws herself under a subway train! That Amy Martin knows something concerning the two tragedies, something which might be of value to the police, soon becomes evident. She phones Cantavo and intimates as much; and she makes several efforts to meet him for a talk, but for some mysterious reason she fails to keep her appointments. At last, however, she telegraphs him, begging him to come to her at Bendel's restaurant, an out-of-the-way spot where they will not be observed. Cantavo goes to the restaurant. At the door, a man intercepts him. "Funny place for you to be eating, Cantavo," says the man.

Cantavo looks down into the countenance of—Rapport.

IV

"EATING?" Cantavo shook his head slowly. There was a wondering expression in his blue eyes, as though he found Rapport absurd. Rapport flushed angrily. His gloved hand plucked at Cantavo's coat. His action seemed to hold the excited petulance of a sick person.

"Bill, are you meeting Amy Martin?"

"Rapport, what's the matter with you? Have you gone crazy?"

"Call it that if you like," said Rapport. The firmness of his voice contrasted oddly with the nervousness of his hands, the twitching of his thin lips.

"Why on earth should I have a date with Amy? I barely know her."

"You know her well enough to call on her at four in the morning," said Rapport.

Cantavo's eyes seemed to sink into their sockets. When he squinted the flesh of his cheeks almost hid his eyes.

"Why are you keeping tabs on me?" he asked softly.

"Never you mind why," said Rapport.

"But I do mind," said Cantavo. "I'm liable to step on a little rat like you, Rapport."

"I'll take my chances of that," said the smaller man confidently. "You didn't see Amy last night. But you're going to see her now."

"Am I? What makes you think so?" asked Cantavo.

"Maybe I'm guessing," said Rapport. "I followed you all the way up here on a guess."

"Well, if I'm meeting her, you'll know it in a minute, won't you?" Cantavo's voice was bored. He *was* bored. All the mystery about Amy Martin was beginning to get on his nerves. True, the Martin girl had seemed excited when he had mentioned Rapport's name to her last night, but she had seemed excited before Rapport's name was mentioned. He tried to remember what he had heard of Rapport. No violence had ever been pinned on Rapport by the police, but the man bore a dangerous reputation on Broadway. Then Cantavo grinned. Dangerous reputations inspired no fear in the big musician. But his grin turned into a frown as he considered the matter further. Rapport was in deadly earnest about something; Amy Martin's mysterious actions could only be inspired by fear. Was Rapport among the causes of her terror? Was he perhaps the sole cause? Anger suddenly possessed him. If Rapport was the sort of man that frightened silly little chorus girls, it was about time someone stepped in and taught him a lesson.

Cantavo disliked brawls because of the consequent unpleasant publicity, although, when the occasion seemed to justify physical action on his own part, he never hesitated.

"So you think Amy's inside this restaurant? Oke with me, Rapport. Come on in and don't start anything unless you can see the end of it."

HE SHOOK off Rapport's detaining clutch on his arm and opened the door. He stepped through, with Rapport close behind him. He swept the lunch-room—it was no more than that—with a swift glance. Not a single person, except a cashier lounging behind a cigar counter, was visible. Either Bendel's restaurant held no charm for the neighborhood, or the hour was too late for breakfast and too early for lunch. Cantavo walked to the counter and bought a package of cigarettes. Rapport stood close beside him. The cashier flipped a package of cigarettes on the glass case and picked up Cantavo's coin. As he punched the cash register Cantavo met the man's eyes. It seemed to him that there was a message in those eyes. But he ignored it, extracted a cigarette from the package, lighted it and looked at Rapport.

"Sometimes a man runs out of smokes," he grinned.

Rapport colored. He followed Cantavo through the door. On the sidewalk his nervous fingers touched Cantavo's sleeve.

"Maybe I'm wrong," he said. "But why did Amy want to see you last night?"

"If I knew I wouldn't tell you, Rapport. Now listen to me. You say you've been following me. Keep on following me if you like. But keep out of my sight. I get two days off a week and this is one of them. I like to get away from people. I'm out for a walk. If you feel like exercise, trail me. But don't let me see you, Rapport. I don't know you very well, but if I did know you more I'd dislike you more. Got it?"

"I'm not exactly stuck on you, Cantavo," said Rapport. "You're a big guy and think you're tough. That's all right. Maybe some day I'll find out just how tough you really are. No hurry. I'll be seeing you."

He turned on his heel and crossed the street. Cantavo watched him a moment. The man rounded the corner of Seventieth Street, going west. Cantavo waited a few minutes. Then he re-entered the lunch-room. Perhaps he had been mistaken; perhaps the cashier had given him no signal. Amy Martin was so mysterious that a man was apt to find mystery where none existed. But the cashier spoke to him instantly.

"You got me, didn't you, Mr. Cantavo? I tried to give you the eye and not let that bird with you notice it. Who is he—the husband?"

Cantavo stared at him in bewilderment.

"Husband? What are you driving at?"

The cashier grinned. His smirk suggested all manner of low intrigue.

"The dame is a looker. And a swell. What's she doing in a joint like this? And what are you coming up to this place for? But don't you fret. I've

"It's too unbelievably tragic, isn't it? I loved Mary." There was a sincerity in her voice that almost startled Cantavo

been listening to you for years and you're great. I was in a band once, myself. Played a little piano and was I terrible! But I feel like you're a friend of mine. And when the lady gives me a note for you—"

"A note?" exclaimed Cantavo.

The cashier nodded; his smirk was more pronounced.

"Sure, she came in here about an hour ago. She slips me a bill and says that Bill Cantavo will probably be in here to see her. I thought she was goofy until I took a second look at her. Then I knew she was a lady and I understood. Her husband wouldn't be looking for her in a joint like this. I've been around, Mr. Cantavo. Well, she said that if you came in alone I was to hand you the note, but if anyone was with you, I was to play cagey. Like I did. Here's the note, Mr. Cantavo."

From a pocket in his soiled white coat he produced an envelope and handed it to Cantavo.

"And something else, Mr. Cantavo. No lady ever left a note here and you never came in here. That's one musician to another. Anyway, that little guy that came in with you don't rate a dame like that. He is her husband, isn't he?"

Cantavo managed a smile.

"What you don't know, pal, you never have to lie about."

HE LEFT a bill at the denomination of which the man gasped. Then Cantavo walked from the restaurant. The grin that he had essayed for the benefit of the cashier was wiped from his lips. Damn Amy Martin! Cantavo hated to feel cheap and the girl's insane actions made him feel uncomfortable. One couldn't help what mean minds thought, but one hated to give them apparent justification for their speculations. For always the man in the restaurant would think that Bill Cantavo indulged in cheap and furtive affairs. And he didn't. Whatever he did was done in the open. If it weren't for the fact that Rapport's actions mystified and piqued him, he would have torn up Amy's letter and tossed it to the winds. But Rapport's attitude was annoying; there was something threatening in it and Cantavo disliked threats. They aroused in him a certain obstinacy. He looked up and down the street. Rapport was not in sight. Evidently he had been finally convinced that Cantavo was merely out for a stroll. So the musician opened the envelope—which bore no name—and read the enclosure.

"Forgive me again, Bill. I know you think I'm mad but I promise you I'm not. Please go to the Makewell Hotel. I'll call you there. I know you must think I'm playing some stupid sort of joke on you, but that isn't so. Please, Bill."

The note was unsigned. He stood in indecision on the curb for a full minute. He owed Amy Martin nothing. For all he knew she was involved in something shady; certainly Rapport would be implicated in nothing aboveboard, and Rapport was showing an incredibly intense interest in the girl. A gleam of understanding appeared in his eyes and he nodded comprehendingly. Probably the Martin girl was definitely on the make for Willy Jernegan and Rapport possibly had something on her. Rapport wouldn't be above a bit of blackmail.

Then he shook his head and frowned. That didn't make sense. According to what he heard, Jernegan was pretty much in love with Amy. She could probably marry him offhand and laugh at Rapport. Anyway, it was none of his business and he was about ready to forget it. But Rapport had been threatening in his attitude. That little matter decided Cantavo the other way. He hailed a passing taxi and gave the address of the Makewell Hotel on East Fifty-sixth Street.

HE ENTERED the lobby and looked about for the telephone booths. A page boy accosted him.

"Mr. Cantavo? There was a phone for you a minute ago and I paged you. The party said she would ring again in ten minutes. Will you be here?"

Cantavo deposited himself in a chair.

"I'll be waiting right here, son."

"Say, Mr. Cantavo, I never thought I'd be lucky enough to meet you," said the boy. "My sister collects autographs. Would you give me yours? I've got a card all ready. The minute they told me to page you I borrowed a fountain pen, too."

He thrust card and pen into Cantavo's hands and the musician scrawled his name. The boy beamed.

"Say, will my sister have a fit! Thanks a lot, Mr. Cantavo."

As he stood before the big musician another page approached.

"A phone call for you, Mr. Cantavo. Right this way, please."

Cantavo rose and followed the second boy to a booth. The first page followed sulkily. He had hoped for the honor of conducting Cantavo across the lobby. Well, anyway, he had talked to Bill Cantavo and had his autograph. Pride banished sulkiness.

Cantavo entered the booth and closed the door behind him.

"Hello," he said.

"That you, Bill? You got my note, Bill. I suppose you think I'm crazy."

"You sound and act as though you'd been smoking something or giving yourself a cheery little jab in the arm," he replied. "What on earth is the matter with you?"

"I WANT to see you, Bill. It's terribly important."

"It was terribly important last night. It seemed important when I got your wire this morning. And all I get is the run-around. Now listen, Amy, I'm not your old uncle from Lima, Ohio. I'm just a man that you've met twice in your life, and I'm getting bored. I'll play games with people I know and like a lot, but why should I play them with you?"

"There isn't any reason in the world. But they aren't games. It's serious, Bill. I must see you alone and no one must know I'm seeing you. Bill, will you come to my apartment? It's in the Raynor Studio on West Sixty-seventh Street."

"Sure I will," jeered Cantavo. "And when I get there I'll find a note telling me to go up to Harlem and have my fortune told by a lady from Haiti. What is this, a treasure hunt?"

"I'll be there," she said. "I promise you."

"But I was just up in that neighborhood. Why send me all the way downtown to the Makewell?"

"Because I don't want you to come now. I want you to wait until after dark. Bill, you mustn't be recognized. And I was afraid that man in the restaurant would open the note. I don't want anyone to know where I am."

"They'll all know it when you're taken

(Continued on page 46)

Trail Smoke

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

LES HEAD, one of the sons of Old Martin Head, a prominent cattleman, is assassinated near the little Western settlement of Morgantown. Someone—possibly the killer—leaves a woman's riding glove near the body. Buck Surratt, a young cowboy who is looking for a job, finds the glove, which he keeps.

A stranger, Surratt is a suspect. Interrogated, he declines to reveal anything of his past and boldly defies his inquisitors. Whereupon, Sam Torveen, a sheep-raiser, impressed by his courage, gives him a job.

No sooner has Surratt gone to work than a war breaks out between the Torveen forces (including Surratt, Ferd Bowie and Nick Perrigo) and a band of cattlemen—Ab Cameron, Dutch Kersom, the Peyrolles boys, Henry Ranier and others—led by Les Head's brother, Bill Head. The struggle is watched with breathless interest by two girls: Annette Carvel and Judith Cameron, Ab Cameron's daughter, both of whom are interested in Surratt and both of whom have learned that the young new arrival is in possession of the incriminating glove, *which belongs to Judith!*

Attacked by overwhelming numbers, Torveen is wounded and forced to retreat into the near-by mountains with his tiny force. Surratt is not with him, however. Having learned that he has the glove, Bill Head, who is in love with Judith Cameron, has tricked him into a meeting in a saloon run by one "Blackjack" Smith. There, Head feels sure, he can force Surratt to hand over the glove. But he does not know Buck Surratt; for, when he demands the glove, Surratt refuses to give it up; and in the ensuing fight (without weapons) Head is badly worsted, given a terrible beating.

Having learned the identity of the glove's owner, Surratt now gives the glove to Judith; after which he rides on the trail of Torveen and his men. He succeeds in finding Torveen, who, suffering from his wound, is seriously in need of a physician.

Meanwhile, Old Martin Head has been observing operations with interest. He has been greatly impressed by Surratt's bravery, initiative and honesty; and he admires the young cattleman. But Perrigo he hates; and believing that Perrigo had killed Les, he orders "Pokey," a faithful old employee, to find the fellow and shoot him. . . .

At the risk of his life, Surratt slips into Morgantown, where, assisted by the friendly George Bernay, he finds a physician: Doc Brann. And the doctor sets out, alone, for Torveen's hideout, to try to save his life.

VIII

TIME for me to crawl out of here," decided Surratt.

But George Bernay was grinning in an obscure, pleased way that Surratt didn't understand; and Bernay spoke to the other two men. "Well, that's the size of him."

"What?" said Surratt.

They were all looking at him; they were studying him with a care that was strange. They were young and he saw a gleam of recklessness appear in their watching. George Bernay said: "You give a man hope, Surratt."

"I'd like to take back some grub."

Billy Temple broke in: "Think you can move Sam over the pass?"

"Not now."

"Hell of a situation. I just found out what Bill Head's up to. This gang in town is going to spread out and beat the timber all the way to the Gray Bull peaks."

There was a man running up the stairs. These four swung and became rigid. But the man went scuffling down the hall and flung open a far door. They heard him say: "Belle, that fellow who came here was Surratt. They've found his horse back of town!"

The door slammed. Surratt was moving across the room in quick strides. "There ought to be some windows in the back of this place."

George Bernay hauled the office door open, stopping long enough to say, "I'll get my horse and bring it around back," and then running down the stairs. Surratt pursued the hallway to its end, rapidly, with Temple and Horsfall at his heels. He halted at the door across from the lighted room. He put his hands to the knob, but it didn't give. The man and the woman both were talking in the other room and the man seemed to be coming out. Surratt suddenly laid his weight against the panel, breaking the lock with a force that shot bullet-like echoes through the building. He ran across the darkness of this room toward its back window. Horsfall was still with him, but Temple had stopped in the hall, for the door of the occupied room opened and the couple were looking at him suspectingly. Temple lifted his gun. He said: "Hold it a minute."

THE woman suddenly put herself in front of the man and slammed the door in Temple's face. A minute later she had run across to her own window and was yelling out of it into the alley. "Hey—hey—hey!" Temple stood there in the black hall and cursed himself.

Meanwhile Surratt reached the empty room's back window, opened and slid through it and lowered himself the length of his arms and dropped. That long fall stung his ankles and he rolled in the dirt and remained on his side, hearing Jud Horsfall plump beside him with a heavy grunt. The woman was still caterwauling into the alley just around the building's corner; she was waking the town.

"Now wouldn't you think she'd be a Christian?" growled Horsfall.

George Bernay was across the street by the White House, up in his saddle and moving quietly toward the alley, when the woman's strident yelling sailed unexpectedly along the street. It was as though the fire bell in the courthouse steeple started to ring. The effect of it was like that. Men wheeled on the walks; men poured out of the saloon—all rushing at the alley. The woman bent far down from her window, flinging out her arms, her hair falling wildly around her face.

"That man Surratt—he's back of the building."

George Bernay kicked his horse into the alley, into the forming crowd. He couldn't make headway against that mob; and Hughie Grant, a Crow Track hand always, suddenly bored a hole through the confused and charging cowhands and reached up to seize Bernay's bridle. He said, cool and alert:

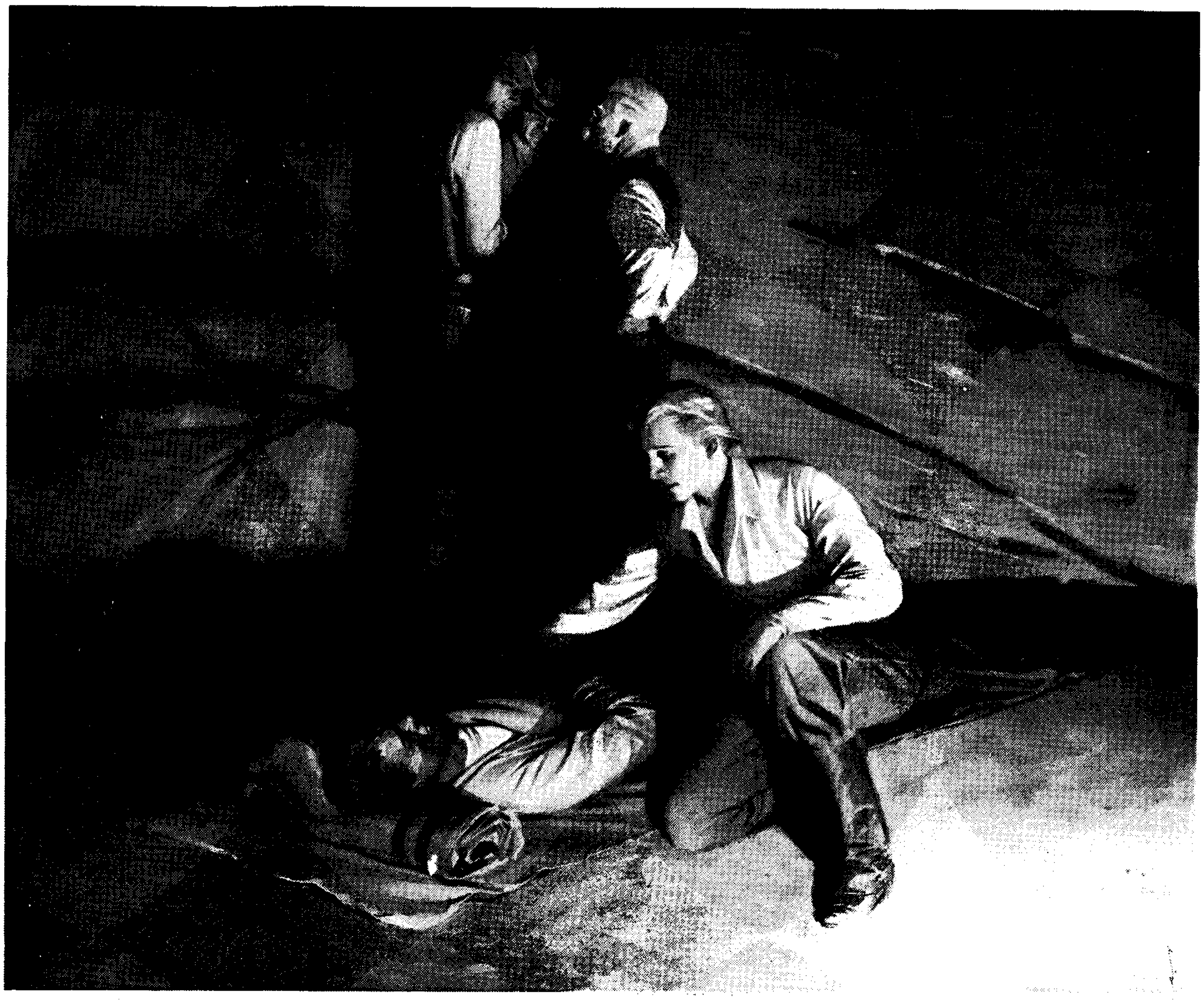
"Where you goin', George?"

BERNAY swore in a soft, violent way. He lifted his boot from a stirrup and used it to smash Hughie Grant backward. Hughie Grant reached down for his gun; he wasn't angry, he was a little bit amused. But he put the gun on George Bernay in a manner that wasn't to be mistaken. "Stay there a minute, George, till we see what this is all about."

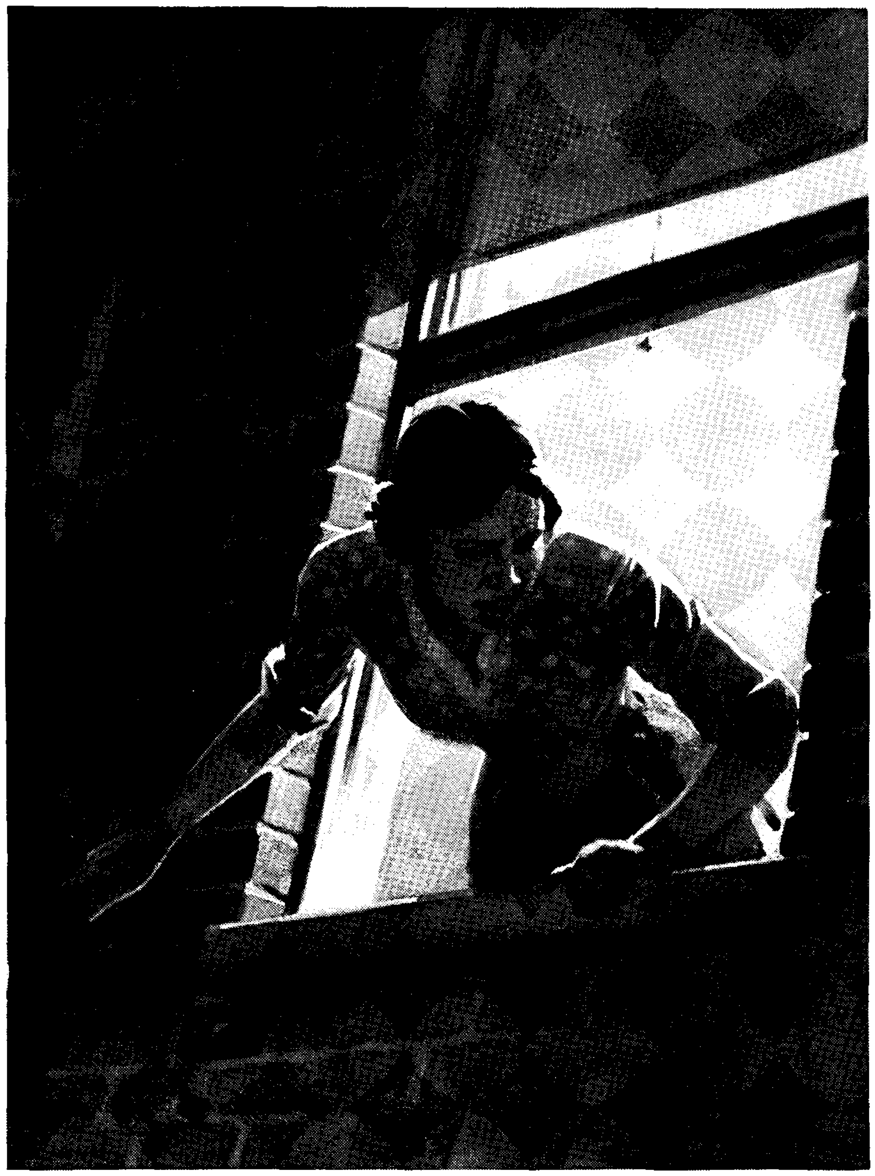
Bill Head ran from the White House with the other owners; and Bill Head's voice began to throw some sort of order into this confusion. "Dan—go through the stable!" The alley was alive with riders now, and a gun began to blast up that yonder blackness. A little section of Crow Track hands raced past the bank, into the stable. George Bernay folded his hands on the saddle horn and looked down at all this with a pale, wild and useless rage.

Flat on his belly in the darkness behind the bank building, Surratt heard the pack rush into the alley and come toward him. Horsfall crouched near him, breathing fast. Horsfall murmured: "George better be here with that horse pronto."

"Too late now. You get out of here, Jud." Surratt sprang up and ran on down the rear side of these buildings, into a continuing blackness. He stumbled over broken boxes and loose wire, aiming for the faint glow of light ahead of him, which was the back entrance of the stable. He meant to get in there. Horsfall trotted faithfully at his heels, and he threw a quicker warning at the man. "Get out of here!" Next moment



Judith dropped to her knees and Surratt heard her voice break; she was near to crying. "Oh, Sam—what have they done to you?"



The woman bent far down from her window, flinging out her arms. "That man Surratt—he's back of the building"

he dropped, and Horsfall dropped. Men turned out of the alley into this back area; and at the same time a group shot through the stable's rear opening and blocked that way entirely. There was no chance to run now, except away from the building toward the clutter of sheds and corrals that occupied the narrow space lying at the foot of the ridge. Surratt threw this chance from his mind as being no good. He lay still. Horsfall was murmuring in his ear.

"If they want it, by God they can have it!"

Crow Track had him trapped—and it went about its business with a sure knowledge that it had. These men were spreading around him, trickling up from the alley, moving away from the stable door. They were boxing him. Someone in the alley kept throwing out quick orders and afterward Bill Head's voice reached forward, very certain:

"Come out of there, Surratt."

SURRATT held his tongue a moment, wickedly considering it. Jud Horsfall, desperate and reckless in this trap, was again whispering, "To hell with 'em!" But in a moment Surratt quietly answered the call. "Where's Bolderbuck?"

The marshal immediately spoke up from the stable door, "Here, Surratt."

"You come up. I'll give you my gun."

Bolderbuck walked on. Surratt laid a warning hand on Horsfall's back, pushing Horsfall definitely against the earth, and got up and went over to meet Bolderbuck. He handed the marshal his gun and turned Bolderbuck around. They went back to the stable door together, through the forming clutter of ranch hands and on out to the street. Light was shining here, with all the crowding faces turned somber and sullen by it. The tide had set out of the alley, men running up to thicken the surrounding ranks. Bill Head plunged his way through and his ruddy face was doggedly pleased. He said to Bolderbuck: "Bring him to the hotel."

Bolderbuck had Surratt's gun still in his fist. He swung it around the circle. "Make a track here," he said quietly. "Surratt's going to the jail."

"Bolderbuck!" shouted Head, "you mind me!"

"Bill," said Tom Bolderbuck, "I still run this town."

He walked straight ahead, with Surratt beside him, the unyielding breadth of his body making a hole in the Crow Track ring. He got through with Surratt; and kept on toward the jail office. Crow Track kept following, restless and on the edge of a break, with Bill Head's voice low and furious in the background. Bolderbuck didn't bother to look back. He went through the jail office door and shut the door. He spoke then, with a little restlessness in his voice, "Up the stairs."

They went up the stairs. Bolderbuck opened an iron-barred door and stood aside and watched Surratt go through. He closed the door and locked it. He put his back to the cell.

Crow Track boiled into the jail office below, the stairway began to groan with their oncoming weight. Bolderbuck listened to it for a dragging moment, and then turned and thrust Surratt's gun between the bars. He said: "Slip this under the bunk blankets. You're cool and I admire you. We've had luck so far, but it may not last."

Tom Bolderbuck turned from the cell door to face the length of this second-story jail corridor. Bill Head came up the stairs, with Peyrolles and Kersom and Cameron and half a dozen of the Head riders following. They came on until Bolderbuck's broad shape stopped them; and they spread out and filled the corridor completely. The dull light of the bracket lamps shone incompletely across their brown and stubborn and partisan cheeks. Bolderbuck, as immovable in his attitude as one of the Gray Bull peaks, studied these men and understood the narrow gleaming in their eyes. It was a stung savagery he saw and carefully marked. His attention remained a moment on George Bernay, who had followed this group; afterward it switched to Ab Cameron's mild, sad cheeks and then turned more fully to Bill Head.

"Open the door, Tom," commanded Head.

BOLDERBUCK seemed to calculate the exact measure of danger here; and some practical and very shrewd consideration evidently tipped his mind. He said calmly: "No rough stuff, Bill," and unlocked the door, entering the cell first. When Bill Head and the other three owners had followed him Bolderbuck put up an arresting hand at the rest of the crowd. "Stay in the hall—you." Hughie Grant was in this group. He laughed a little, but he didn't step into the cell. George Bernay worked his way forward and got beside Hughie Grant at the doorway. Hughie Grant looked at him, still grinning. "Don't make no plays here, George," he said.

Bolderbuck stood solidly in his boots and watched this scene with a dogged care. Surratt made a high, tough shape in the middle of the cell, throwing back an expression purely smooth. It held nothing that Bolderbuck could see. Bill Head had come to a massive stop in front of Surratt. Peyrolles and Kersom were to one side of him; old Ab Cameron remained sadly and unwillingly in the background. Bill Head's ruddy face was bitter and brutal in its show of triumph. He lifted his big fists and hooked his thumbs into the armholes of his vest.

"You were up at Brann's office," he said, "and Brann's gone. So you came to get him to go see Torveen who's been shot. Where's Torveen hidin'?"

"You've got a bright mind, Bill. You find out."

BILL HEAD'S ruddy complexion thickened. The remark raked up a resentment that changed the slant of his lips. He said, with a softness that was wicked: "You'll tell me, friend Surratt. You'll tell me."

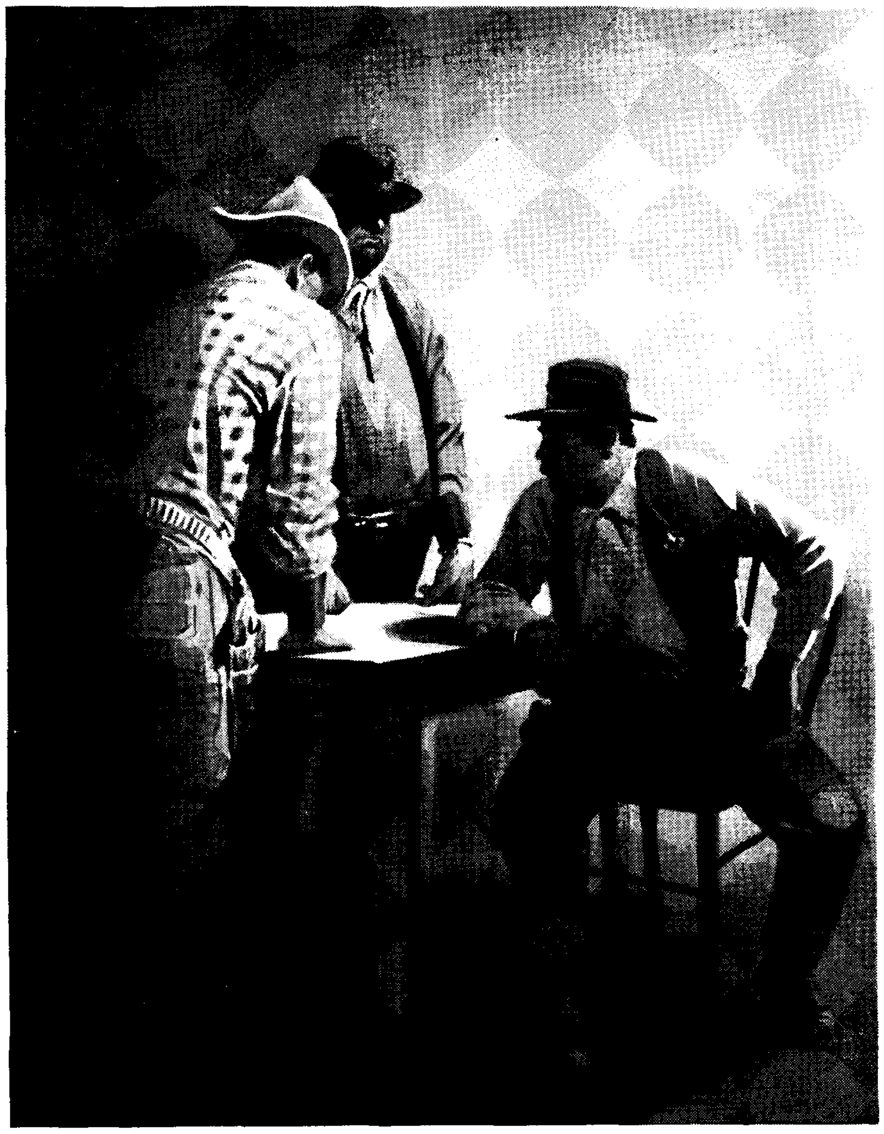
"Bring a few more of your crew in here," suggested Surratt. "It'll make you feel safer."

The cool rashness of that talk attracted Bolderbuck's considering glance to Surratt. Surratt was faintly smiling; a devil's temper plainly stirred behind the smoky color of his eyes. The silence lay deep and heavy in the cell; beyond the bars Head's men were as still as statues. Bill Head's face was a furious red. His right foot moved a little backward and his right fist jumped from its idle position, without warning of any kind, and smashed Surratt on the chin. Surratt fell backward against the cell wall; he dropped to his knees. His head sagged down and he supported himself with stiff arms a moment, his shoulders swaying.

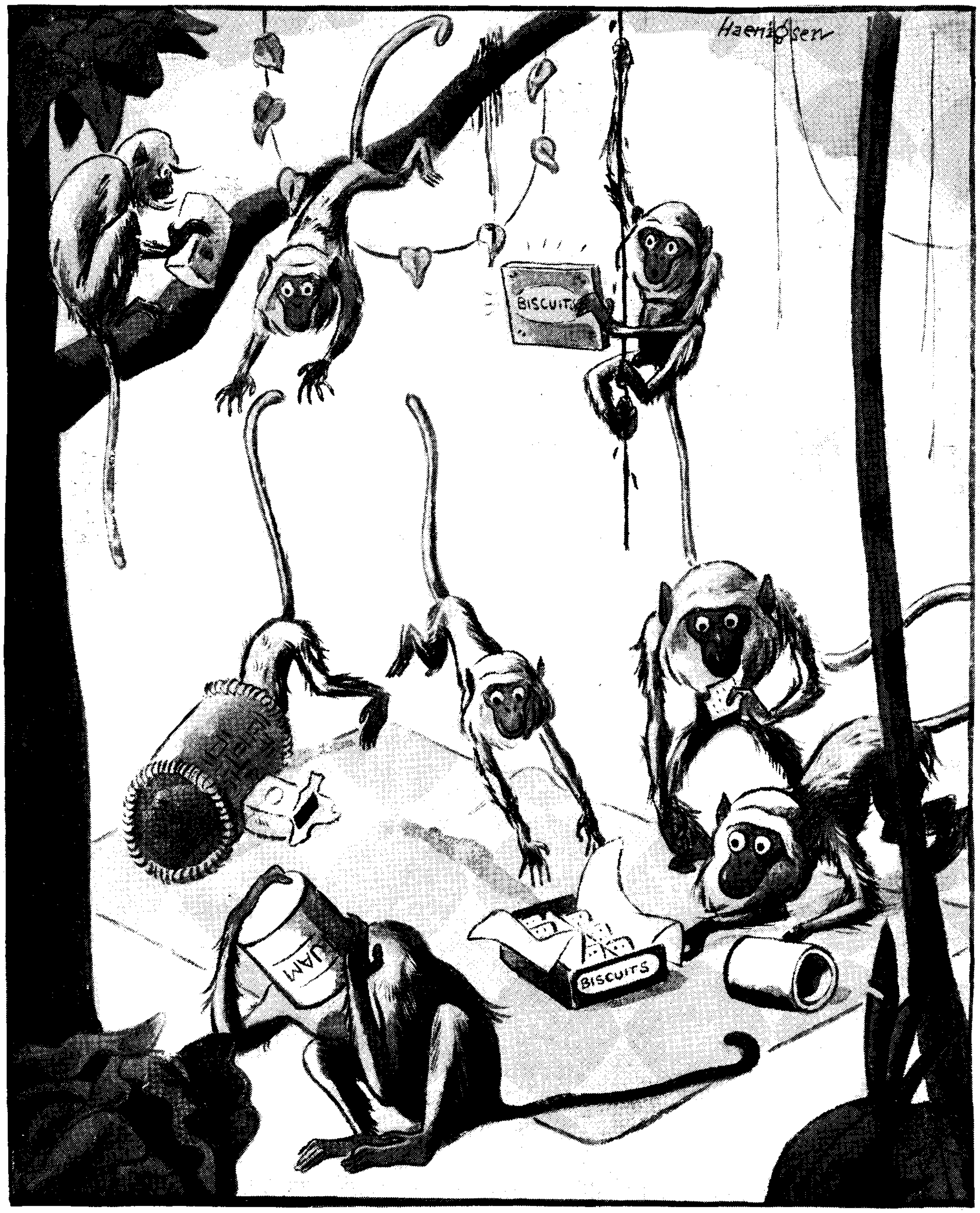
"Do that again," growled Bolderbuck, "and I'll bend a gun over your skull."

George Bernay's voice came into the

(Continued on page 38)



"You know me, Tom, and I know you," Blackjack said. "But I heard Surratt was here and I want him out"



But we never did have that picnic. When we came into the clearing there was bedlam before us

Snake in the Grass

By Frank Buck

with Ferrin Fraser

Pythons are not venomous, but don't make the mistake of stepping on one. Ali, Frank Buck's Number One boy, did and barely escaped death from its jaws and coils. Here's the story of the rescue

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY HAENIGSEN

EVER since the serpent first tempted Eve with an apple in the Garden of Eden he has been frowned on as the villain of the animal world. Not only was he destined to crawl all the years of his life in the dust of the earth, but he has been kicked around, maligned, and wantonly killed more than any other creature. The average man today, walking across a country field on a bright Sunday afternoon in spring, and seeing a harmless little garter snake playing in the grass, will instinctively look for the nearest rock or club to strike cut its life.

Now, I am by no means setting up a defense for snakes. I'm not particularly fond of them myself, and I've seen some that were as beautifully designed and colored as any creature God ever made, and others that were more venomously poisonous. But I would like them to be understood and have a fair chance along with the other animals that populate the earth.

I want in this story to tell you of two snakes I captured alive on my last expedition to the Malayan jungles, and point out that they had as much personality, were just as interesting, and battled just as hard for their freedom as any of the more respected and honored animals of the world.

For the making of my new motion picture and for the capture of the large collection of rare animals, bird and reptiles I hoped to take back to America, ten months ago I set up a permanent camp in northern Johore on the Malay Peninsula.

For the past twenty-three years I have been constructing these shelters of poles and attap in the jungles where I can house in cages as many as a thousand animals and birds at a time before finally transporting them to my compound in Singapore for the long voyage home. They're wild, noisy places, these permanent camps of mine. Three hundred monkeys can do a lot of chattering, a ten-foot tiger and a pair of spotted leopards such as I caught this last trip can do quite a bit of high-powered snarling and roaring, and a half-dozen hyenas can howl like the shades of all the demons in this world and the next. Add to this the constant chirping of a few hundred birds, the shrill screams of a dozen or so gibbon apes with fire-siren throats, and the hoarse barking of a cageful of binturongs, and you'll see why occasionally I like to get away from camp into the comparative quiet of the jungle, which actually only *seems* quiet by comparison.

Life in a Jungle Camp

It was this desire to get away for a time that made me suggest a picnic to Ali, my Number One boy. I had set out a line of black leopard traps a few miles from camp, and I thought I could combine the business of visiting these traps to see if I'd made any catches with the pleasure of a good old-fashioned American picnic in the cool quiet of the jungle forest.

The word was new to Ali, of course.

"Pick-nick?" he repeated, his brown eyes questioning.

"It's an old American custom," I smiled. "You go out in the woods with a lunch basket, sit under a tree, and eat hot dogs."

The idea of hot dogs nearly slew him. He had never heard of frankfurters before, and I could see from the expression on his face that he thought his *tuan* had gone suddenly *gila*—crazy—and intended to cook a canine. I explained the thing to him as best I could, but he looked downright happy when I let him pack the lunch. And he was mighty careful to see that nothing went into that long, round, handmade Malay basket but packages of boiled rice wrapped in cool banana leaves, some cooked fish neatly done up the same way, a jar of jam, another of cheese, and two tins of biscuits and a dozen mangos. If we'd had so much as a puppy in camp Ali would surely have hidden it before we started out!

We covered about eight miles in inspecting the traps. To Ali, Ahmed and Awi's disgust, there was nothing in any of them. The sliding door of one was sprung, and there were fresh tracks about, but the leopard had evidently been too smart to be caught. We set it again and went on. The boys were not so much disgusted at the emptiness of the traps—we don't expect to catch a leopard every day—as at the fact they were carrying two heavy coils of rope along with the lunch basket and an eating mat, all of which now seemed useless with no full leopard traps to use the ropes on, and when we could just as well have gone back to camp for lunch.

I decided now was as good a time as any for the picnic. Malays, like everyone else, feel better with full stomachs and are more cheerful company. So when we came to a little clearing in the shade of a huge durian tree, with a grassy bank that sloped gently down to a pretty little jungle stream, I stopped and said:

(Continued on page 52)

High Ski

By Bill Cunningham

When young Dick Durrance reported to his first skiing coach about a year ago he amazed that gentleman with an exhibition of not-in-the-book stunts. That was before Durrance started collecting major skiing championships. You should see him now, performing in Olympic competition!

THE average Floridian knows as much about snow as a hen does about toothpaste and considers the word *ski* a typographical error. And why not? Snow has only faintly dusted that delightful state something like three times in the last hundred years and then only across its northernmost section.

And yet fate, especially sporting fate, will have its little laughs. The absolute antithesis of moiling Miami in February is the little village of Garmisch-Partenkirchen, an hour from Munich in the frozen clutch of the Bavarian Alps. Mighty Zugspitze rears its shaggy ice-bearded head ten thousand feet above the village toward the clouds and regal Alpspitze hems it on another side, the whole resembling one of those old-fashioned frosted German Christmas cards.

In this setting, where snow has been known to drift into crevasses to a depth of ninety feet, the cream of the world's amateur sportsmen will meet from February 6th to 16th, in the quadrennial Olympic Winter Sports Championships. And when the last slalom is finished, the last telemark swung, it will probably develop that the king of all the world's ski riders is a native Floridian.

The name of the young gentleman is Richard (Dick) Durrance and the log of his still-tender life is unique.

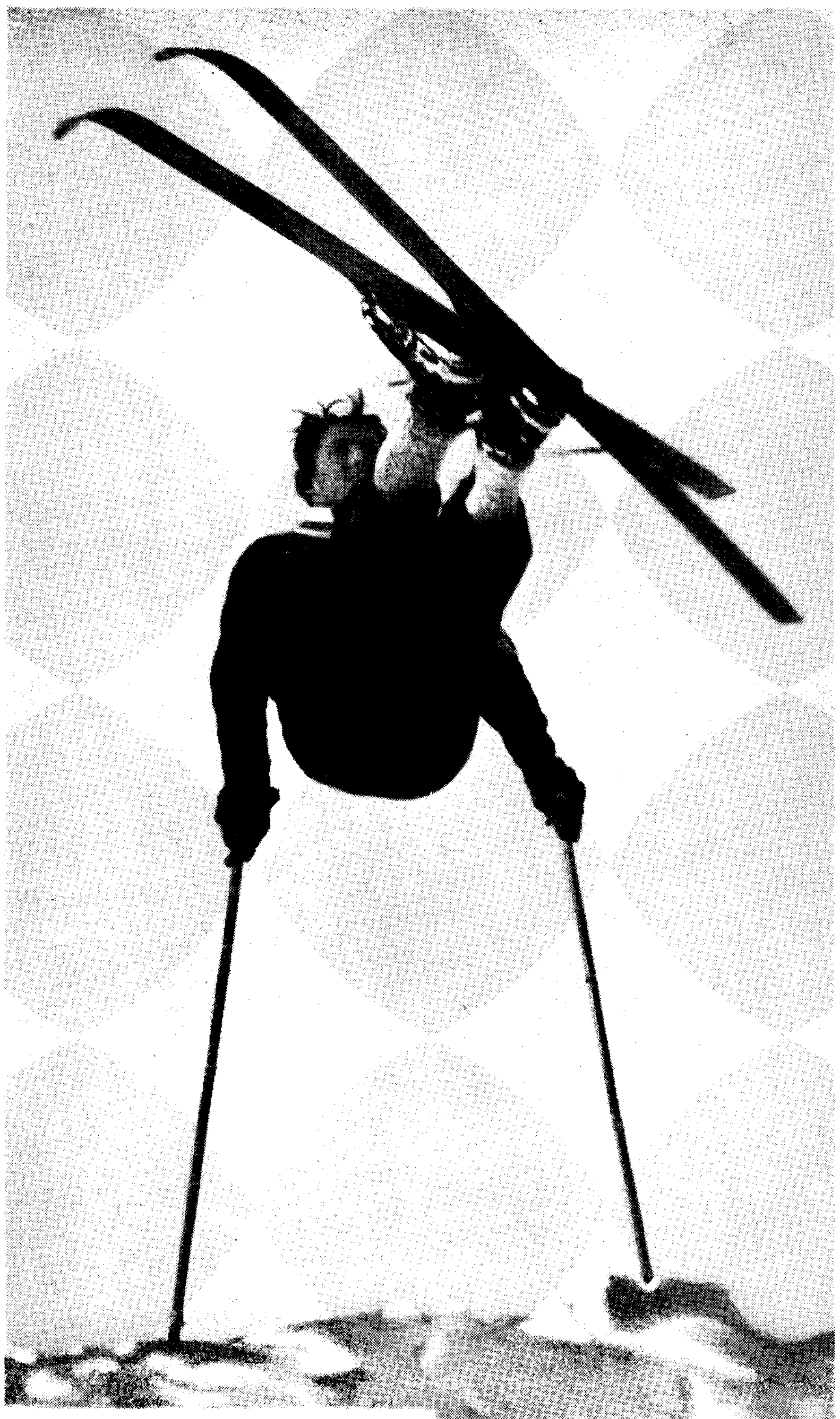
Born of well-to-do parents in Tarpon Springs, Florida, he spent his early years—the first twelve of them, to be exact—in that semitropical scene. The boy had never seen snow, had seen only the picture of a skate, and had never even heard of a ski when the family fortunes switched him northward and he found himself, all at once, a youthful student in the New York Military Academy at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson. He met snow here, but it was only a casual acquaintance which he didn't embrace with any especial enthusiasm. As a matter of fact, he was pretty homesick for Florida when those frosty blasts came banging out of the north and the February Storm King began to stalk abroad.

Nothing to Do but Ski

But Florida wasn't to be his for a long, long time and then he was to rebel at the reunion. His father had rather pronounced ideas about juvenile education and had decided that the German school system is about the finest there is. So young Richard, his elder brother Jack and assorted brothers and sisters suddenly found themselves, coincidentally enough, in this same little town of Garmisch-Partenkirchen, where the winter Olympics are to be held, enrolled in its schools and settled in permanent residence.

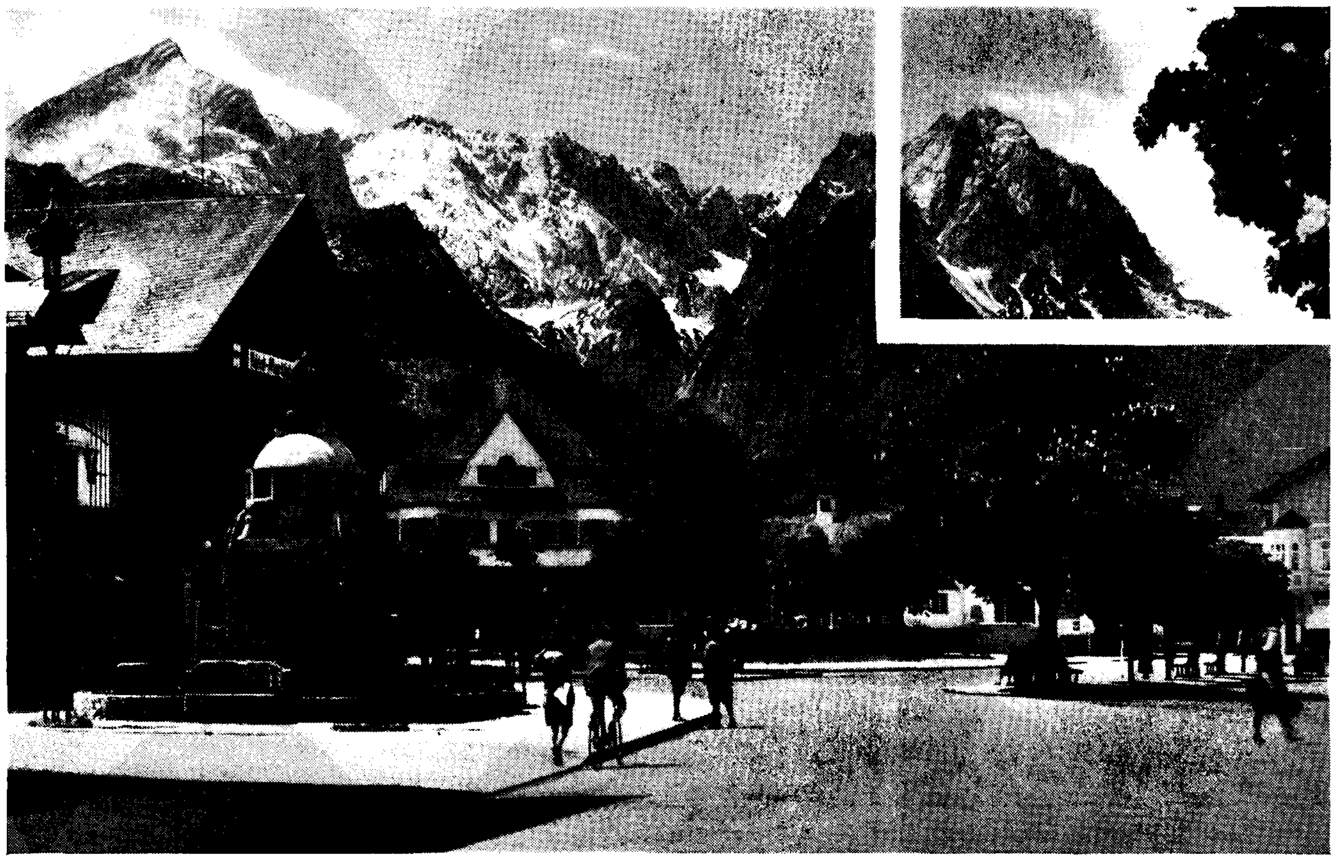
It was here the Durrance boys first really met the ski. It was the principal toy of the Bavarian kinder. It was their baseball and football and movies and

(*Continued on page 49*)



EDWIN LEVICK

Forward somersaulting over obstacles saves cross-country time for Skier Dick Durrance. It also floors orthodox skiing experts, and is only part of the unusual technique that has made Durrance Number One man on the American Olympic ski team



Left, Garmisch-Partenkirchen, in the Bavarian Alps, where the Olympic ski men will compete

WIDE WORLD

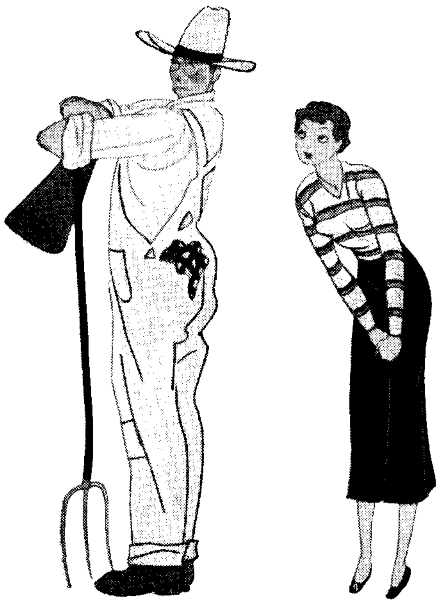
Something about a Uniform

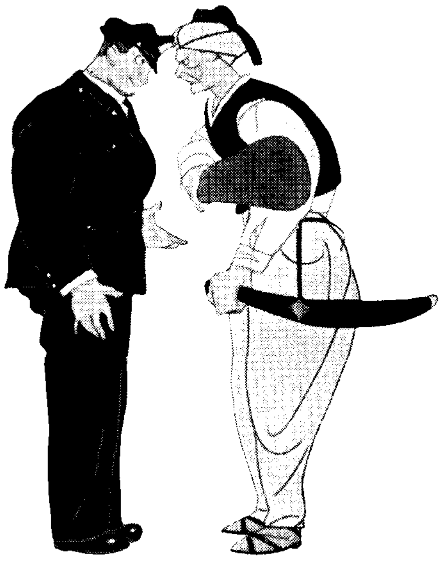
The amazing case of Timothy Slattery, to whom dignity was the most important thing in the world

By Matt Taylor

THE very first time I meet Mr. Bessenger, the new manager, I know he won't do at all. It's too bad, because he is a nice guy, and this is his first Broadway job, and he is trying hard. But it's all over his head. He don't appreciate dignity.

And here at the Elixir Theater we go in for dignity like the diplomatic corps. We got the thickest carpets, the reddest drapes, the softest lights, and the politest ushers of any movie palace south of Central Park. And, if I do say it myself, there ain't a lobby man on Broadway can touch me for class. I'm six-foot-one, and if I haven't got the shoulders you wouldn't know it with my uniform on. My stance is out of West Point and I keep my chin in the air where it belongs. My uniform coat comes down to my knees, and there's four rows of brass buttons on it. I wear my hat a bit slanty over one eye and my Sam Browne belt as tight as I can stand it. Oh, I'm lousy with dignity. Even when I have to throw a drunk out of the lobby I say, "Sorry, sir. Step right this way or I'll paste you one. Thank you very much, sir."





It's funny how I got it, but I got it. My dad says it's just one of those things; *you take those chances when you have children.* He says I must be a throwback to my great-uncle Peter, because I act all the time like old Pete acts when he has one of his pompous jags on. My dad don't appreciate dignity any more than Mr. Bessenger.

BUT even if it's part natural with me, I guess I learn plenty working at the Elixir and studying the Usher's Manual and Complete Handbook. I am at the Elixir since I am eighteen, having started as a punk side-aisle usher in the mezzanine. Every year for four years I am promoted until, when Mr. Bessenger takes over I am head man in the lobby with nothing to do but stand near the box office and tell the customers what time the feature goes on and smoking is permitted in the loges. It is a pleasant job, especially when I have the night shift and can chat a bit with Mabel when she's not busy. Mabel is one of the Elixir ticket sellers.

I am not the only one by a long shot that thinks Mabel is a young person of great charm and distinction and an all-around honey. Among others there is a sergeant of Marines who is a real menace until he is shipped to the Pacific fleet, and there is Officer Dan Mooney, who has the beat up and down Broadway in front of the Elixir. Mooney wears his uniform, such as it is, pretty well, but I have him at a disadvantage. In fact, I might say he is out on a limb, because he has to keep moving, and all evening long I am in front of Mabel's box office where she can see how dignified and classy I act. At the time the Elixir changes hands I look like a sure thing and am about to cry *"Touché!"* to that big lunk Mooney.

And then Mr. Bessenger, the new boss, sends for me.

I step into his office and click my heels and salute, and he looks me over and smiles. "As you were, Slattery," he says. "Unbend, my boy. That's a nice uniform, isn't it? Do you like to wear it?"

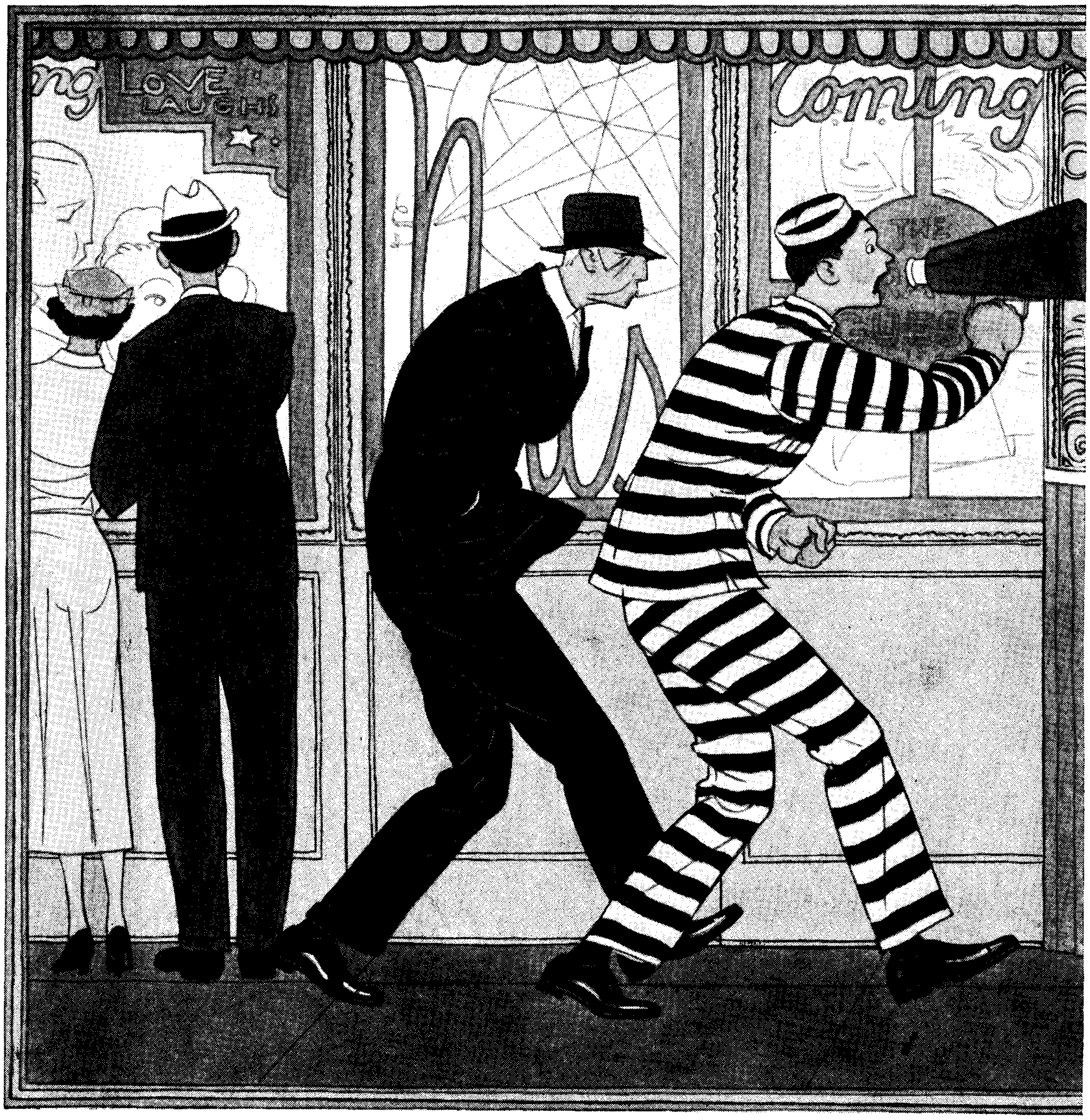
"They don't come any hotter, sir," I reply. "Sure, I like to wear it."

"Sort of a cross between a West Point dress parade and an American Legion fife and drum corps," he observes. "Would it break your heart not to wear it?"

"You mean I'm fired?"

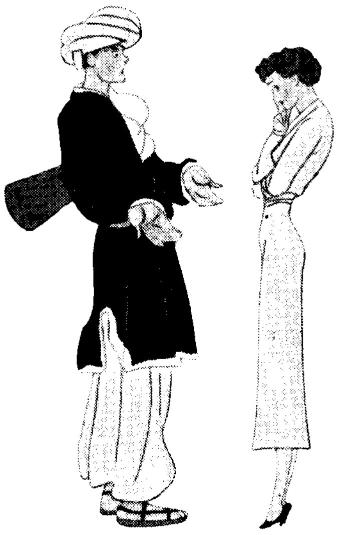
"NOT at all," he says quietly. Then he explains. It's his idea that I am to wear, whenever possible, a costume that ties up with the picture the theater is playing. Atmosphere, he calls it. If it's a jungle film I am to strut around the lobby in shorts and a tropical helmet. For a western I am a cowboy with a six-shooter in my belt, and for one of those far north things I give an imitation of Admiral Byrd in phony furs.

By this time I am gasping, but I



"Now going on inside," I shout out, "the most daring hold-up of the year!" "Who's in it?" Dan asks pleasantly haven't heard the half of it. Instead of standing at the box office answering questions in a nice, polite way, I am to pace up and down in front, ballyhooing the picture, just like it is a circus side show and me the leather-lunged barker. "A midway's a midway," says Mr. Bessenger, "even if it happens to be called Broadway. The public likes to be coaxed."

All the time I am thinking to myself this is a hell of a note. But I keep polite. "I have always understood," I tell him, "that a quiet dignity was an essential part of the Elixir tradition of service. It says so in the Usher's Manual and Complete Handbook."



"We can't give 'em service," he says, "until we get 'em in the theater. And the only way to get 'em in is to beat the drums and light the red fire. You will be part of it."

"I have been years building up my dignity," I complain.

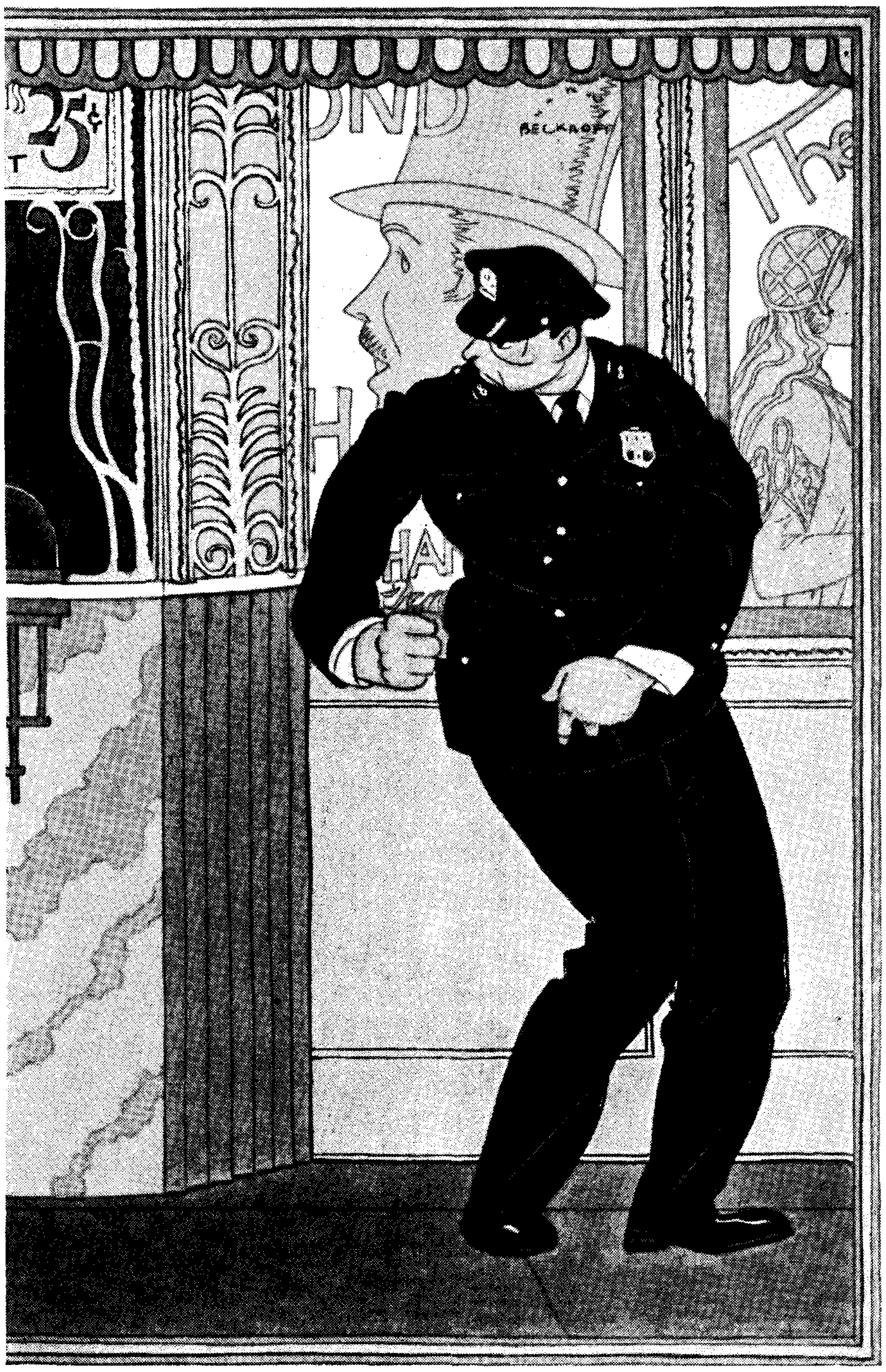
He shrugs. "Then maybe you better get a job on Park Avenue," he says.

"Just a moment," I answer coldly. "I ain't squawking. If you don't want to use my talents, that's your business. But the public is going to be let down." And with that I click my heels and salute and leave him.

WELL, it is pretty sad right from the start.

We are playing something called Desert Derelicts when the new policy goes in effect. There are pasteboard sand dunes all over the lobby and I am parading around dressed up like a soldier in the Foreign Legion with a bayonet in my belt and a handkerchief that tickles hanging down from inside the back of my hat. I am not much to look at because I am too tall to step into these rented costumes without alterations, and I am frankly worried that Mabel will laugh when she sees me. A guy with my dignity can stand anything but a horse laugh. So I steel myself at seven o'clock when Mabel comes out to go to work.

But she doesn't even smile. She sees me and her eyes widen and she looks hurt and disappointed as though she has caught me kicking a starving pup around the lobby. "Timmy!" she cries. "I didn't think it would be this bad!"



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

"I'm atmosphere," I say coldly.

"You don't look like the same guy at all," she says sadly. "This is terrible!"

I put up my chin. "At that," I tell her, "it's better than just a cop's uniform."

She is still staring at me and looking quite woebegone. "There's a towel or something hanging down from inside your hat," she says.

"They wear that," I inform her, "in the Foreign Legion. The sun, you know." And then I turn on my heel and go to the sidewalk to start my spiel.

It is a spiel Mr. Bessenger has made up and I have memorized, and it is pretty awful. It is all about desperate men and forgotten women in a burning land of fierce emotions and cruel passions where love is all and crime is king. "See it now!" I end up with. "See the ride for life across the desert sands. See the ferocious attack upon the prince's caravan!"

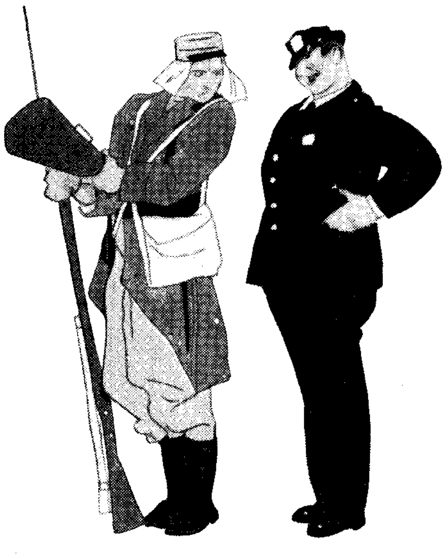
It is tough going for a high-class guy like me, but I take it. If Mabel would only give me a little smile of sympathy now and again it would help, but when I turn her way all I see is that hurt, disillusioned look in her eyes, and it makes things worse. And finally, to top it all, along comes Mooney, the cop.

He stands beside me and grins like an ape. "Gosh, you look funny!" he says.

"See the mad ride of a thousand Bedouins!" I cry.

"How does Mabel like you?" he asks.

"She thinks I'm swell," I snap at him.



"I bet," he sneers. Then he lets out a laugh. "I wonder," he says, "if they'll dress you up like Shirley Temple?"

It is pretty hard to do, but I keep my dignity. I just glare.

He roars some more. "And how about the next Tarzan picture? You'll catch your death, Timmy, my boy. Will you give the Tarzan yell?"

I let him have one more glare, and do a snappy right-about and walk away.

"There's something white hanging down in back of your hat," he yells.

I AM glad, that first evening, that it is Friday, because Wednesdays and Fridays are my regular days to take Mabel out after work and buy her a cup of coffee and a cruller and then see her home. They are the two best days of the week for me. It has been going on for three months now, and I am doing very nicely. At first she only gives me her hand at the bottom step of the brownstone stoop when we say good night. But gradually I work my way up to the fourth step and a little kiss, and I figure if I can make the vestibule I'll be ready to ask the big question and hear her say yes. It really looks like a sure thing because Mooney is only up to the second step and can't make the third no matter how hard he tries. I know, because I watch from across the street a couple of times on Mondays and Thursdays, which are Mooney's nights.

So you see I got reason to be confident. And you can imagine how I feel that night when I amble over to the box-office window just at closing time and Mabel says she's sorry, but would I mind if she didn't go?

"But it's Friday," I remind her.

"I know," she says, "but Dan Mooney's sister-in-law is throwing a little party and he wants me along."

"Tomorrow then," I say.

"Next week would be better," she says thoughtfully. "Will you have your regular uniform back next week, Tim?"

"Next week it's a rural drama," I explain sadly. "Mr. Bessenger said something about overalls and a big straw hat and chin whiskers."

She seems to shudder a little. "Dan's waiting for me," she says. "I'd better go."

WELL, the only thing that consoles me those next few weeks is that I know Mr. Bessenger is nuts, and sooner or later he, or the owners, will get wise to that fact and let me dress like a normal person again in my blue, white and gold uniform. It is as clear as anything to me that I am not doing a bit of good, because no one listens to my ballyhoo. The crowds hurry past, and they don't hear me any more than they hear the clang of the Broadway trolleys, or the shouts of the sidewalk peddlers, or the sirens of the ambulances. I am just another of the Broadway noises people get used to and think nothing of. In a month at most, I think, Mr. Bessenger will find out he is wrong and I can be dignified again.

But instead of this he gets more and more convinced he's right. The trouble is we have a run of good pictures and we are S. R. O. most of the time and sometimes even at the supper shows. Of course, it isn't my ballyhoo that does it, or the changes Mr. Bessenger has made in the lobby, or the flashy advertising he goes in for. The way I look at it, it's just better films and prosperity getting a foothold again that turns the trick. But Mr. Bessenger claims all the credit and the owners believe it.

AT THAT I could have made the sacrifice of what the Usher's Manual calls the sense of satisfaction that comes with a reserved and dignified demeanor if it hadn't been for Mabel. Oh, we still have crullers and coffee now and again. But it ain't the same.

She feels almost as bad about it as I do. "I guess I must be sort of funny," she says one night.

"You're swell," I tell her. "You're sweller than an angel."

"I'm fickle," she says bitterly. "I change all of a sudden."

"You still like me," I argue.

"Not like I used to," she says, shaking her head. "Might as well be honest." She sits quiet a moment and gives a long sigh. "You used to look classy in that old uniform, Timmy," she says.

"I used to feel classy," I reply.

"I can still see you," she reminisces, "with your brass buttons all polished and your white gloves and your head up in the air, walking up and down and saying, 'Kindly form a single line' and 'Loge seats only for this performance.'"

I chuckle softly. "Remember how I used to handle those fussy dames that raised a squawk about something?"

Her eyes sparkle. "You used to look down at 'em with the coldest, fishiest eye I ever seen. And you never forgot to say 'Thank you.' You were swell then."

"I'm the same guy."

"Yeah. But— Oh, I can't help it. There's something about a uniform. I'm like my ma. She couldn't see my pa for two cents until he comes around from his lodge in a bandmaster's uniform."

"But you still like me!" I say again, with a little moan.

"Sure I do, Timmy. A little. But I

guess I'm kind of funny. We better go home now."

So we ride uptown on the El and she lets me hold her hand as we walk down her street and I don't suspect anything. But I am only on the third step of the stoop when she stops and pats my shoulder. "Good night, Timmy," she says.

"Here?" I gasp.

"I'm sorry," she says simply.

"No kiss?"

She shakes her head. "I'm funny, ain't I?" she says. "You oughtn't to bother about me, Timmy."

Well, maybe she is right about that last, but what can you do? I mean you can say to yourself, "I'm off that dame," but it doesn't follow you're really off. I lay awake most of the night, and then I dream I am climbing a long flight of brownstone steps and Mabel is just ahead of me and I can't reach her and when I finally make the top there is Dan Mooney standing in the vestibule in my old uniform, laughing his head off.

I am quite wan and haggard the next day, and full of good resolves. But it doesn't do any good. That night I find myself standing in the shadows across the street from Mabel's stoop about the time she will be coming home with Dan Mooney. They show up on schedule and Dan is laughing loudly and strutting in his uniform. Up the steps he starts and I hold my breath. Instead of stopping on the second, where he belongs, he keeps right on to the fourth, and he's trying to make the fifth when she stops him. Then comes the worst of all. He bends over and kisses her, and she must have said he could, because I don't hear any slap, and I remember the first time I try without asking she gives me a smack that sounds like a backfire.

OF COURSE, after this I try to keep away, but I guess there is some kind of instinct for self-torture in me. Anyway, every time I know she is out with Dan Mooney I am waiting there across the street when they come home, and you can figure how I feel when I see him work his way up to the eighth step in four tries. Maybe it's my imagination, but it seems to me the kisses get a little less casual with every step.

By the time he is on the tenth, I have lost six pounds and my appetite. The tenth is just one jump away from the vestibule. It's like watching some powerful team lining up on the one-yard line for a sure touchdown. I know my Mabel, and I know if she lets any guy in that vestibule she is as good as engaged.

Well, I have to do something, but I don't know what. The only thing I can think of is to see Mr. Bessenger and ask for help. Even if he don't appreciate dignity, he looks like a right guy.

So the next morning I am in his office and he is telling me to sit down and be comfortable. "If it's about a vacation," he says, "you can have one. You look awful."

I shake my head and tell him the whole story. At first he laughs, and then he only smiles, and finally he is very grave and sympathetic. "If you would ask me," he says, "that girl is in love with your uniform."

"That's the way she is!" I blurt out. "Anyway, I don't blame her. I was sort of fond of it myself."

"Don't you want your girl to love you for yourself?"

"I want Mabel," I tell him, "and no questions asked. Didn't you ever feel that way?"

"I seem to recall something of the sort," he admits.

"Do I get my uniform back?" I ask.

"How about being an usher in the orchestra?" he suggests.

"She wouldn't see me there. It wouldn't do any good."

"In that case," he says, "I don't see what I can do."

"You mean," I cry, "you're going to let this terrible thing happen. You're going to let her marry that—"

"Sorry, my boy," he says. "I can't change my whole policy. Perhaps in a year, when the public has formed the habit of coming here, we can dispense with the circus stuff out in front. But until then—"

"A year!" I moan. "He'll be in that vestibule tomorrow evening!"

"It's tough, kid," he says, walking over and patting my shoulder. "If a week's vacation would help—"

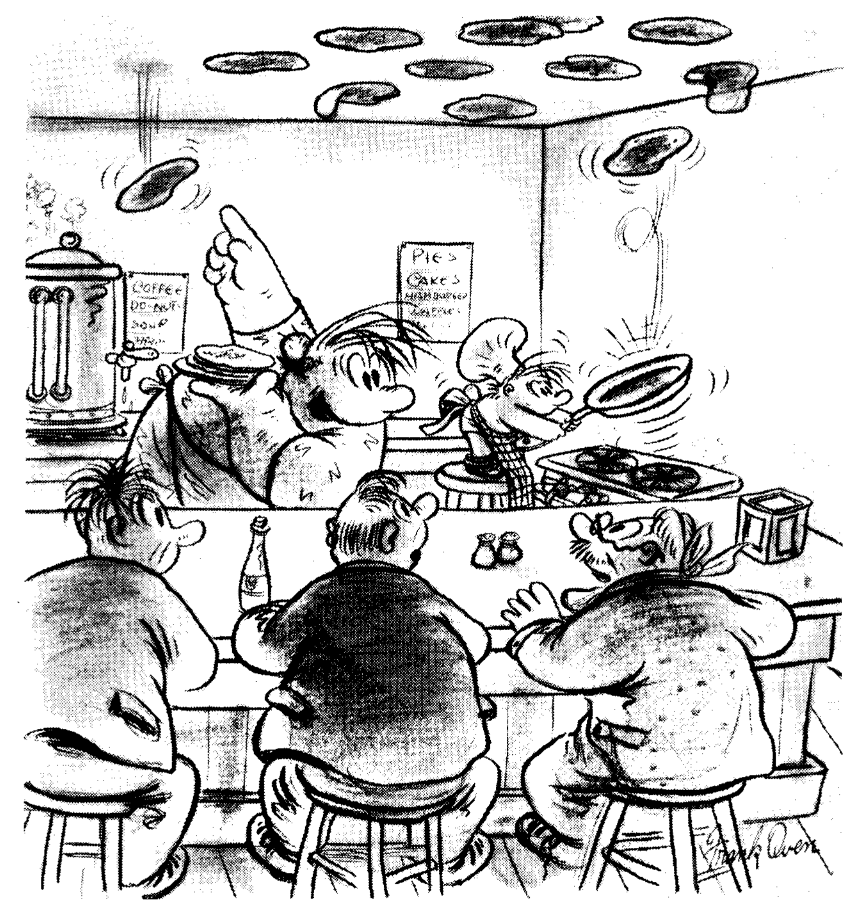
I turn around and walk out. The first rule in the Usher's Manual and Complete Handbook is never to let anyone see you if you are going to laugh or cry or something.

I am wearing, that evening, a costume that just about suits the way I feel. The picture is Convict 999 and I have on a blue denim prison uniform with a number across my chest. I go into my singsong spiel about the thrilling, chilling gangster film that will twist its way around your heartstrings, but I haven't any pep for it. For an hour I don't turn to look at Mabel, and then, when I can't hold out any longer, I see she is gazing at me very sad and a little tenderly, and I know it is because she guesses how I feel and is sorry for me because before long she will have some bad news to tell me about herself and Dan Mooney.

Philbert

By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"Just be patient, sir! There's another one falling off over here!"

BUT around eleven o'clock, when the midnight show is just starting, I see she is looking a little different. She isn't tender or sad any more. Instead, she looks like she's scared.

I walk over pretty fast. Mabel is always careful about her make-up and when she looks pale you can bet she is pale. She stares at me with her eyes wide open and she doesn't seem to recognize me at all. I figure the strain has been too much, so I lean over and whisper through the box-office window. "It's all right, honey," I say. "You love the big cheese, I guess. I can take it."

And right at this point I am tapped on the back. The man that does it is short and dark and he is squinting at me with narrow little eyes. "Scram," he says, and his lip curls up and curls down again so that I cannot help but think it is a lot of effort for one word.

I bow and incline my head a bit to one side in the manner described in the Usher's Manual. "Beg pardon, sir?" I say.

He backs up a step when I bow and one hand dips inside his coat. But it is a guy on the other side of me—a long, lean blond with a mouthful of gold teeth—who answers. "I'll take him," he says, not to me but to the sawed-off fellow. "You stay with the dame."

I BEGIN to get a funny feeling up and down my spine. The lanky blond also dips a hand inside his coat. "Keep moving, bud," he says. "Back to where you belong. If you act like anything's happened, it's going to be too bad."

He walks close beside me while I go back to my spot near the sidewalk. For the first time now I notice a big sedan that is waiting at the curb, with still another fellow behind the wheel. I can't hear the motor, but I can see the little puffs of smoke coming out of the exhaust. And all at once I know what's happening.

They're not satisfied with just the small change in Mabel's booth. Not this bunch. They're inside in Mr. Bessenger's office, where the big money is kept, and whatever our two private dicks are doing doesn't amount to much, because it is quiet and peaceful in there. I can just picture Mr. Bessenger looking into a lot of artillery and opening the safe for the boys if his hands ain't trembling too much.

"Do your stuff," the blond lookout whispers. "You don't know nothing, see!"

I give him a nod. There aren't many people going in at this hour and just a few drifting out now and again. Usually at this time, I cut the chatter and just coast till closing. But if this fellow wants a spiel I decided to give him one. So I open my mouth and say nothing. I can't talk.

He comes a little closer. "You heard me!" he whispers. "Do your regular stuff."

I have better luck this time. "Last performance now going on!" I sing out. "See the brazen robbery by the dope-crazed criminals—"

The fellow makes one leap at me and something awful hard noses into my spinal column and my heart and my stomach change places and I don't feel well at all. "What are you tryin', wise guy?" he says, close to my ear.

"T-that's my spiel," I explain.

"Change it," he snaps.

"I can't. It's a crook picture."

"You're advertising our stick-up," he growls.

"Not yours, mister," I tell him. "The one in the picture. Yours is better, though."

He seems satisfied, and nods. "Go ahead," he says. "But watch your step."

"I'm supposed to stroll," I explain.

"Stroll, then," he says. "But don't talk to anyone. I won't be far away."

So I amble back and forth, yelling louder than I have ever yelled since I have the job. I beg all of Broadway to come in and see the desperate gang of crooks at work, and Broadway doesn't pay any attention at all. Even if anyone notices what I'm yelling it doesn't mean anything. I am just another noise on Broadway. Any minute I am expecting to see the rest of the gang pile out of the theater and into that sedan with I don't know how much in cold cash, and there is nothing I can do. I am giving the world full particulars about this stick-up, and the world doesn't care a hoot. And then Officer Dan Mooney strolls into sight, on his way to report back to the station house at the end of his shift, and I know I am having my last time at bat.

DAN walks right past the blond fellow, and the blond stiffens but doesn't make a move. In front of me Dan pauses and grins. "Gosh, you look funnier than ever," he says.

I know what'll happen if I talk to him, so I don't. "Now going on inside," I shout, "the most daring hold-up of the year!"

"Who's in it?" Dan asks pleasantly. "Jimmy Cagney?"

The lookout guy has now edged over to the sedan. But he doesn't take his eyes off me and he's not so far away.

I keep right on with my line. "See Dan Mooney in the most heroic role of his career!" I sing. I still can't talk to Dan. But I give him the eye as best I can.

"Ha-ha," laughs Dan. "So they're naming movie actors after me? That's a hot one. I'll have to see this when it comes to Flatbush." Then he gives me a funny look. "You must have eaten something," he says. "You look like the devil."

And then he strolls off.

I watch him go and I realized I've struck out. But my eye catches the eye of that blond fellow, and I see his cocksure grin and I get mad. I think of a guy like that getting away with a wad of dough, not to mention scaring Mabel almost to death and me maybe a little, and I boil.

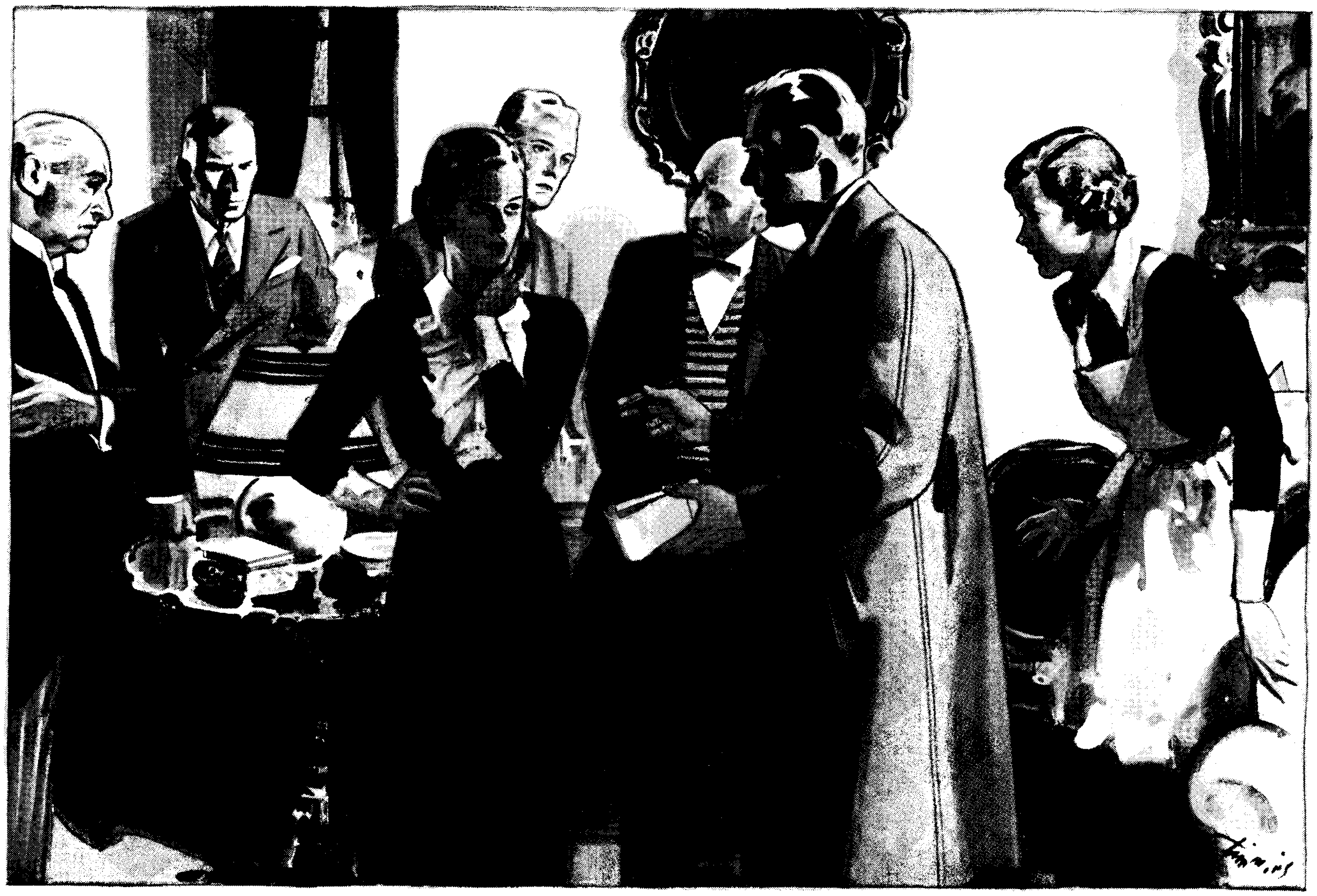
Dan Mooney is almost to the corner, but he can still hear me if I yell. I know there is one sure way to bring him back, and that is to insult him. "See Dan Mooney," I shout, "the dumbest cop in New York."

Dan stops in his tracks.

"See the dumbest cop God ever made! See—"

The shot drowns the rest of it. The big lookout sees Dan coming back and that is enough for him. In back of me a lobby frame crashes and sounds like a dozen panes of glass tumbling three stories. And then everything begins to happen. Three men come running out of the thea-

(Continued on page 48)



O'Malley wrote a few words with her pen. "I'd rather have the other one," he told her

The Pen that Wouldn't Write

By William MacHarg

Who put the arsenic in old Miss Milling's salad? Another brilliant answer by O'Malley, our favorite detective

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

THEY put me on a poison murder," O'Malley said. "These cops can't get no evidence and I ain't expecting I can. This was a rich old lady named Miss Milling, and she lived in the same house that she got born in and she didn't hardly ever go out of it. Her servants had all been with her about twenty years, and her niece and nephew lived with her, and somebody give her arsenic."

"I read it in the paper," I told him, "but it didn't tell how the poison was given her."

"They ain't found out yet. They didn't find no poison in the house, or where anybody bought any, or why somebody should want to give poison to the old dame."

"Did she leave a will?"

"Sure. We got a copy of it. She left a couple of million dollars to churches and hospitals and institutions, and a little to her servants, but not as much as they'd have got if she had kept on living; and the rest gets divided between her niece and nephew. The rule in this kind of case is 'Look who the murder profits,' but it looks like profit wouldn't be a motive in this case."

"Well," I said, "no church or institution poisoned her, so I suppose they have some other theory about it."

"Sure, we figure it was done by some-one in her house. Well, who? Her nephew is about twenty-six years old and is named Elliot. Her niece is named Winnifred. They got a butler and his wife named Raynal, and a cook named Mrs. Harret, and a young girl that helps her named Cora Sibley, and a couple of maids that are sisters named Dorry, and a woman about thirty years old, named Miss Varrick, that was Miss Milling's companion and secretary, and Miss Winnifred has got a maid of her own named Emma Woren. Those people all been questioned and the cops got nowhere. I'll get to the same place but I got to go and see 'em."

WE WENT to the Milling house. It was just off Fifth Avenue, surrounded by business buildings. The furnishings had not been changed in fifty years. We saw Elliot Milling and his sister. She was about twenty years old and intelligent and pretty. He was a pallid, unhealthy-looking young man.

"I don't want to quarrel with police methods," he informed us, "but it seems as if this could be investigated without discommoding everybody."

"Don't you want us to find out who knocked off your Aunt Amy?" O'Malley asked him.

"Of course I do."

We went into the library. There were a couple of headquarters detectives there. They had collected all the papers in the house and were reading family letters.

"Anything in them letters?" O'Malley asked.

"We didn't find anything yet."

They had some typewritten pages on which Elliot Milling had been writing a history of his family, and a diary kept by Winnifred Milling. We looked through the diary. There was nothing of importance in it. It was the artless diary of a young girl. She didn't spell very well.

"You ain't going to find nothing," O'Malley declared.

We talked with the servants. The butler and his wife were white-haired, and none of the others, except the kitchenmaid and Varick, was young. They wept while we were questioning them.

"I guess you people figure you might lose your jobs," O'Malley remarked.

"We're not thinking of that," Miss Milling's companion, Miss Varrick, told him indignantly. "Of course I shall lose mine, but that is unimportant. We all have lost a friend as well as a kind mistress."

"GET any ideas, O'Malley?" I asked after we had left the place.

"I didn't expect I'd get any."

"Well," I said, "there are other motives besides profit for a poison murder. But if I were you I'd keep it in mind that Miss Milling's niece and nephew each inherit something."

"I don't think the girl had anything to do with it."

"I wasn't thinking of her, but there may be something in Elliot Milling's life that you don't know about."

"We're looking 'em all up."

I didn't see him for two days. The newspapers said the means by which the poison had been given had not yet been discovered, and there was frequent mention of police questioning of Elliot Milling. The third day I went and found O'Malley at headquarters.

"Anything new?" I asked him.

"Not very much. It turns out this Elliot Milling ain't just the studious kind of quiet guy we thought he was. He's been a playboy on the side and he owes a lot of dough his aunt didn't never know about. He bought some arsenic."

"That's how I thought it would turn out," I said. "He's guilty."

"These cops here think he is. He bought the arsenic in New Hampshire, where Miss Milling had a country place. He says she asked him to get it to kill rats, and he signed for it, and give it to her and that's all he knows about it."

"Has he been arrested?"

"He probably will be and he's likely to be tried. Miss Winnifred's maid, that Woren woman, quit her job."

"That might be a suspicious circumstance."

"I wouldn't think it was. She got her a new maid, and we got a note."

He showed me the note. It was anonymous and typewritten. It read:

> If the arcenic was in the salad dressing, I know who did it. I saw it put there. I don't want to accuse an innosent person if it wasn't in the salad dressing, but if you find it there I'll tell you who.

"IT'S a surprising note," I said. "Was the arsenic in the salad dressing?"

"Sure it was. We've known that for a couple of days but didn't give it out because it didn't tell us nothing. The dressing was mixed in the kitchen and then it stood in the butler's pantry and afterward it was put in the dining-room. Anybody in the house had a chance to stir some arsenic in it. The old dame liked garlic in her dressing and there didn't nobody else in the house like it made that way, so there wasn't no chance anybody would get the poison except her."

"There's not much doubt," I said, "who wrote this note."

"Yeah? Who?"

"It was written on the typewriter in the library on which Elliot Milling was writing his family history. The 'e' is out of line and the 'f' is chipped. But Elliot didn't write it. The person who wrote it was a poor speller and had a habit of interchanging 'c' and 's' and that mistake occurs time after time in Winnifred's diary."

"What a smart guy you're turning out to be! I showed the note to some of them people at the house and they said they didn't know who wrote it. You think she'd write that note if it was her brother done the poisoning?"

"I'll admit," I agreed, "that that is a little perplexing. Did you show the note to Winnifred?"

"No; not to her."

"Try it on her," I advised. "You'll find it interesting, anyway."

He called me up next day.

"Listen," he said. "Here's something: Somebody give arsenic to that Winnifred Milling."

"Is she dead?" I asked.

"She didn't take it."

"Haven't you any idea who it was?"

"Why, part of an idea."

"I've got a whole one," I declared.

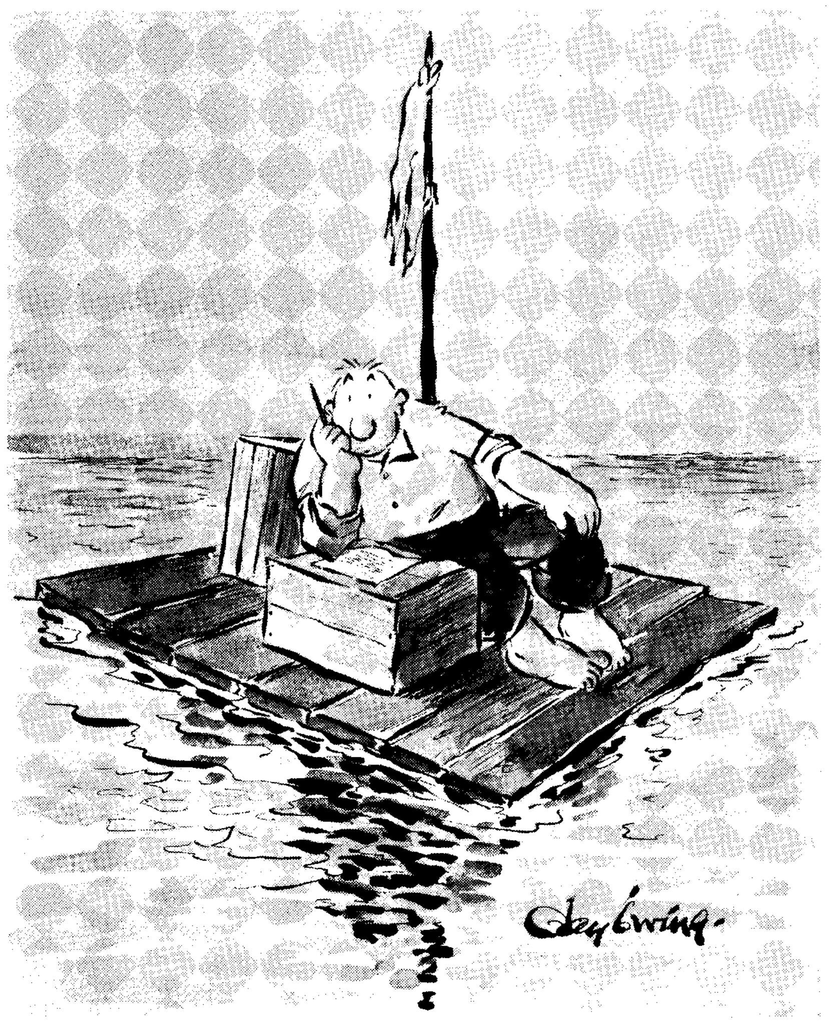
I went out and met him.

"See here, O'Malley," I said, "every person in that house is worse off because Miss Milling died, except just one, and that's her nephew. There might have been some question of his sister's being in it, but there isn't now. He's a weak, unscrupulous and selfish person, and that's the kind that becomes a poisoner; and he bought the poison. Some kinds of murder need no motive but poisoning always has one, and there's plenty here. Apparently all these cops, except just you, believe Elliot Milling did it, and they're right. His sister knew he killed his aunt, and so he tried to poison her too."

"Why, it might be like that. I'm going out there."

I went along. There were some plain-clothes cops there and they had assembled all the household in the old-fashioned parlor. Elliot Milling was pacing up and down. The only one of the servants who seemed undisturbed was Winnifred's new maid, whom I had not seen before. She was a good-looking woman of about thirty. We waited and an inspector and some more plain-clothes men came in.

"How was this?" the inspector asked Winnifred's maid.



"I wish I could find some place to mail this, so my wife wouldn't worry. . . ."

JAY IRVING

"I suspected the soup last night," the maid said, "and it turns out it *was* the soup. I suppose you know, Inspector, that Winnifred's meals have been served in her room on the excuse that she wasn't feeling well. The parlor-maid brought the meals up and I took them at the door. Sometimes the maid merely knocked on the door and left the tray on the table in the hall and I went out and got it. It was on the table in the hall last night. Several people passed through the hall."

"I PASSED through the hall, if you regard that as important," Elliot Milling said angrily, "but if your idea is that I tried to poison Winnifred you should be put in an asylum!"

Nobody paid any attention to him. "You searched the bedroom?" the inspector asked the plain-clothes men.

"We didn't find anything, Inspector."

O'Malley was writing with a pencil in his notebook and the pencil broke.

"Lend me your fountain pen," he said to Miss Milling's secretary.

Miss Varrick gave him her fountain pen and he wrote a few words with it.

"I'd rather have the other one," he told her. She had two pens and a pencil in a clip pinned to her dress. She turned white when he reached out and took the other one. He tried it and it wouldn't write, and he unscrewed it and emptied a little pile of arsenic onto the page of his notebook.

"Okay, O'Malley," the inspector complimented him, and one of the plain-clothes men caught Anna Varrick as she fainted.

"THIS certainly is one on me, O'Malley," I remarked an hour later at headquarters. "The cops here tell me Anna Varrick has confessed, but I can't even try to guess her motive for the murder. She lost more than anyone else by Miss Milling's death."

"Why, she confessed the motive. This Varrick belongs to a little church that has got a special religion of its own and ain't got many members. Varrick asked Miss Milling to leave her church something in the will and Miss Milling left it twenty thousand dollars. Well, Varrick's church is broke and can't go on, and she asked Miss Milling for some dough to help it out, but Miss Milling wouldn't give it. The old dame was tight with money; she didn't mind leaving it in her will, but she didn't like to give it; and Varrick knocked her off so the church would get what was left it in the will."

"Good Lord!" I said. "No wonder it was hard to guess the motive! I don't see now how you pinned the poisoning on Anna Varrick."

"For a guy that claims to be smart you don't see much," he told me. "The two people that looked to profit by this poisoning was Winnifred and Elliot. There wasn't no one suspected Winnifred but pretty nearly everybody and most of these cops suspected Elliot because he'd bought poison. Of course it might be him, but I kind of thought it wasn't, and I wondered if there wasn't some way we could make the poisoner point himself out. The worst thing about these poison murders is the poisoner don't never know when to stop; if he gets away with one killing he tries a second one whenever he thinks he needs it. I wondered was there some way we could make the poisoner try a second murder while we looked on and seen him do it. I figured out a way, and then I went and seen Winnifred. I told her her brother probably would get convicted if she didn't help us and she said she would. Of course the first thing we done, we got Winnifred's maid out of the house and put a smart woman of our own in place of her."

"I understood that," I interrupted impatiently, "and now I begin to see the rest of it. You had Winnifred write that note—"

"Why, no," he said, "I wrote the note, and had one of them plain-clothes cops that was stationed in the house copy it on the typewriter in the library for me. I had the note with me when I talked with Winnifred but I didn't even show it to her. I was afraid if she wrote it the poisoner would see that even us dumb cops ought to know it was wrote by her. I wanted it to be the kind of note that the poisoner would be sure Winnifred wrote, but'd think I was so dumb I didn't know that. My idea was I'd show the note to some of them people in the house and ask if they could tell who wrote it; I figured the poisoner would claim not to know who wrote it but then would take steps to keep Winnifred from telling anything. Of course we had to be sure that Winnifred didn't really get no poison. All her meals was sent to her room and our woman took samples of everything and give the samples to us."

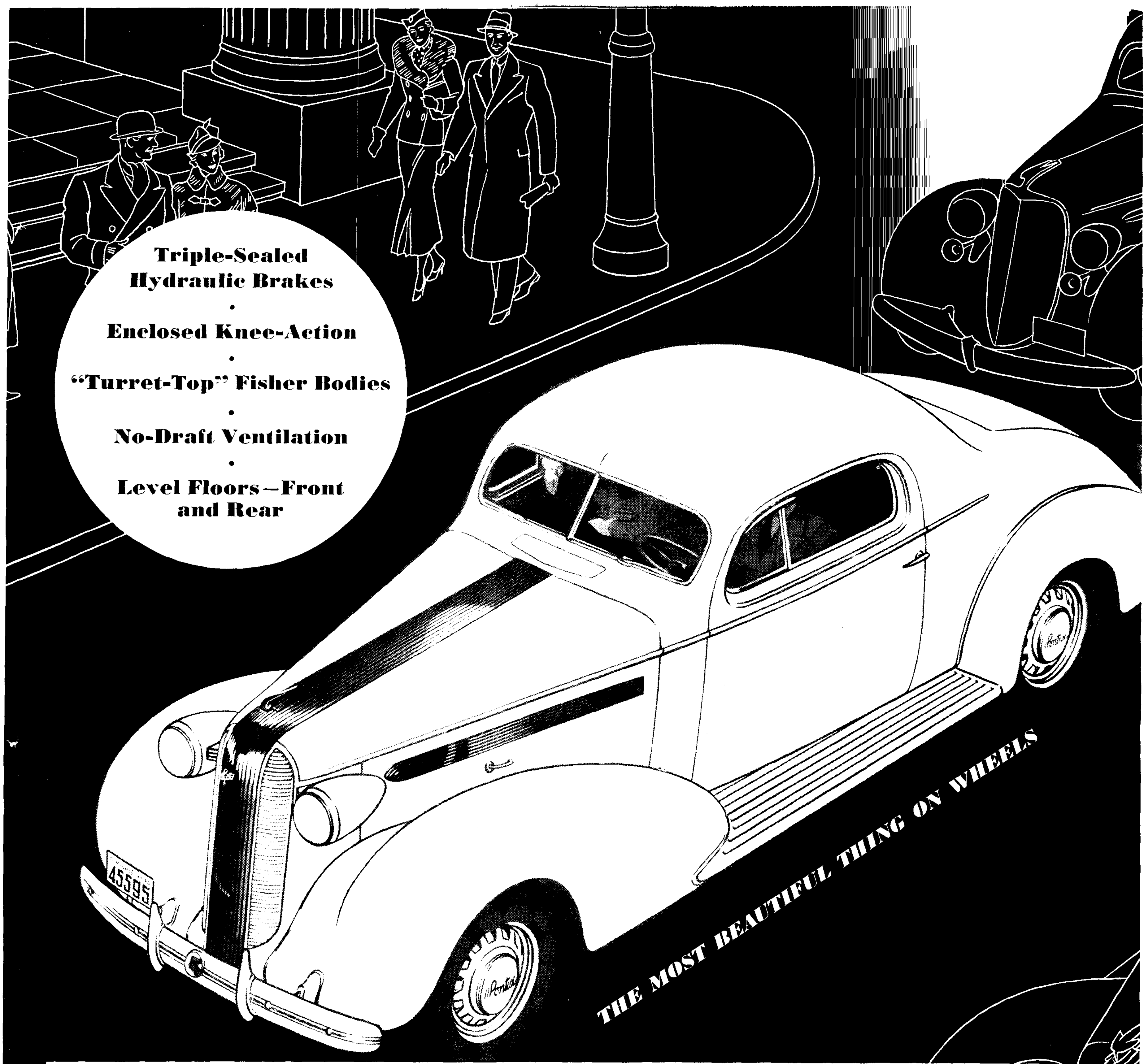
"I see," I said.

"YEAH, sure. You act like you thought I'd ought to have told you what it was that I was doing. The inspector wouldn't let me; this had to be kept quiet or it wouldn't have done no good. Well, first I showed the note to the butler and his wife. The butler said Winnifred wrote it, and I told him not to say nothing to anyone. His wife said she didn't know who wrote it, but that didn't mean nothing because it turned out she really didn't know.

"We waited a day and nothing happened. Then I showed it to the cook and Varrick and they both said they didn't know who. We'd had our woman tell the parlor-maid to leave the meals on the table in the hall and our woman would take 'em in. Of course she didn't take 'em in until she'd watched. That night Elliot and Varrick went through the hall, but Elliot went straight through and Varrick stopped and examined what was on the tray; and afterward we found arsenic in the [illegible] so we knew it was Varrick. Elliot bought the poison for his aunt just like he said. She had some used for rats and told Varrick to throw away the rest. Varrick kept it. She'd already asked Miss Milling to help her church and the old dame had said she wouldn't. After we got it figured it was Varrick they searched her room several times but didn't find nothing. Of course they was going to search her after they'd questioned her and them other people again. I'd noticed before that she carried two fountain pens and the hunch just come to me that I'd see if they both would write."

"It was a remarkable case," I said, "and might not have been solved except the way you did it."

"Too many cops was in it. When they get the credit split up among all them different guys there won't be much for nobody, and I'll be lucky if I even get a mention."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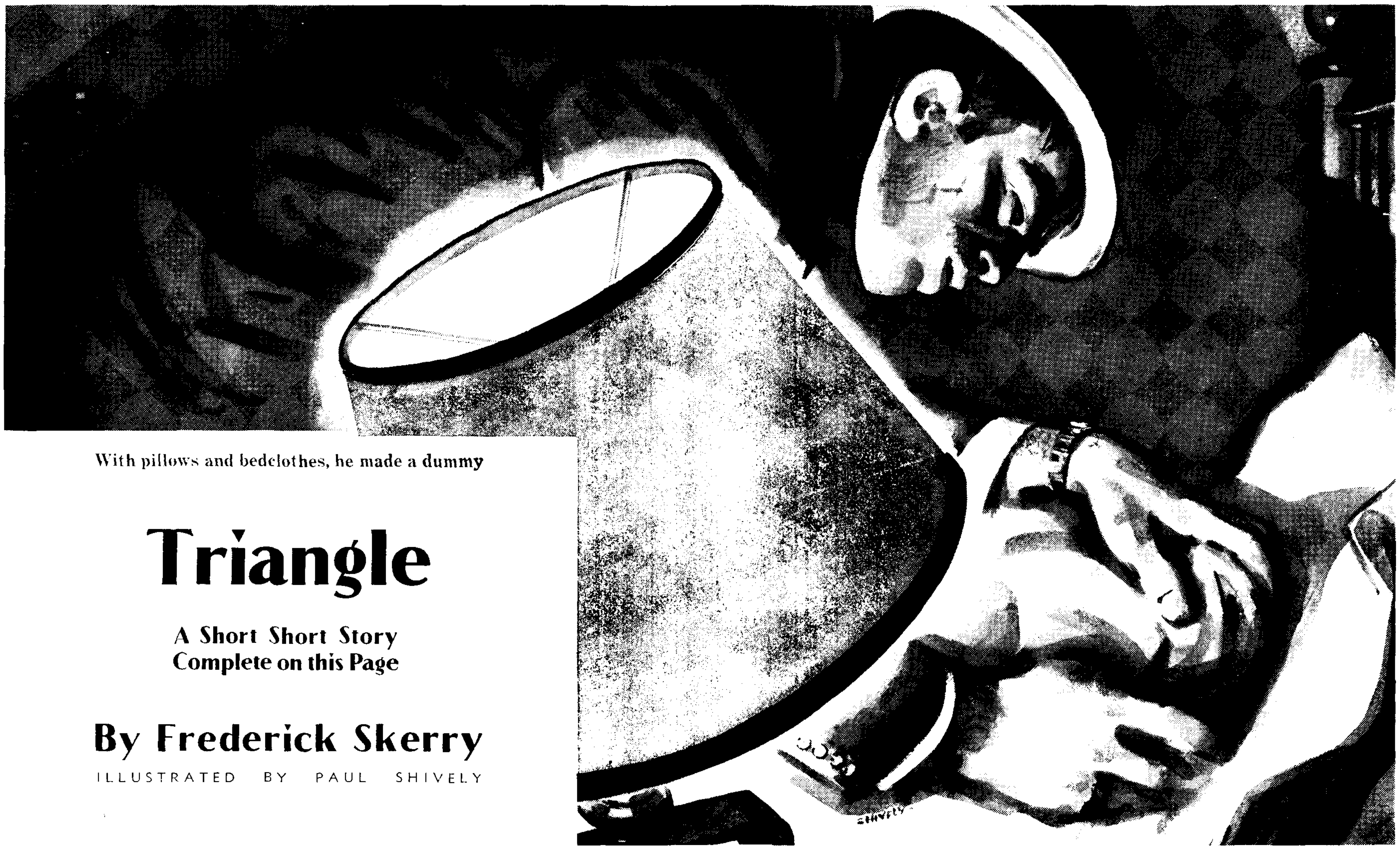


With pillows and bedclothes, he made a dummy

Triangle

A Short Short Story
Complete on this Page

By Frederick Skerry

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL SHIVELY

ONLY hero worship, which had made familiar every lineament of Butch Scorfi—together with his gait, the peculiar angle of his hat, and the natty dark clothes which minimized his bulkiness—enabled Goofy Frank Cowley, in the flash of time it took Scorfi to dart across the sidewalk and up the steps, to recognize the man. Neither the dusk nor the handkerchief that Scorfi held to his face had availed; Goofy Frank needed only that brief glimpse of him. The taxi rolled away and Goofy Frank, no longer aimless, stood in his tracks across the street, staring fixedly at the doorway which led to the rooms above Simonelli's restaurant and which had so quickly swallowed his idol.

His poor brain was trying to connect with his hero the vague surprise he felt at sight of him. The thought that Butch Scorfi should not be here in Hell Bottom rattled around in his mind. Then, suddenly, through his misty wits came a flash of remembrance: Butch had croaked a guy! The cops . . . somebody said. . . . And here was Butch, right here in Hell Bottom! Goofy Frank was thrilled. *He* knew where Butch was!

Scorfi had not noticed, among the few who passed in this slack hour before workers streamed homeward, the shambling figure across the street. But, like other people, Scorfi never paid any attention to Goofy Frank; the poor half-wit was just something which is seen but which leaves no impression, a shadow on the fringe of groups, a lone figure, unnoticed, disregarded.

While Goofy Frank had gleaned from cautious conversations the news that Butch Scorfi had bumped off somebody, he had not learned that the victim was his own brother. Goofy Frank would not learn that until he went home—and he was afraid to go home because of the gun he had slyly taken from the elder Cowley's room that morning, the gun with which, shortly afterwards, Cowley might have defended himself.

Now, as he stood shivering by a dim doorway, hands in the pockets of a thin overcoat, a glimmer of sense told him the importance of his knowledge of Scorfi's hiding place. A wandering attention steadied by the sight of Simonelli's and the windows above, he reveled in the secret he shared with his idol. The cops were after Butch. And *he* knew where Butch was! Wouldn't Rooney, the cop, like to know? Yah! Goofy's wet lips curled derisively. If there was an emotion which competed with his adoration of Scorfi it was hatred of Rooney; Rooney who always baited him, at times threatened, even cuffed him.

There was a core around which his wandering thoughts revolved: the resolution to watch over Butch. And, little by little, he came to think of himself as a watchdog—Butch's watchdog. He grinned widely at that conceit, his fingers fondling the gun in his pocket. That gun, so casually taken, had a meaning now. He'd show 'em!

SCORFI had congratulated himself upon reaching unobserved the hideout which his foresight had provided against such an emergency as this. Because the place was near his old haunts the police would expect him to be anywhere else. Simonelli would have known him, but Simonelli did not run the place now, and the new proprietor would not be too curious, especially when three meals a day would be added to the room rent.

Prompted by the appetizing odors which began to rise from the kitchen below, Scorfi's thoughts turned to dinner. The room was growing dark, but before switching on the lights he went over to pull down the shades—and his lifted arm was paralyzed with his sight of the lounging figure across the street, an ominously still figure, dimly illumined by the lights of the restaurant. He drew back and waited a few minutes, then peeped again. A prickling chilled his scalp. The man, hands in pockets, cap pulled down, was still there.

Scorfi cursed softly. He had been trailed! And now this fancied place of safety was only a trap. To go into the street would be simply to ask for what would surely come—probably there was another waiting on this side. Yet go into that street he must; there was no other way out, access to the rear of the building being through a tunnel beside the front entrance. Keeping out of sight, he pulled down the shades inch by inch and, lighting a cigarette, sat on the bed to think.

After a while he got up determinedly. It was a wild scheme, but if he didn't get away with it, if Rooney didn't come alone, he might still beat the rap—there were ways. Anything was better than walking into a stream of slugs from Cowley's gang. But he rather banked on Rooney; that publicity hound would want to hog the thing. Unobtrusively he went downstairs and through part of the kitchen to the telephone booth at the rear of the restaurant.

He waited nervously while the man at the station desk sent for Patrolman Rooney. Then, cautiously, when Rooney answered, "That you, Rooney? Say . . . Never mind who this is—I ain't gettin' mixed up in it. See? Under your hat. But you do me a favor once, now I do one for you. Listen: Butch Scorfi's sick abed in Simonelli's old place. Huh? Sure! I'm tellin' you. Ain't I jest there ten minutes ago? Yeah, in bed. Second floor, front. An easy pinch—all by your lonesome. You make the front pages. Huh? Okay! Don't mention it."

Back in the room, smiling contemptuously with the memory of Rooney's eagerness, Scorfi prepared for the officer's reception. After a frowning survey of the room, he unscrewed a brass ball from the bedstead, tried its weight in his palm; it was heavy enough for a knockout, but not enough to do serious injury. In the toe of a sock. . . . Then, with pillows and bedclothes, he made a dummy in the bed, and waited, grinning. . . .

When the police platoon broke up at the foot of the station steps Patrolman Rooney accosted two officers who were about to enter a cruising car. "In about half an hour," he said, "look for me at Simonelli's in Hell Bottom, will you?"

"You givin' us a special assignment, Lieutenant?" asked one sarcastically.

"Well," Rooney growled, "can't you prowl that way as well as any other? I'm givin' you a tip, if you only knew it."

Twenty-five minutes later, with an inordinate vaingloriousness fired by this opportunity and the commendation it would bring, Rooney sauntered along South Street toward Simonelli's. He smiled grimly. He'd bust right in, quick—and Scorfi'd get the shock of his life.

GOOFY FRANK from his post across the street watched the approach of the hated figure. When it turned to mount the steps beside the restaurant his eyes bulged with apprehension, and his wet underlip protruded vindictively. The police cruiser, rolling slowly past, added a significance which further excited his fear for Butch, and he shambled hurriedly across the street and waited anxiously, partly concealed by the buttress of the steps.

Watching the cruising car, he saw it turn at the corner and st[illegible]ck. Almost at the same moment a door creaked, and a form loomed on the steps beside and above him, paused for an instant on the upper step to look up and down the street. Rooney had found Butch! The car was coming back! Rooney would . . . Yah! Goofy Frank aimed his gun at the double row of brass buttons and emptied it. He laughed at the buttons, bending comically . . . at the flashes from them and the badge, tumbling down the steps. Rooney! Yah!

In a moment, babbling incoherently, he stood in the rough grasp of one officer from the police car while the other turned over the still form on the sidewalk. The stooping policeman straightened suddenly. "It's Scorfi!" he cried, making for the doorway. "Hang onto that nut till I see what's happened to Rooney!"

Goofy Frank caught the hated name. "Yah!" he jabbered. "Rooney! Flatfoot! I showed him! Di'n' I?"

Let Go Fore and Aft

Engines throb, sirens shriek, wind sings in the rigging. You're off on a winter cruise. A few tips on how to be happy though Away from It All

By Jim Marshall

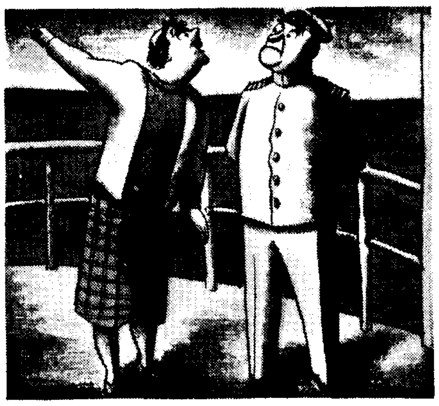
ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

MOST ocean tourists miss the biggest thrill of a winter cruise—which isn't the moment the little blonde in blue winks back at you in the pre-Catalan hooch dive on Deck G, or the half-hour you put in immediately after praising the captain to the chief engineer.

Or vice versa.

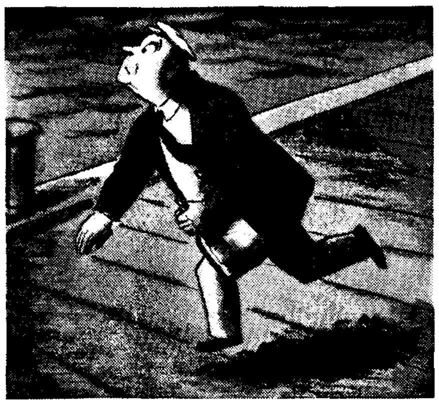
It's the moment. . . . But, anyway, you ought to be warned about captains and chief engineers. They're like Roosevelt and Hoover, ice cream and spinach, oil and water. Most engineers have high blood pressure from listening to passengers say, of the Old Man: "But of course, he has *so* much responsibility!" When they hear this, engineers always retire and take two drinks. Returning, they tell the passenger that the captain is practically no more to the ship than a postmaster-general to the postoffice, and that all the work is done by gadgets—invented by engineers.

But, unless you are lucky or forewarned, you'll probably have to listen to the story of the captain and the engineer first night out—which is the night you don't dress for dinner unless you are one of those *nouveaux riches*—seen any of 'em lately? The story will come out about halfway through dinner. The chief is sitting dourly at the Old Man's left, explaining to the owl-eyed ocean joy riders that the deck crew, from the navigator down, is just so much excess baggage.



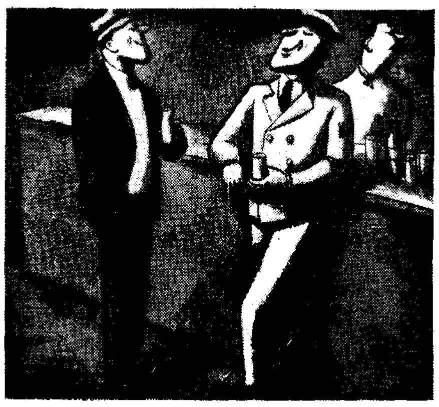
It depresses a seaman to be asked about that cute little porch on the rear end of the boat

When you dash madly down the pier four minutes late, the ship will have sailed on time



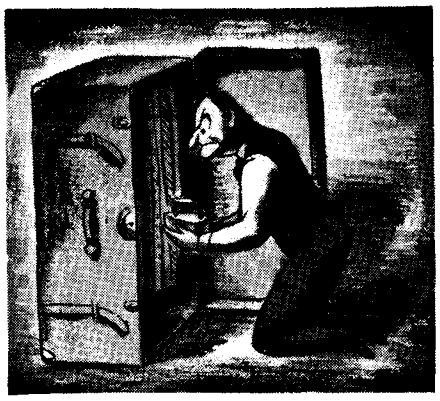
The Old Man is running a temperature and mumbling to the lady next to him—Miss Crunch Corners, Oregon, who won the trip by an ankle—about the black-hearted piston dodgers and shaft-alley rats who infest ships. Finally, things get as embarrassing as a Help Wanted ad in a relief station.

This is the cue for the second mate to pipe up with the story. He is a large, bronzed man with here, there and everywhere hands and blue eyes, whose favorite trick is crushing condensed-milk cans in one hand. Usually this trick is safe enough, although, in moments of deck vs. engine-room tension, mates have been known to do the trick with full cans. When this happens, Miss Crunch Corners has to dash for her stateroom to change her frock. But she's really had the breaks because she misses the story.



The bosun knows all the joints and is fairly cynical about it all until the eighth drink

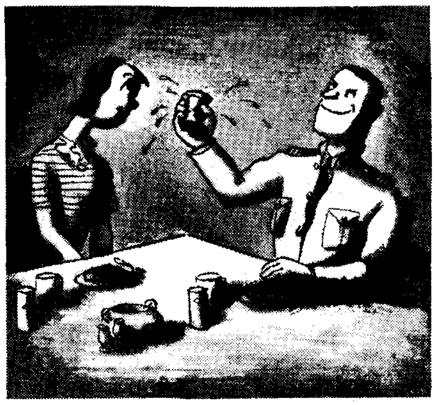
Husbands should go through the baggage before starting and remove six-pound flatirons



Telescoping the yarn, it boils down to this: A captain and a chief engineer thought each other as useless as baby-raising advice would be to the elder Dionnes. So they agreed to trade jobs, and did. At the end of an hour the skipper blew up—both ways—through the speaking tube from the engine room. When the engineer answered from the bridge, the captain bawled: "You win! I can't make this junk heap turn a revolution!"

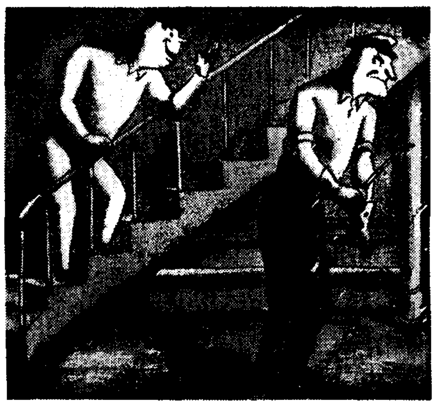
"It's okay," replied the engineer. "The crate drifted onto the beach half an hour ago."

When you hear this you'd better laugh. Otherwise the skipper and the mate will give the chief steward dirty looks for putting you at their table.



The second mate's favorite trick is crushing condensed-milk cans in one hand

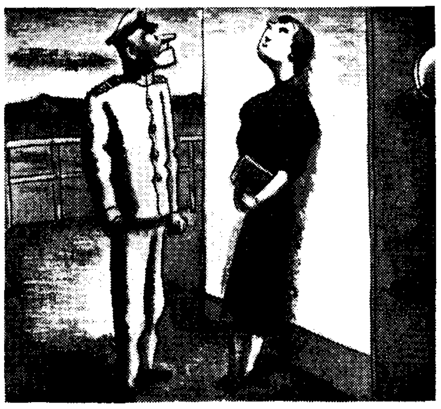
Don't intrude in the working parts without an invitation—especially the engine room



Well, anyway, you want to go on a winter cruise. Everybody does. One way is to know a guy named Astor. Another is to save up until you have enough for the trip. Then you go to sleep nights wondering if it's "Ca-*rib*-bean" or "Car-ib-*be*-an" and dream about the wind in your face and the tropic sun and you and some other lovesick fathead necking behind No. 2 lifeboat under the Spanish Main moon.

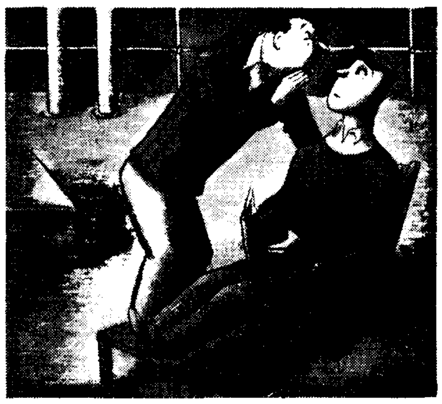
First thing to do when the winter cruise bug bites you is to get a steamship folder, all about Pompeian baths and Early Manchurian bars, and read:

"On the magnificent Magnolia, queen of cruising liners, you'd never know you were at sea!"



Don't expect the chief engineer to be enthusiastic about the captain's responsibilities

Your own story of your life, coming back to you, is one of the thrills of the trip



Why steamship lines often include that romance-killer in their literature, no one knows. Sea tradition, probably. Like the piece about the ever-rushing waiters alert to assuage the voyageur's slightest thirst, or the hot-and-cold running stewards, trained in the age-old courtesy of the Gowanus Canal barge lines.

Don't let these things discourage you. There's plenty of romance on cruise ships—passenger or freight. You'll be comfortable enough and you'll have a good time, in between trying to make six dinner dresses seem like eighteen and the exhilarating experience in the low latitudes of cleaning white shoes in midwinter.

Some people like liners and some prefer the slab-sided freighters, which go wallowing along from port to port between highball and highball, carrying anywhere from two to twenty happy, carefree, romantic vagabonds just aching to Get Away from It All. On a liner, you can be informal, but on a freighter—

It is always customary for seasoned cargo-tramp addicts, pacing along the pier to the plank, to call up to the officer at the gangway head: "Livestock coming aboard, sir!" This puts you in your place as one of the regulars and not one of them blank-blank blanks who think the blank-blank ship is run for their blank-blank benefit, by blank!

Your next duty is to take a quart of Scotch and the latest book by Mr. William McFee and go down the port alley—that's the left one facing forward—to the chief engineer's room. You set down the Scotch and the book and let nature take her course. The chief will discuss both bottle and book at length, discourse moodily upon the parentage and attainments of the skipper and be your pal henceforth.

After this, you perform the same pleasant duty with the skipper, substi-

Neighbor to Neighbor... Coast to Coast... Th

"This Year... it's

"Take it from me . . . money can't buy a finer car!" "That's what everybody tells us!"

NORTH, south, east, west . . . wherever Hudson owners meet . . . wherever, in fact, the talk turns to automobiles . . . you hear the same story:

"*This year it's Hudson.* Biggest package of automobile value on the market. Years ahead in style. More new features that really count than you'll find in any other car. Performance and economy that can't be beat."

From neighbor to neighbor, friend to friend . . . even *stranger* to *stranger* . . . the word is passed along, across the country. They're giving these cars the greatest reception in Hudson history. And Hudson sales, in every city and every town, go up . . . UP . . . UP!

You won't wonder, once you take the wheel. Out on the road, thousands are discovering that all they have heard about these Hudsons is true . . . and *more.* Roominess no popular cars ever had before. Wonderful new ease of handling. New riding comfort. New luxury all around.

Safest Cars On Today's Highways

But that isn't all. In a year in which everyone is talking safety . . . *demanding* safety . . . Hudson *has really done something about it.* Has introduced the greatest combination of new safety features that ever came in any one automobile season. Radial Safety Control . . . plus the last word in super-safe hydraulic brakes. "Five things you never saw before" . . . in any motor car! Great engineering advancements that are Hudson's own and Hudson's alone! Safer riding . . . safer steering . . . safer stopping!

All this new safety, Hudson has added to the strongest bodies ever built . . . America's *first* bodies *all* of steel, with improved seamless steel roofs. Has made these the *safest cars on today's highways.*

Hudson Performance, Economy, Too

At the same time, 1936 buyers are re-discovering many other important things that are not new . . . at least with Hudson. The unmatched smoothness of powerful Hudson-built motors. Performance that has won and held scores of

BUILT BY HUDSON—TERRAPLANE, $595 AND UP; HUDSON SIX, $710 A

Good News Travels Fast

UDSON"

official stock car records. The amazing economy and low upkeep cost that are the boast of every Hudson owner. The convenience and safety of the improved Electric Hand.

Drive! Find All That's New for 1936!

So the news spreads . . . from coast to coast: "This year, it's Hudson!" These cars are building their *own* reputation on the bedrock of owner *satisfaction!*

If you haven't driven a Hudson, you have missed the year's only really *new* motoring thrill. Enjoy it today. Learn, first-hand, what 1936 luxury, comfort, safety and *value* really mean. The nearest dealer has a car waiting for you.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.
Hudson Motors of Canada, Limited, Tilbury, Ontario

5 Things You Never Saw Before

RADIAL SAFETY CONTROL (patent applied for)—a wholly new principle makes *riding, steering* and *stopping* safer than ever.

DUO-AUTOMATIC HYDRAULIC BRAKES (patent applied for)—husky . . . powerful . . . perfected by Hudson and Bendix engineers; the last word in perfected hydraulic brakes, *plus* a separate safety braking system that takes hold *automatically* in emergencies.

THE RHYTHMIC RIDE—long, gentle, "natural rhythm" springs are free for the first time from steering and braking strains.

TRU-LINE STEERING—the car holds its direction steadily, unaffected by spring action, braking or road conditions.

AUTOMATIC DRAFT ELIMINATOR—now added to Hudson's and Terraplane's Year-'Round Ventilation System to automatically equalize air pressures inside and outside the car—eliminating floor drafts.

1936 HUDSON
Sixes and Eights

PRICES BEGIN AT

$710

f. o. b. Detroit. Standard group of accessories extra. 93 or 100 H. P. in Sixes . . . 113 or 124 H. P. in Eights. Longer Wheelbases . . . up to 127 inches.

Save with the New Low Hudson-C. I. T. 6% Time Payment Plan

: AND HUDSON SUPER STRAIGHT EIGHT, $760 AND UP; F. O. B. DETROIT tuting Mr. Albert Richard Wetjen for Mr. McFee and rum for the Scotch. The skipper will discuss both and confide in you concerning the ancestry, mechanical dexterity and love life of the chief engineer. Then you're all set for the voyage—practically.

All you have to do, after these duties are performed, is go to your room. There will be a farewell party going on there, consisting of eight people you know and probably nine you never heard of before. At this party several gifts will arrive, usually including a slab of disused concrete paving, a live parrot, a 28-pound set of Sir Walter Scott's works and a basket of fruit. Don't bother about the fruit: The guests will attend to it.

You will have a charming reminder of this party the last night of the trip—when the bar steward brings in the bill for the liquor.

It's a good idea, on any ocean trip, to take the amount of your ticket and double it. That'll be about what the trip costs eventually. You can go around the world for $600—but better allow $1,200. Passports, visas, tips, shore expenses and ethnological research around the cabarets will account for as much as the tickets. Of course, you don't *have to* spend money, but somehow, you always do. Some nations even charge you a fee of several dollars for merely landing in their patch of real estate. No self-respecting American would give that much for the entire country. Other nations, partly civilized, issue transit visas for almost nothing.

On a short cruise, a girl ought to take one frock for each evening. This induces peace of mind and enables a girl to feel superior to Miss Crunch Corners, who has only five frocks for a seven-day cruise and has to appear three times in the old dotted Swiss. Most women think wearing a gown twice to dinner is a fate worse'n death.

Husbands who take wives along should go through the baggage carefully before starting and remove six-pound flatirons. These are usually concealed in pajamas by wives who might have known that every room steward has a flatiron concealed about him somewhere.

Psst! You girls take all the stockings you'll need—and six extra pairs. Or else some one-inch adhesive tape to put around the rungs and legs of deck chairs. And one word about foreign stockings: Terrible!

Down Panama Way

Of course, going to sea is perilous. Somebody is always leaving the phonograph unlocked or allowing pretty good piano players to mix with the innocent passengers. In the first case you merely get up a game of skimmie among the other world-weary vagabonds who have left grim winter behind and see who can skim records the farthest from the boat deck. This disposes of the first menace.

In the case of the piano, it is better to deal with the player than the instrument, because the latter may be missed. Entice the fellow to the after rail—the one at the back of the ship—give him a swift shove and report to the skipper, who will grip your hand firmly and make a slight entry in the logbook.

Another peril is the lady from mid-Iowa who is going to keep down to 287 pounds or wear out nine men in the attempt. There's one on every boat, playing shuffleboard. She waits until you are stretched out on the fiddley or snugged down in the weather scuppers and then shoves a shuffleboard stick into your ribs and says you're her partner.

The only way to deal with this situation is to wait until the ship starts a roll and then push the stick subtly between the lady's feet and trip her into the lee scuppers—the little gutters running along the outside of the deck on the down side.

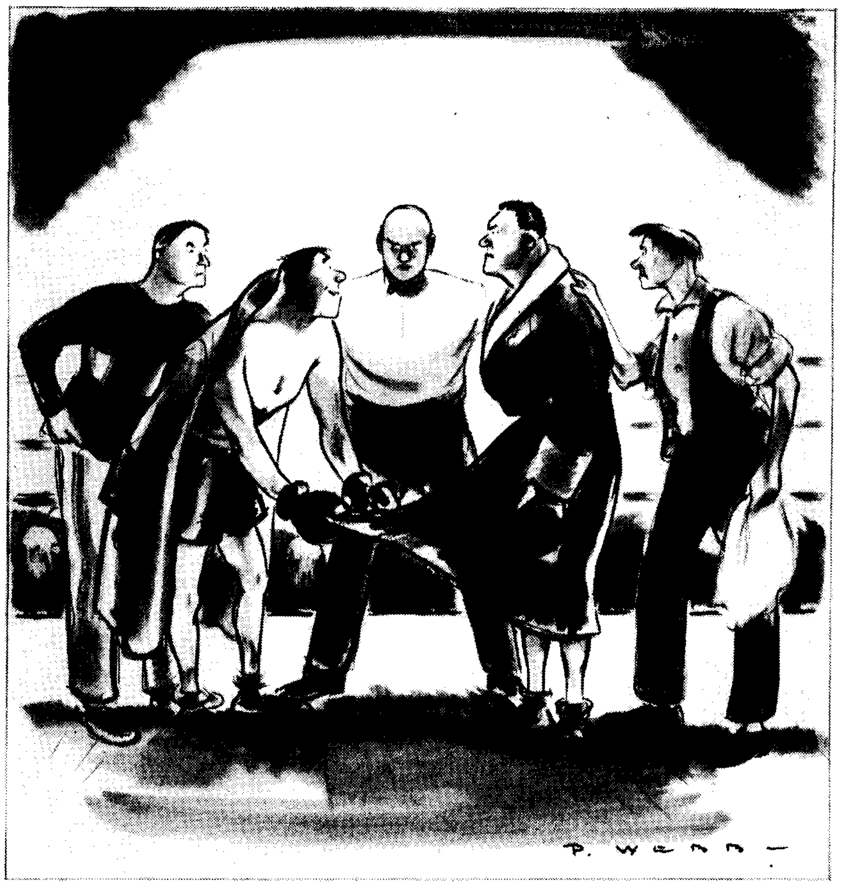
If you can't find any scuppers, call a deckhand, who will be glad to help in a refined way.

Last—and almost least—is the little brunette in the yellow frock who is not getting on very well with Miss Crunch Corners. She is grateful for any attention and always shows up in the smoking room just as you ring for Gus. After the fourth day, you find yourself telling Gus: "A trifle of a Martini for me, my lad, and a bit of a cyanide highball for the lady."

The effect of this, however, is usually lost, because the little lady almost always pipes up with: "Oh, you great big josher, you! Make mine an Orange Blossom like always, Gus."

Well, there's always mayhem!

Women who gad about on ships usually take inexpensive frocks. As fast as the other girls start to remember this gray organdy or that violet voile, the wearers either mail them home from the next port, or toss them overboard or give them to a stewardess. In every port there are tourist-broke stores and dressmakers who can produce any sort of a frock in four hours. Pretty cheaply, too.



"This is a very lovely thing. D'ya mind tellin' me where ya purchased it?"

PAUL WEBB

This is true at Panama, at which you will turn up sooner or later. Everyone does, but no one knows why. Ships start out for winter cruises to Pago Pago and Rio and Madeira and one morning everybody wakes up and there's one end or the other of the canal. If you sit on a lockwall at Miraflores long enough everyone you know will come by on a ship.

Of course, if you want to do that, better take a cushion along.

In the zone—or in any other sink of iniquity for that matter—go ashore with the steward or the bosun. All the sinks, of course, are outside the zone, but you have to go through it. The steward or the bosun will know all the joints and be fairly cynical about it all until the eighth drink.

In Salvador, incidentally, you can get arrested by electricity for a change. If you exceed the speed limit, nothing happens—then. After awhile, however, you get a telegram telling you to beat it down to the Courta Municipila Taraffico, or whatever it is. It makes a nice souvenir—especially if you can get aboard the boat and sail away without seeing the judge.

At all foreign ports, especially if traveling on freighters, it's a good idea to find out what time the boat leaves. This is just a basis to work from. According to all old marine law, if the ship is posted to sail at 5 P. M. that means midnight and the hawsers actually come in at 3 A. M.—except in cases where you dash madly down the pier at 5:04 P. M. Then the ship has sailed on time.

Here's some inside stuff on having a good time on a winter cruise. First, don't tell anyone your life story. It sounds silly even to suggest that—but wait until you're at sea two days with nothing to do, the sun shining, the little brunette beside you in a deck chair and two Martinis under your belt—if you haven't discarded a belt as too formal. You'd be surprised at the way you break down and tell all. That "tell all" goes both ways, because telling one person anything on a ship means telling everybody.

Only, when the story gets back to you, you'll never recognize it.

Your own story, coming back to you after a tour including the glory hole, the upper bridge, the forecastle, Suite G-6 and the smoking room, is one of the thrills of the trip. But not *the* thrill. That's . . .

Anyway, it's a good idea to learn something about ships and a little sea lingo. Nothing depresses a seafaring man so much as to be asked about that cute little porch on the rear end of the boat or why things are topside instead of upstairs. Of course, if you're on one of the ships where you'd never know you were at sea, it doesn't matter. Skip it! On these ocean-going hotels everybody gave up long ago and fell in with the quaint city idea that an alleyway is a corridor and that a dock and a pier are the same thing.

Don't ever tell a seaman to jump off a dock. Into one, maybe, but not offa one.

And don't, for Davy Jones' sake, drag a camera up to the bridge and ask the Old Man to pose at the wheel. That's heresy and high treason—like asking J. P. Morgan to pose sweeping out the lobby. What d'you think quartermasters are for, anyway? A master never touches the wheel—although he will pose with one hand negligently on the engine-room telegraph and the other around the waist of Miss Crunch Corners—provided the little brunette isn't around.

Don't intrude in the working parts of the ship without an invitation—especially the engine room. And never, never say to the chief engineer: "The captain said we could go down and see your funny little engines." This brings on apoplexy among engineers, who reserve the sacred right to toss captains through the engine hatch at any time. If you're a girl and take a trip through the shaft alley, you'll be kissed. Just an old ocean custom, so be nice about it and smile.

With a little imagination, you can enjoy a winter cruise three times: Once while you're planning it; once while you're making it; and once when you get back and, brown and hearty, tell the stay-at-homes how you were picking bananas and pawpaws while they were plowing through four feet of snow and wondering if there was enough antifreeze in the radiator.

Take along a portable typewriter and a good camera and make notes with both. They help pass a lot of wet Sunday afternoons after the voyage is ended. Don't bother about foreign languages. English is a universal tongue and American is understood in most places.

The Biggest Thrill of All

And, just one tip: If you're going foreign, tell the truth about yourself to your fellow passengers, or at least stick to the truth as you told it on your passport. The purser holds the passports for a while and the grapevine does the rest. It's a bit embarrassing for a girl of twenty-nine to realize suddenly that the tall, bronzed stranger from Wyoming with all those cattle ranches knows she's really forty-one. And that she might be confidential secretary to Mr. Vanderbilt—only the passport says salesgirl.

And it's a great thrill for a girl to be tipped off by a steward that the young man she danced with last night and who told her he was only a butcher's assistant, is really a capitalist afraid of gold diggers.

Any winter cruise—cheap or expensive, long or short, liner or cargo ship—can be one of two things: A few days in a floating hotel, or one long romance. If you like the first, just buy a ticket and get aboard . . . But if you're a normal sort of person and like the romance, it's worth a little time and thought and understanding of the ways of the sea and the men who sail it. Most of us want to ride in the cab with the engineer or alongside the pilot of a transport plane. On a ship, if you want to, you can become part of the show. And that's a thrill, too.

But the biggest thrill of all is to stand up near the wheelhouse, watching the crowd on the pier, with the snowflakes fluttering down through the shed lights. . . .

Bells jingle and the siren roars. A hoarse voice says: "Cast off, Mister!"

"All clear, fore and aft, sir!"

"Half ahead, both engines. Port rudder, Quartermaster!"

A jingle from the telegraph. A throb of life. A drift of smoke through the falling snowflakes and the cry of gulls wheeling on the keen winter air. The black strip of water between the ship's flank and the pier grows wider. . . . Somewhere the sun is shining and the west wind is blowing warmly—and you're off.

See you down Panama way, some day.

The Charmer

Continued from page 11

swiftly beside her, putting his chin on her knee, and smiled up at her disarmingly. "Then what the hell is the matter with you?"

"Oh, go away." Fiji gave him a push and began walking around the room again. "Let's not talk about it any more, Cam. We've been over it and over it for hours."

"Oh, we can keep on for hours longer," Cam said, looking at his watch. "Shall we go out and get something to eat while we do it? I know a nice place that I bet none of your sensible, reliable men will ever take you to." He stood up and patted his stomach. "I'm sort of hungry, although my heart is breaking. You don't mind, do you?"

"Oh, I don't mind," Fiji said, "you fool." She looked at him a moment and then went over to him and put her hand on his arm, "Oh, I'm so sorry. . . . Cam . . ."

"Kiss me once, Fiji."

When they drew apart, Fiji walked over to the mirror, drying her eyes a little, and Cam searched his pockets. Then he looked up. "Listen, baby, have you any dough? I have only seventy-nine cents and a star sapphire, and this place I'm taking you to is prix fixe two-fifty per person."

"Cam Smithers! Oh, dear heaven!"

AFTER the engagement had been formally broken off there was a week when Fiji stayed at home, looking gentle and uplifted, and seeing no one but Anne and Bill; and then the brief period of mourning was over and Fiji went out to look for her sensible man. She was never going to see Cam again. She started the search on the day that John Gilchrist was having one of his big cocktail parties in the garden at the rear of his house on West Twelfth Street. She bought an expensive and beautiful dress of yellow woven material, an enormous hat to go with it, and then very carefully timed her arrival to the precise psychological moment when the party was about to break up into little tête-à-têtes and sudden affinities.

She felt very pleased with herself, but when she walked into the garden, talking to John Gilchrist, the first person she saw was Cam. He was in a group of people, and as they turned to look at Fiji, because everyone always turned to look at her, he turned too, and there was a moment's silence while people watched them. Cam waved cheerfully.

"Why, there's the girl who threw me down," he said loudly, "in a new hat. What did you do with the old black one, Fiji?"

"I kept it," she said with a cool smile, "I've always wanted two."

She moved away composedly while people laughed a little, but she was very angry. She and Cam knew the same people and were sure to be running into each other frequently and she had no intention of letting him handle the situation in that way. So the next time she saw him at a party she spoke first.

"Why, Cam Smithers," she said clearly, "what are *you* doing here? I thought I threw you down."

But Cam laughed at her, with the tip of his tongue against his upper teeth.

"You threw me down," he said, "but you can't throw me out, baby. Not at somebody else's party."

Fiji had rather a bad time with Cam. He always treated her with undiminished enthusiasm whenever they met and he was offensively curious about her sensible men and who they were. He was particularly bad about Sandro Fodera. Sandro Fodera was a slender, ambassadorial-looking Italian with a black pointed beard and a deep, quiet voice, and he spent his time making remarkable photographs . . . eggs piled on top of a piano, photomontage arrangements of buildings against the sky, people's hands, and countless pictures of Fiji. Fiji found him fascinating and went around with him quite steadily for a while and managed somehow to avoid a great deal of Cam without much effort. But eventually she encountered him at a party and he got her into a corner.

"So," he said, smiling blandly, "you threw me down for a guy with a beard. Isn't that nice. A fellow who makes artistic photos. Congratulations."

"Don't be boring, Cam."

"Do you really like him?"

"Of course." Fiji raised her eyebrows. "Naturally."

"What do you mean . . . 'naturally'?" Cam demanded. "A guy with a beard and a name like Fedora who goes around snapping the Empire State . . . do you call that natural?"

"His name is Fodera," Fiji said, "not Fedora."

"It's Fedora to me," Cam said. "That means felt hat. I think you're crazy."

"I'm not interested," Fiji said.

But Fiji gave Sandro up soon after that herself because he refused to cut off his beard.

"I can't marry a man with a beard, naturally," she told Bill and Anne. "Beards may look very gay but they're not sensible."

Sandro Fodera was replaced by a widower named Clinton Hart, a very sensible man who was forty-seven years old and had two children, and he in turn was replaced by still another sensible man. And then suddenly Fiji met Arthur Peabody. Arthur Peabody, without being at all sweeping about it, had all the requirements needed to sweep Fiji off her feet. He was nine years older than she was, and extremely good-looking, with the air of a man who knew his way around, but in only the very nicest places, and his manners were perfect. On top of everything, he was reliable; so reliable that when he said he would call for her at seven, he got there at a quarter to. Fiji was ecstatic.

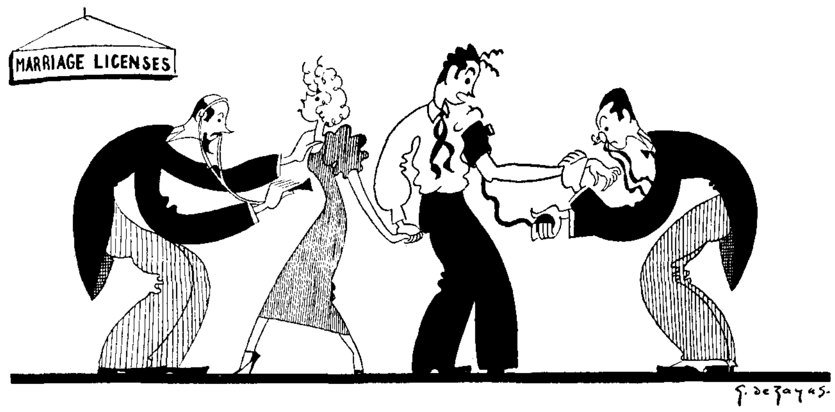
"I think all my life I've wanted a Bones man from Yale," she said to Anne, her eyes shining, "but I never knew it until just now."

THE search was over, after she had met Arthur, and she settled down to the business of capturing him with all the intensity of a debutante.

"You're so different from other people," he told her, his dark, admiring eyes on her face. "I never know what you're going to do next. It's part of your charm, really. You're wonderful!"

There were times, however, when Fiji's behavior did not please Arthur . . . when she stayed out late, which he didn't approve of, or did something rather unconventional . . . and then they would disagree rather bitterly. They never fought the way Fiji and Cam had fought because Arthur disliked emotional explosions, but occasionally they came close to it. There was one time when Fiji, walking alone on Lexington Avenue, had paused to look at the dogs in a pet shop window. As she watched them the cruel confinement of their small lives was suddenly more than she could bear and she hurried inside and bought them all . . . an assortment of Scotties, Sealyhams and wirehaireds. Arthur went to see her just afterward and was aghast, in spite of her repeated explanations.

(Continued on page 34)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

A medical examination of both the prospective bride and the groom is required today before the issuance of a marriage license in Alabama, Connecticut, Louisiana, North Dakota, Oregon, Wisconsin and Wyoming.

In the windless and stormless stratosphere, which begins at about 50,000 feet above the earth, the air is always much colder over the Equator than over either the North or the South Pole.

Many women in England walked with the "Alexandra Limp" for several years after 1863 when Princess Alexandra of Denmark, who was lame, was married to the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII. Eventually the nationwide fad was laughed out of existence.—*By Allen E. Sloane, New York City.*

One of the neatest tricks of a skillful lapidary is to turn a white or yellow sapphire, having but one small blue patch, into a uniformly blue gem. He cuts it so that the blue spot, arranged at the lower terminus of the stone, is traversed by all the emergent light.

Football players often lose considerable weight during a game. The record is believed to be held by a former student of Princeton who, in a Princeton-Yale game about 25 years ago, lost 30 pounds.—*By D. R. Foster, Jr., Kinston, North Carolina.*

Plant leaves vary tremendously in the number of breathing pores per square inch. The greatest difference, it is believed, is between the mistletoe, which has only 200, and the lilac, which has more than 200,000.

Countless European families do not use blankets, quilts or comforters on beds. They sleep between gigantic feather pillows, many of which are more than a foot in depth.

Halobates, insects that live on the surface of the ocean usually hundreds of miles from land, cannot right themselves after rolling over, an involuntary act that occurs when their backs get wet. Hence scientists wonder how these insects survive after they have been drenched by spray or rain.—*By Richard Jenks, Utica, New York.*

Wheat is one of the most dangerous cargoes carried by ocean freighters, because it may shift and cause a heavy list, or, when wet, generate a gas that, in the heat of the hold, is an explosive as deadly as dynamite. Wheat has caused many shipwrecks, among them being that of the British steamer Antinoe, which sank in mid-Atlantic in 1926.

During the World War, each shot fired from the three big German guns used to shell Paris from a distance of 75 miles shook the earth sufficiently to record the shock on a number of seismographs in the United States.—*By J. L. Bedel, Weedsport, New York.*

Mary Edwards Walker (1832-1919), a physician and dress reformer, was the only woman in the history of this country who legally wore male attire, permission having been given to her by a special act of Congress about 1861.

Europe had more insane monarchs in power during the last half of the 18th century than in any other similar period in its history. During this time nine of them mounted the thrones of seven countries. An interesting one was Abdul Hamid I, who reigned over Turkey from 1773 to 1789. Before he was made Sultan, Abdul had been locked in a cage for 43 years.—*By Alan B. Cox, New York City.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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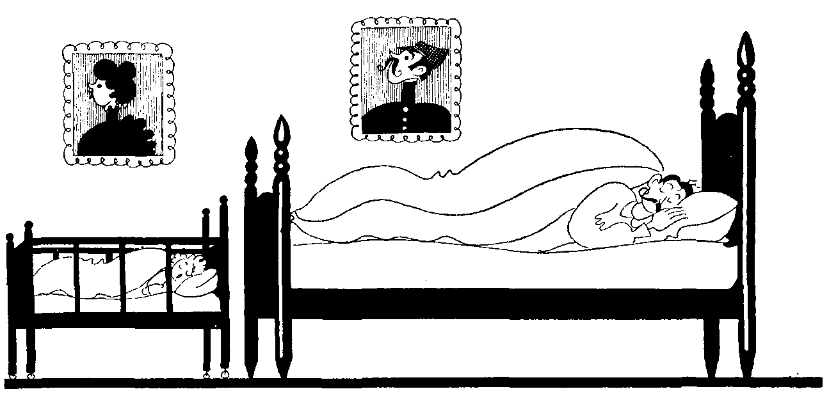

"The Car that has

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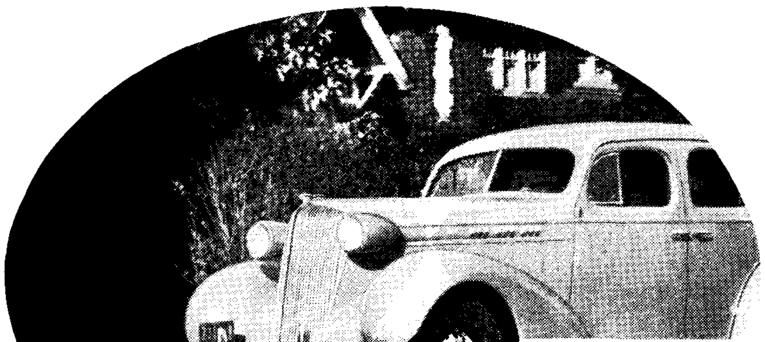
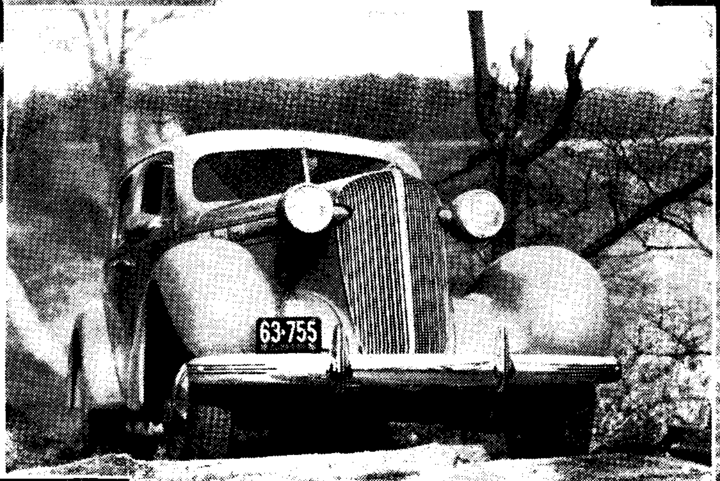


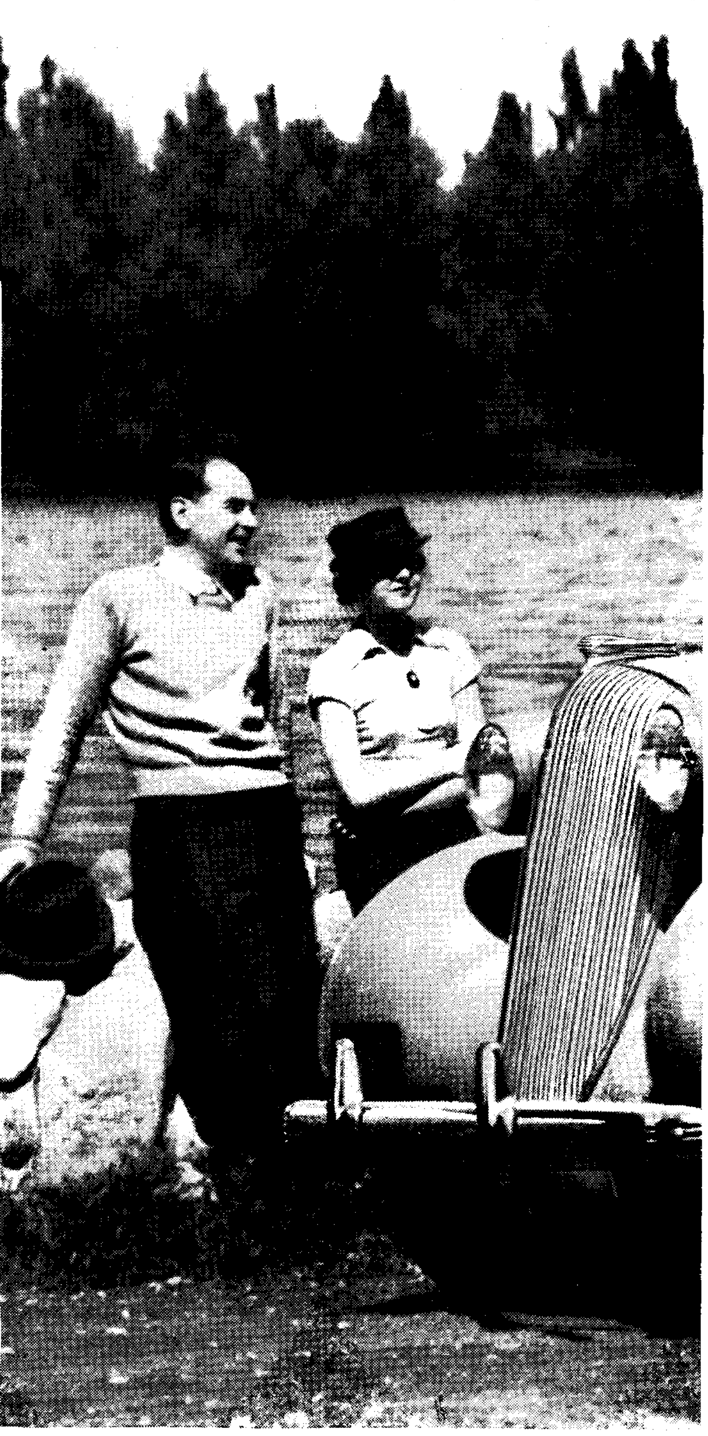
(left) **SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES and BIG, OVERSIZE TIRES**

Oldsmobile's self-energizing hydraulic brakes, with extra large braking area, combine with the traction of big, oversize tires to insure quick, smooth stops.



(right) **KNEE-ACTION WHEELS and RIDE STABILIZER**

Independent action of the front wheels permits them to "step over" bumps and holes. Knee-Action Wheels and the Ride Stabilizer unite to give you a gentle, gliding ride.



(left) **SOLID-STEEL "TURRET-TOP" BODY by FISHER**

New beauty of line . . . new strength and safety . . . are yours in Oldsmobile's Fisher bodies. No Draft Ventilation adds to the comfort of passengers. Safety Glass standard throughout, at no extra cost, gives you new security.

(right) **CENTER-CONTROL STEERING and ALL-SILENT SHIFTING**

Your Oldsmobile holds a straight-line course with the lightest guiding touch . . . takes curves with an easy turn of the wheel. Shifting is quiet and effortless . . . even when changing from high back into second.

(left) **ROOMY, LUXURIOUS INTERIORS with LEVEL FLOORS**

Plenty of leg room, head room and elbow room is yours to enjoy in Oldsmobile's spacious, comfortable interiors. Floors, both front and rear, are level and unobstructed. Smart tailoring and modern appointments add to your satisfaction. You can settle back in an Oldsmobile and relax both physically and mentally.

New Low Prices!

$665

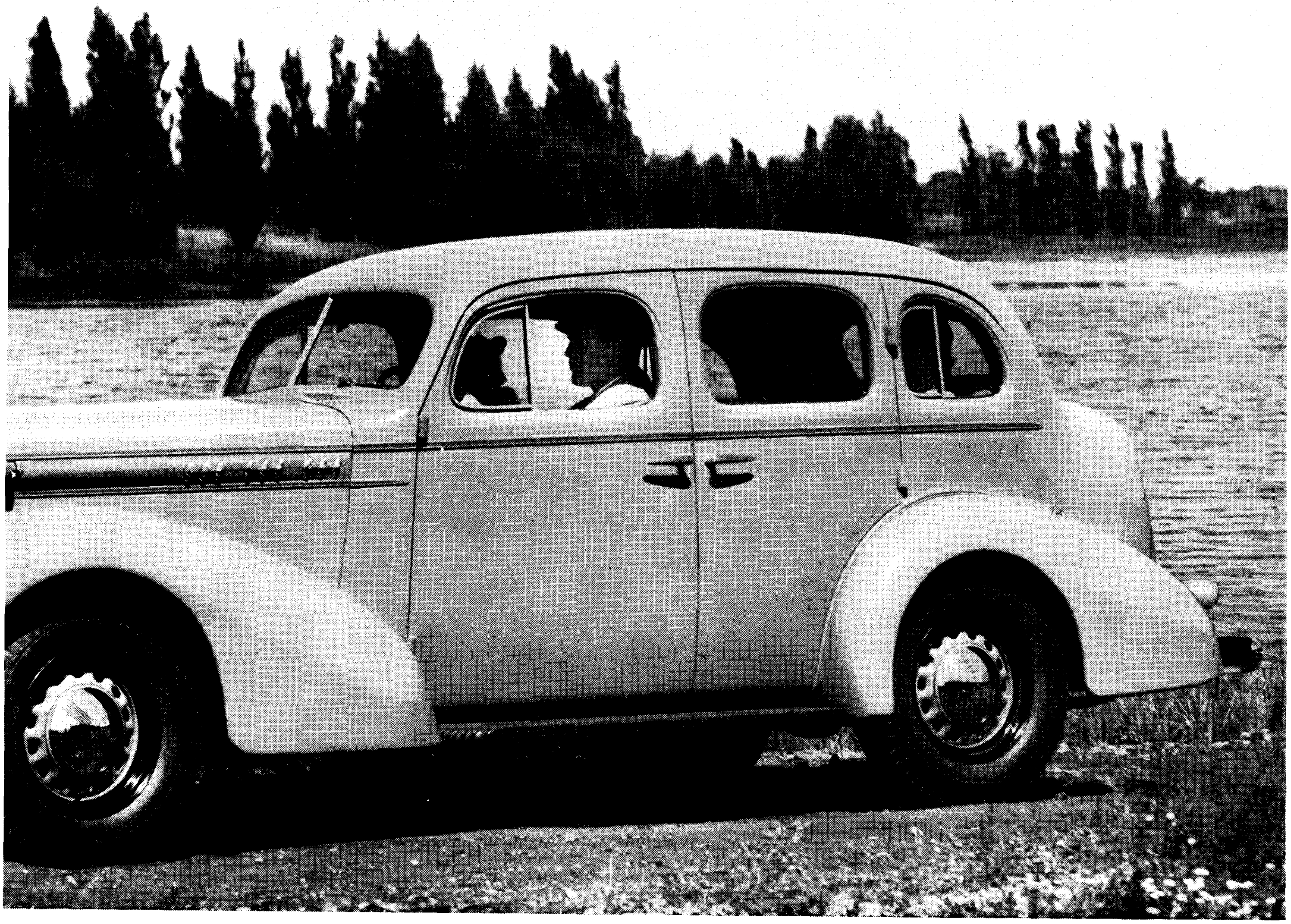
Sixes $665 and up . . . Eights $810 and up, list prices at Lansing, subject to change without notice. Safety Glass standard equipment all around. Bumpers with guards, spare tire, and rear spring covers built into all cars at the factory at extra cost. The car illustrated is the Six-Cylinder Touring Sedan, $820 list. A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

NEW GMAC 6% PLAN

On the new, greatly reduced G M A C 6% Time Payment plan, it's as simple as A. B. C. to figure the cost: (A) Take unpaid new car balance. (B) Add cost of insurance. (C) *Then multiply by 6%—12 months plan. That's the whole financing cost. No extras. (*In some states, a small legal documentary fee is charged.)

Everything"

A PRICE FOR EVERYBODY



YOU will find it's a fact, as well as a popular saying, that Oldsmobile is "The Car That Has *Everything!*" Try this new Oldsmobile—the Six or the Eight. Judge it by every quality standard . . . find out how complete it is in everything you want . . . *Size,* for example: Oldsmobile is impressively big, inside and out, with generous dimensions throughout . . . *Style*—this Oldsmobile is the freshly streamlined Style Leader for 1936—the newest and smartest development of the individual styling originated by Oldsmobile . . . *Performance*—smoother and livelier than ever, with increased economy all around . . . *Features*—the new Oldsmobile brings you every fine-car feature from the latest appointments of its newly enriched interiors to every major quality advancement for easier riding and safer driving . . . All these advantages are now yours for a price just a little above the lowest-priced cars—in Oldsmobile—"The Car That Has Everything!"

OLDSMOBILE

"The Car that has Everything"

The Charmer

Continued from page 31

"Of all crazy things to do, Fiji! . . ."

"But it wasn't crazy, Arthur," she insisted, "I had to do it. When I saw them there like that, of course I had to."

"Oh, nonsense, you didn't have to at all," he said forcefully. "That's extravagant and sentimental. You just did it to indulge your craving for sensationalism. Why won't you understand . . ."

"Oh, go away," Fiji said dramatically, clutching her fuzzy hair, "go away. That kind of talk . . . I might hit you."

"My dear girl, please don't go dramatic on me. The one thing we don't need to do now is to work up a scene over these damned dogs." He picked up his hat. "I'm going. Perhaps you will be calmer tomorrow. I'll drop in to see, anyway."

"I don't care where you drop," Fiji said, turning her back. "Go away, before I yell."

THE next morning when he came, however, Fiji felt no calmer. She was quite "of course" about refusing to see him, and departed for her bedroom.

"I can't help it, Anne . . . I can't see him. If you think I'm so rude tell him I'm lying down with a headache."

She stayed in her room until the hands of her gold clock pointed to a quarter of one; she was supposed to meet John Gilchrist for lunch at one. She opened her bedroom door and heard Arthur's steady voice still going on in the living-room, so she closed the door again and thought a moment. Then she changed her clothes swiftly, emptied the contents of one purse into another that matched her dress, and then went into her sister's bedroom. The window there opened onto a fire escape, and Fiji climbed out gingerly, because her heels were very high, and began to descend. Someone in a building opposite clapped enthusiastically as she went down and Fiji turned to wave in answer and dropped her purse. As it slipped from her arm she gave a scream and then put her hand over her mouth and looked up apprehensively. Almost at once Anne and Bill appeared at one window and Arthur at another, and as they gazed down at her, speechless, Fiji smiled up at them brightly.

"I'm just on my way to the Regal," she called, and pointed, "I dropped my purse."

ARTHUR disappeared immediately from his window and by the time Fiji reached the basement area he was waiting for her, holding her purse.

"Fiji, you frightened me," he said soberly. His eyes were big and his face was pale and Fiji felt a rush of tenderness, but before she could say anything he gave a start.

"Fiji! You have a hat on! Why . . . you really *were* going to the Regal!"

"Darling, yes, I told you," Fiji said penitently. "I didn't have a headache, I was just mad at you. But now I'm not at all, and I'm not going to the Regal. Will you have lunch with me? I can telephone and break my date. Please. Please?" She smiled up at him hopefully. "Please?"

"Oh, I suppose so," he said helplessly, beginning to smile in answer. "Here, take your purse."

Fiji never thought about Cam at all during these days and she rarely saw him. But one day she was walking along Park Avenue on her way to meet Arthur for lunch at the Park Hotel when someone struck her lightly on the shoulder.

It was Cam, with a brief case, a newspaper, an umbrella, and his hat on the back of his head.

"How are you, miss?" he asked. "And where are you going?"

"I'm going in there," Fiji pointed at the hotel, "to meet Arthur. If you're very good you can come along and have a cocktail with us. I want you to meet him."

"Well, if I can have a very good cocktail, I'm just going in there." He pointed his umbrella at the haberdasher's shop in the corner of the hotel. "I have to buy a shirt. I've been invited out to dinner."

"How extraordinary!"

"Isn't it? Come and help me pick it out, hey?"

"No." Fiji glanced at her watch; it was ten to one and she was meeting Arthur at one. "Yes, I will, too, but I only have five minutes."

"You're a dear sweet girl."

They entered the shop. Cam chose a shirt; while the salesman was wrapping it up, he and Fiji looked over a counter full of neckties.

"Oh, these are handsome!" Cam said enthusiastically, "I want some. This one and this one and . . ."

Fiji glanced at her watch.

"An' tell your wife she don't have to bother heating it" ED GRAHAM

"I have to go, Cam. Are you coming to meet Arthur or aren't you?"

"Well, I might. Do you really want me to? Wait a minute . ." He dropped the things he was holding on the counter and took out his wallet. "This is for the shirt," he told the salesman, "and then I want some neckties, too." He peered into his wallet and turned to Fiji. "Listen, baby, have you any dough?"

FIJI drove her heel into the carpet.

"Oh, Cam, won't you ever be thirty?" she cried wildly. "No, I haven't! I'm going!"

"Fiji, wait!" Cam scooped his possessions hastily off the counter with both hands. "Wait for me! I'm coming."

Fiji had introduced Arthur and Cam to each other and the three of them were just sitting down at a corner table in the bar when one of Cam's catastrophes loomed beside them. It was a man in a black suit, and he tapped Cam on the shoulder.

"Sorry to interrupt," he said, "but I'll have to ask you to step along with me. I'm from the Ascot Men's Shop. The little matter of the neckties."

"NECKTIES?" Cam stared at him in surprise. "What neckties?"

"What neckties?" The black suit gave a sour smile. "What neckties? Come along, please, quick and quiet."

"Neckties," Cam repeated, and then gave a start. "Oh, by golly, did I . . .?" He turned and rummaged rapidly through the things on the bench beside him, and pulled out, in a handful, four neckties, and then a fifth and a sixth. "Well, shut my mouth!" he said, with a helpless giggle.

The black suit jerked his head.

"Surprise, ain't it? Come along now."

The scene in the Ascot Men's Shop was a confused and argumentative one that drew a large audience and lasted a full half-hour before it was satisfactorily cleared up. It was Arthur who cleared it up by being very firm and very authoritative with the house detective, and by producing all kinds of impressive identification. But he did not enjoy the situation, and turned once to Fiji, saying in a low rather bitter voice, "Well, I can understand one thing, all right. I can understand why you broke your engagement to this dumb cluck."

"Oh, dear heaven, yes!" Fiji agreed hotly. No one but Cam could have shoplifted half a dozen neckties without even knowing it, and no one but Cam could have contrived to compromise himself so thoroughly first by announcing that he had no money. Before they all parted, Fiji got Cam alone in a corner.

"Now, you listen to me, Cam Smithers," she said, in a low, furious whisper, "I've had all I'm going to stand from you. You're a menace. I don't want to see you again . . . ever, ever. Can you understand that? I'm through."

The next morning when Fiji walked into the breakfast room her brother-in-law waved the Daily Star at her.

"Well, I see your friend Cam Smithers has crashed into print again. He took you and Arthur Peabody along with him, too."

"Please." Fiji held up her hand. "I don't want to hear Cam's name." She sat down and shook out her napkin. "A little of Cam Smithers," she said deliberately, "goes not only a long way but too far. I shall never see him again."

FIJI did her best, after that, to make up to Arthur for having involved him in the Ascot episode, for which she felt personally responsible. Arthur was vituperative about Cam, in his controlled way, but most of all he smarted over the inclusion of his name in the newspaper accounts. "I've been in the newspapers often before this," he said bitterly, "but a wedding is one thing and a robbery is another. Especially when it's a howling joke."

"It's too sickening," Fiji said, and brought her fist down on the arm of her chair. "Oh, if I had been Mamma Smithers I'd have drowned Cam at birth! Or eaten him!"

Fiji's efforts to make restitution to Arthur for her own friends involved being very nice to all of his. She made herself so charming to one rather dull couple named Meredith that Arthur informed her that he had received an invitation for both of them to spend a week end at the Meredith's country place.

"Oh, dear me," Fiji said sadly. But then she received a note herself from Peggy Meredith:

"Our house is just outside Princeton," she wrote, "and that will be Commencement week end, so there will be lots to do. Track meet, Triangle show and so on, and of course we plan to have some parties ourselves."

Fiji faced right about and accepted the invitation with alacrity.

"Oh, I'd visit anyone in Princeton," she told Arthur candidly, "even Hitler. I do love Princeton. I practically went there for a year myself."

THE day she and Arthur drove down was clear and sunny, and as the road approached Princeton the thickly green rolling country spread out on either hand with an almost sudden peace and beauty.

"Oh, isn't it lovely?" Fiji demanded, and then yawned. "If I could only keep my eyes open! I was up until four."

"Fiji!" Arthur jerked his head sharply. "For heaven's sake! . . . You knew you were coming down here today. . . ."

"Yes, darling, but I couldn't help it," Fiji said hastily. "The Dodges had a party way out on Long Island at a place called the Mill. It was marvelous. . . . I missed you, though. Awfully."

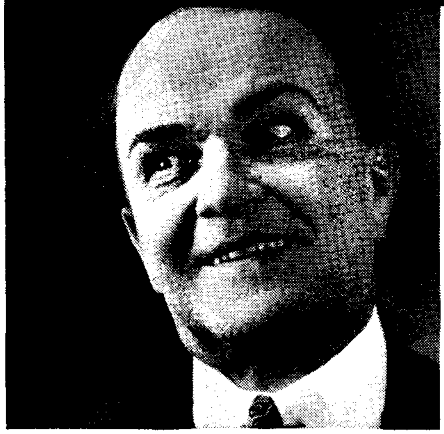
"Good of you."

Fiji extricated them, however, from what might have been a dangerous situation by talking gayly and telling stories, and by the time they reached the Merediths' long rambling house, everything was serene. Everything remained serene, too, throughout that evening and until the next morning at noon, when Fiji made her first appearance for the day . . . an informality on her part that rather displeased Arthur.

"Why, I had to sleep, naturally," Fiji explained to him, surprised, "and Peggy didn't mind at all."

(Continued on page 36)

"It's the Money-Saving Car" SAYS VICTOR MOORE
STAR OF "ANYTHING GOES"


My big, money-saving Dodge certainly breaks all the records I ever heard of for economy.

It gives me 22 to 23 miles to the gallon of gas and saves me easily 20% on oil.

At the rate it's saving it will cost me less than a small car in the long run.

And it's the safest, sweetest-running car ever . . . in fact that Dodge is "The Top."

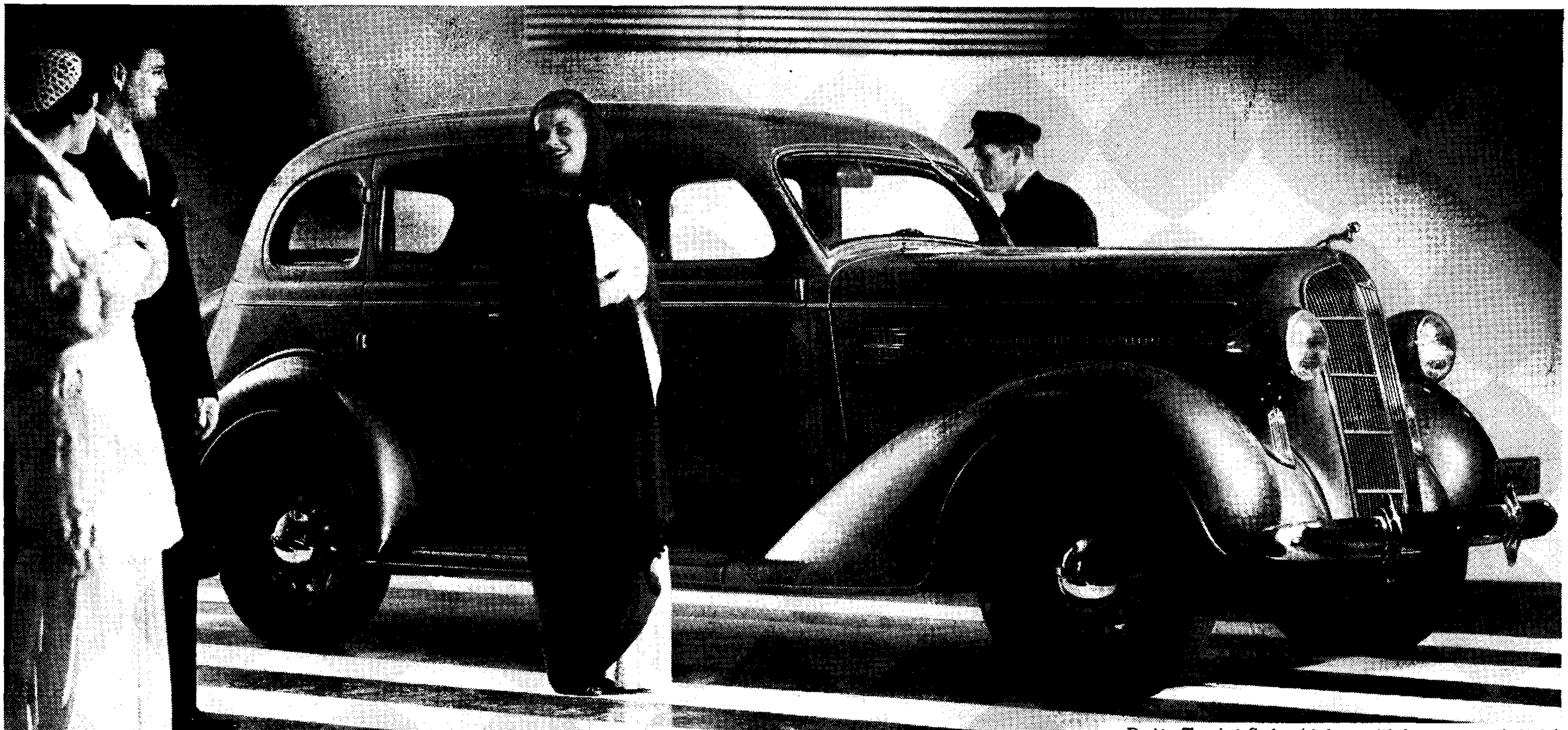
"It's the 'Beauty Winner' of 1936" SAYS BENAY VENUTA
STAR OF "ANYTHING GOES"

That magnificent new Dodge is truly the "Beauty Winner" of 1936 . . . it's an eyeful!

You should see the youthful swagger and sophistication to its striking Air-Style lines!

It's not only gorgeous-looking but its interior appointments are positively fascinating.

The moment you see this "Beauty Winner" you'll itch to get at the wheel . . .


*Dodge Touring Sedan (4-door with built-in trunk) $760**

The Big Money-Saving DODGE at new low price—only $640*

Coupe $640, Rumble Seat Coupe $695, 2-door Sedan $695, Touring Sedan (2-door with built-in trunk) $720, Sedan $735, Touring Sedan (4-door with built-in trunk) $760. *List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra. Through the Official Chrysler Motors Credit Company New 6% Time Payment Plan you will find it easy and less costly to arrange time payments to fit your budget.

The Charmer

Continued from page 34

"Oh, very well," he said shortly, "but I prefer to be known for my manners than for my lack of them."

"Oh, pooh-pooh," Fiji said lightly, smiling at him. She looked as fresh as a daisy.

Arthur's humor was restored, however, as he watched her endear herself to her hostess by helping efficiently with the arrangements for a large buffet lunch. The lunch was a success, and after it there was tennis on the grass court until four-thirty, when it was time to set out for the track meet at the Palmer Stadium.

THE town of Princeton was bursting; traffic crawled along Nassau Street in a honking, tooting column that had no end and the sidewalks spilled people everywhere. Arthur followed the Merediths to a parking place behind Colonial Club, and from there he and Fiji walked toward the stadium. "Oh, I love it, I love it!" Fiji cried rapturously, squeezing Arthur's arm. "I feel about eighteen . . . I feel wonderful!"

Once they were in their seats high above the bright green field Fiji left Arthur to pore over the program while she looked about eagerly for people to wave to. There were quite a good many, and she spent more time doing that than she did in watching the tireless young men on the field who hurled themselves fourteen feet in the air on poles or ran monotonous circular miles on the black cinder track. When the meet was over she and Arthur rather silently found their way down through one of the jammed portals, and with Arthur shouldering ahead started to cut a path through the crowd, when someone shouted, "Fiji! Fiji! Hey, Fiji French!"

There were, altogether, six of them, dressed in black and red Cossack costumes with a 1930 pinned on their backs; old classmates of Cam's, and so, of Fiji's, in the year she had gone to Princeton. They greeted her with the uproarious enthusiasm that marks such reunions, and Fiji was so excited that she almost screamed, and actually embraced one or two of them.

"Arthur!" she cried suddenly, looking around. "Where's Arthur? Oh, I've lost him!"

"Never mind," someone said, "you have us, and now we'll all go and have a beer."

THE crowd was so dense that Fiji's efforts to find Arthur proved quite futile so she allowed herself to be swept along to the 1930 reunion headquarters by the boisterous Cossacks. She had a wonderful time; she couldn't go inside, being a girl, but everyone who was inside came out to see her and make much of her, as they had five years earlier, and she was happy enough to sing. Even when she learned that Cam Smithers had come down and was around somewhere, "giving his money away like confetti, as usual," someone said, she felt much too gay to bother.

"Who cares?" she said, and snapped her fingers. "Princeton is big enough to hold us both. It always has been."

She stayed until seven-thirty, the hour set for the Merediths' dinner party, and remembering it in a sudden panic, got one of the Cossacks to rush her out to their house, promising to see them all later. The Merediths and their guests were just going in to dinner when she arrived, her hat in her hand and her hair wild. Arthur barely spoke to her. She flew upstairs, took a swift shower, put on a white dress, pinned one of Arthur's gardenias in her hair, and flew down again. She looked so ravishing and was so entertaining about her apologies that everyone, except Arthur, forgave her completely.

Arthur sat with compressed lips and stared down his nose. His attitude upset Fiji and annoyed her, too; he knew very well her excitement at being once more in Princeton, and it seemed to her that if even her hostess could smile and understand so readily, Arthur could at least make an effort to. But he remained coldly aloof throughout dinner and the Triangle show and it was not until the show was over that he showed any signs of loosening up. Fiji slipped her arm through his as they started down the walk away from McCarter Theater, and had just wrung a dry smile from him when Arthur stopped short, with an exclamation of disgust. Approaching them in a noisy, straggling group were Fiji's Cossacks, led by a tall young man, in a costume that was much too small and a hat that was much too big, waving a dripping popsicle. It was Cam. He presented such an appalling appearance that, in spite of herself, Fiji began to laugh uncontrollably.

"Cam! Cam Smithers! You look unbelievable!"

"Terrible," Cam corrected, grinning, "I am Ivan the Terrible. How are you, baby? And what are you doing at my fifth reunion? Why, there's the boy who kept me out of the jug! How are you, son? By golly, it's Sing Sing all over again. Let's all go have a beer. We'll have a party. A party for Fiji and the jail-springer!" He folded his arms on his chest, squatted on the sidewalk, and began shooting his legs in and out. "Look-it! I just learned today! Isn't that smooth?"

Arthur, with cold geniality, went back to tell the Merediths where they were going, and Cam grabbed Fiji's arm. "We'll go ahead," he shouted after him, "come to the '30 sign on Nassau!"

"That was a good one!" HENRY ANTON

ON THEIR way, someone suggested that they visit the '29 tent, and after that they moved in a loud gay group from one reunion tent to another across the campus that was swarming with people. The night was filled with voices and laughter and Fiji felt so happy that she ignored the question of Cam at her side. But suddenly she remembered Arthur and the Merediths, and they all returned in a noisy procession to Nassau. But there was no sign of Arthur or the Merediths.

"I've got to find them," Fiji said.

"We'll find them," Cam said, "I've got an eleven-year-old ottermabeel that goes like the wind. But when I'm thirty—oh, boy, an airplane."

They drove, as much as it was possible to drive, up and down all the likely streets and some unlikely ones but they didn't see Arthur or the Merediths anywhere.

"We'd better try the lake," Cam said, with an innocent expression.

"No," Fiji said.

"We'd better," Cam said, "the jail-springer may be there with some gal."

THE road along Lake Carnegie was lined with parked automobiles and it was very quiet and dark after the festive campus. Cam drove neatly to the water's edge, shut off the ignition and turned out the lights.

"This," he said, as Fiji started to speak, "is like old times. Don't you think, Miss French?" He turned suddenly and pressed Fiji's head back with his hand. "Oh, Fiji . . . sweetheart. . . ." He looked at her. "Fiji, Fiji . . ." He leaned over and kissed her.

"No, Cam, no!" Fiji pushed him away. "I didn't come here for this. . . ."

"I did," Cam said. He looked at the lake. "Why? Are you going to marry this Peabody?"

"Of course," Fiji said angrily. Cam switched on the lights.

"Okay. Let's go."

They decided that the best place to go was to the Merediths' house, and they drove there in silence. Fiji felt upset and bitterly angry with Cam because she had been very happy and now he had spoiled everything and made her very unhappy. She glanced at him once and remembered suddenly the way his close-cropped hair felt against one's hand, like soft plush.

"You make me so sick, Cam," she said angrily.

When they reached the Merediths' house she wouldn't let him come in because she knew it would make more trouble, but as she got out of the car Cam leaned forward encouragingly.

"Now don't worry, baby, it'll be all right. Just go in and be nice to the guy. . . ."

"Don't you tell me how to act, Cam Smithers!" Fiji brought her fist down on the door of the car and then turned and left him.

The house looked very dark and Fiji finally found Arthur, alone, on the side veranda. The Merediths had gone to bed.

"Well," he said.

"Oh, Arthur, my dear, I'm so sorry . . . we've been hunting and hunting . . ."

"Please!" Arthur held up his hand and turned on his heel to walk the length of the veranda and then came back. He stood and faced her. "Listen, Fiji," he said; his voice was cold and unemotional. "It's been too much. I'm sorry but it has. The whole frightful week end. I've never seen a better exhibition of bad manners in my life, never."

"Arthur . . ." Fiji stared at the pale blob of his face in the darkness.

"You've acted without thought for anyone else," he said, "you've tried to make up for it with smiles and excuses. You think because you're Fiji French you can get away with anything you feel like doing. I'm sorry, but honestly we don't see things the same way, that's all. You never for one moment . . ."

He was interrupted by the quick thudding of feet over the grass and then Cam emerged from the darkness in his tight Cossack suit. "Oh, for heaven's sake!" Arthur said violently and turned on his heel again.

"Hiya, toots," Cam said, "may I come in? My lovely car has just broken down in the middle of Bayard Lane! What could be nicer? I think the rear end went bust. I thought maybe you could give me a lift to a garage. If I leave it where it is I'll get pinched, probably."

"Undoubtedly," Arthur said, drawing his breath in between his teeth. He started off briskly in the direction of the drive. "Come on, come on, I'll take you."

Cam followed Arthur, and Fiji, after standing still a moment with her finger on her lip and her eyes very wide and bright, followed Cam.

"Oh, are you coming, too?" Arthur inquired acidly.

"Of course," she said.

THEY got into the car, all three in the front seat, and started off in silence. Cam's arm was across the back of the seat and Fiji let her head drop back on it with a little sigh.

"Tired, baby?"

"Oh, faintly."

Cam crooked his elbow to make her head more comfortable and Fiji closed her eyes. When they reached the bright oasis of light that the garage made Cam jumped out and told them to wait.

"I'll get a guy to go down there with a wrecking machine. It's all that car deserves."

Arthur stared ahead at the hood of the car and Fiji moved a little away from him and sat still, her eyes closed. When she opened them she saw Cam standing in altercation with the garage man and after a few moments he came out toward them.

"Well, it seems it's very late at night and he's the only guy here," Cam said, "so he won't go unless I pay him first. Robbery, that's what it is. Have you got any dough, baby?"

Arthur turned his head around.

"Now look here, Smithers," he said in a voice almost out of control, "I've had enough of you! What do you mean asking Fiji . . ."

"Oh, shut up!" Fiji threw her hand out and turned her back on him, lifting her face to Cam's. She looked at him searchingly for a moment and then began to smile, and her eyes held such an expression in them that Cam, staring at her, swallowed abruptly and leaned swiftly toward her, both hands on the edge of the car door.

"Cammie . . . my sweet," Fiji murmured, and dropped her eyes, fumbling for her purse on the seat beside her. She found it and held it up to him.

"Of course I have, darling," she said, "naturally."

Big night tonight...better have Spuds!

Off for a large evening: one boy, one girl, one pack of Spuds. Spuds help by keeping heat out of smoke. Less heat, a cleaner, fresher mouth—no matter how late the party. More pleasure, too. Fine tobaccos at their unspoiled best.

Spud
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"THE REFRESHING CIGARETTE"

Open a pack of Spuds and smell them. Notice that Spud's process doesn't change the fragrant odor of fine tobacco—though it takes the heat out of smoke.

15c for 20 (25 for 25c in Canada). Cork tips or plain. Cork tips are packed *down*. Even your own fingers can't spoil their freshness.

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Trail Smoke

Continued from page 17

cell, strained and passionate. "Head, I'd like to kill you for that!"

Hughie Grant, beside George Bernay, abruptly cocked his eyes on Bernay. "Easy, George. You ain't among friends."

Ab Cameron spoke out his sickened, heartfelt protest. "That's no way for a white man to act, Bill."

Head and Peyrolles and Kersom swung on Cameron almost in unison, angry at the interference; and Head rapped Cameron with an insolent command. "Shut up, Ab." He wheeled to cover Surratt with a sultry, desiring attention. Surratt got to his feet, he supported himself against the cell wall. But to Bolderbuck it was a strange thing how that faint, ironic smile came back to Surratt: how it laid an irrevocable and relentless will across the room, beyond the power of any man to stop.

Surratt spoke quietly: "I've been a long time figuring you out, Head. In the beginning I misjudged you, but I've got you straight now."

"It will do you no good," said Bill Head in a slow, snarling way.

Surratt didn't answer. He stood straight against the wall, and it was at once plain to them that a wild, killing impulse raged in him. Bill Head stepped back a pace. He said, more under control: "I've got fifty men in Morgantown. They're going into the hills tonight. I can tell you now, Surratt, you're at the end of your own rope—and Torveen's at the end of his." He turned and thrust a long finger toward George Bernay in the corridor. "You're in this, George. I'm givin' you just twelve hours to get out of the country."

THE motion of his arm sent all his riders down the corridor and down the stairs. He left the cell, and Peyrolles and Kersom went out. Cameron stood a moment longer, lost in some vague, unhappy speculation of his own. At last he walked over to Surratt. "You're an admirable man to know," he murmured, "and I'll remember this many long days. But I have no recourse and neither have you." He went away then, faintly unsure in his walking. George Bernay didn't stir from the cell door.

Bolderbuck moved into the corridor and stopped by a window commanding the street. His eyes were thoughtful as he came back and locked the cell door.

Surratt said: "You want that gun back now?"

Bolderbuck showed a faint dissatisfaction. "The first dumb thing I've heard you say. I'm damned if I leave a man in a cell without ways of protectin' himself at a time like this." He stared at George Bernay. "You can stay up here for a little while. Don't get any funny notions, you understand?" Leaving his warning flat and final behind him, he descended the stairway.

George Bernay grabbed the cell door bars in his hands and shook them with all his strength. It was the way he felt. "Surratt, you can kick my pants off and I'd be relieved."

"What's below?" Surratt asked.

Sound kept boiling up from the street. George Bernay fixed himself discreetly beside the window, having his look at the crowd below. The outfits were assembling in a round, restless formation.

They milled forward and fell into a column of twos and left Morgantown at a fast canter, like the outrushing of wind. Lights, dimmed during the occupancy of the outfits, sprang up again. George Bernay saw Judith Cameron come from the dressmaking shop and hurry up the street; Ab Cameron saw her, too, for he turned down toward her, calling out in a strange, hopeless way: "Daughter—go back." But it wasn't that scene George Bernay was immediately interested in. Five men—five of Head's men—remained by the jail office door; they made a compact and vigilant group there.

Bernay wheeled from the window and started down the hall. "See you later."

"George," called Surratt, and brought the man to a halt. "Don't," added Surratt, "try anything rough on Bolderbuck. The man's white."

"This is no time to think of that," said George Bernay.

Surratt's voice hit him like the flat of an axe. "Bernay." It widened George Bernay's eyes. It shocked him. "There's never any time to forget a white man," said Surratt, cold and exact with his words. "You remember that."

George Bernay walked down the stairs, not nearly as certain as he had been a moment before. He paused in the jail office. Bolderbuck sat before a flat desk, with his back to the wall and his face bent on the open doorway. But the marshal's face was heavy with his thinking, and he seemed only vaguely aware of Bernay, who went on out of the place.

AT THE saloon corner he found Jud Horsfall poised in the alley shadows. George said, "Come on—and where's Billy Temple?"

"Down there," said Jud, pointing toward the dressmaking shop. They fell in step and passed the saloon. One townsman came out of the saloon and through the momentary opening of the doors George saw the place empty save for the bartender and Neal Irish, who sat bowed over a game of solitaire. They turned into the dressmaking shop. The two girls were there with Ab Cameron and Billy Temple; and a woman—Annette Carvel's mother—sat in the background, saying nothing.

Judith spoke to her father: "It will take you an hour to get to the ranch and bring the boys back here. That's enough—to get Surratt out."

Cameron showed his uncertainty and confusion; he showed his age. "No," he said. "No, daughter. I can't ask the boys to stack up against Bill Head."

"I can!" said Judith.

George Bernay passed a long look to Billy Temple, and Jud Horsfall came toward the center of the room, and then these three men were silently, narrowly speculating. Horsfall softly suggested the thought. "There's five of 'em up there in front of that jail door, kid."

"It's Hughie Grant that's tough," pointed out Billy Temple.

George Bernay said, "Well?"

THE other people caught on then. The thing these three young men were thinking became that plain and that strong. Ab Cameron had a half-smoked cigar in his mouth. He lighted a match; his fingers shook. He turned the full worry of his eyes on George Bernay. "I'd advise you not to try."

But George Bernay said to Temple: "We'll walk up behind the buildings on the north side and come out there, across from the jail. We've got—"

He bit the sentence between his teeth and he leaped for the doorway. There was a shot's solid smash filling the street, and one replying echo, and the sudden short rush of horse's hoofs, and then a man's voice laid a massive, unhurried order across Morgantown. George Bernay went through the doorway. He trotted up the street, colliding with other townsmen coming out of the buildings into the lamp-softened shadows. Even as he ran, he saw horsemen close in on the jail door and surround the five Crow Track hands. There was no more gunplay. Forty feet away, with Horsfall and Temple at his heels, he identified the enormous, shapeless bulk of Blackjack Smith. Blackjack had four riders with him; he had dropped out of the darkness without warning. It was his lifted and pointed gun that seemed to hold Head's men thoroughly silent by the jail wall.

George Bernay yelled, "Hey, Blackjack!"

"I'll bet you think I'm awful!"

LAWRENCE REYNOLDS

Blackjack didn't look around. But he identified George Bernay's voice and his voice accepted Bernay. "You'll do, George. Get in here and drop these fellow's belts for me. I hear Surratt's upstairs."

Bernay pushed his way through the horses. Four of Head's men were motionless against the jail wall, their hands risen. The fifth man lay on the board walk. He was on his back, rolling from side to side. Looking down briefly into that set, gritting face, Bernay marked Hughie Grant with a cold pleasure.

"He ain't hurt much," said Blackjack indifferently.

"I'll write your ticket!" gasped Hughie Grant.

"My ticket," said Blackjack, "was written before you were born. Stay around here, boys, while I go inside." He dropped to the ground with an agility strange to so ponderous a shape. He stood a moment, watching George Bernay strip away the gunbelts from these Head men and throw them far out into the street; and darkly and taciturnly he enjoyed that scene for a moment. Afterward he entered the jail office. Bernay followed.

Bolderbuck hadn't risen from his chair. He sat there and looked at the two men with a glance that was unreadable, that was shrewd and stubborn and fixed. Blackjack shook his head; there was a small regret and a perceptible courtesy in his words.

"You know me, Tom, and I know you. But I heard Surratt was here and I want him out."

"The man's got friends in strange places," observed Bolderbuck quietly.

"It's his way, Tom."

BOLDERBUCK bent forward. He put his elbows on the table in front of him and lowered his head. He remained so, engaged with his difficult thoughts. Blackjack stood mountainously calm, letting the marshal have his silence out. When Bolderbuck reared back in the chair there wasn't any change in his manner. The crisp blue of his eyes steadied on Blackjack. "Surratt's in jail on a warrant, which is legal and proper. I've been a peace officer pretty near twenty years and in that time I never let a man go and never lost one. I'm kind of pleased to think of the record."

Bernay started to speak, and changed his mind. For Bolderbuck's hand had shifted up to his vest, to the thin silver crescent that was his badge of authority. "As long as I'm marshal I'd see you in hell before I gave Surratt up. But it works the other way, too. The boy is in a death trap up there. I cannot protect him against what Head plainly intends to do. I do not know of any other answer to this." His fingers touched the badge and unsnapped it. He laid it on the table, beside a ring of keys. "When a man can't see his way in a plain light it's time to quit. So there the star lays and there's the keys."

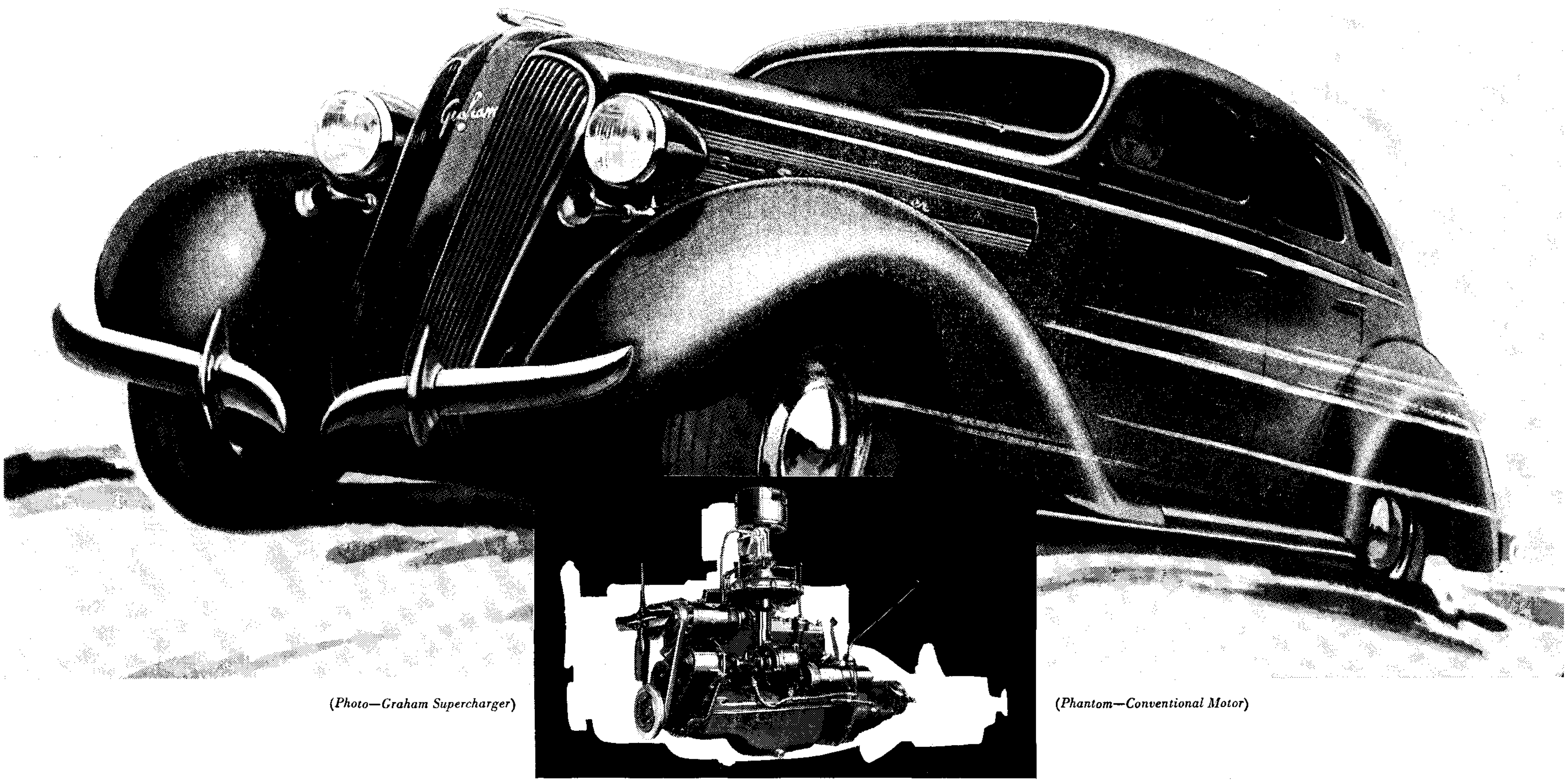
Bernay reached for the keys and walked up the stairs. Bolderbuck shot a frosty glance at the silent Blackjack. "Head's a pretty powerful enemy for you to be makin', Blackjack. You've had your parsnips well buttered, till now. You're goin' to discover what trouble is."

Surratt came down the stairs with Bernay behind him. He looked at Blackjack and saw how it was. He turned to Bolderbuck. "Tom," he said regretfully, "this is a thing—"

"Your luck still holds," commented Bolderbuck. "I'm pleased with the way it goes. But you better be on your way."

Surratt went out of the jail office into the shadow-thickened street; and was smiling as he went to a Crow Track

(Continued on page 40)



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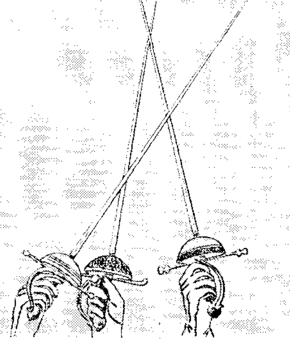

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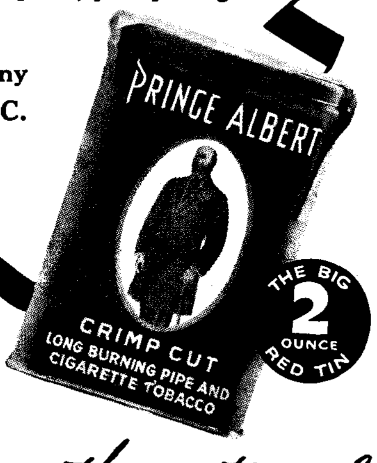

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PRINCE ALBERT the national joy smoke!

Trail Smoke

Continued from page 38

horse and stepped up. Blackjack and Bernay had come from the office. It was quiet here, with a little group of townspeople collected by the White House and looking soberly on.

"Blackjack—" said Surratt.

"Go on," grumbled the big man. "Go on and ride. I never thought I'd live to see the day I'd do this."

George Bernay felt the pinch of time. "You better dust, before somebody comes pouring down that road."

"Where are you going now?" Surratt wanted to know.

"Not with you," Bernay instantly answered. "You get Sam out of the country—don't delay it. And so-long."

Surratt turned from the group. But he halted here a moment, for his name had been called. Judith Cameron came riding fast up the street. She stopped beside him and her voice dropped low and none of that group heard what was said then. In the end she turned with Surratt and they both rode out of Morgantown.

Blackjack was in his saddle. George Bernay had turned to Horsfall and Billy Temple and presently these two went back down the street on the run. Blackjack stared at George Bernay, not understanding. He said: "What's this now?"

But George Bernay didn't answer till Horsfall and Temple returned with their own horses and his. Then he said: "Company for you, Blackjack."

Blackjack said sourly: "We're no company for you boys."

"Go along," said Bernay; and then that group whirled away, into the hills. Hughie Grant sat propped against the jail office, cursing at them, but none of the other Head riders went over to pick their guns from the dust until Blackjack's group merged with the night.

Inside the jail office, Tom Bolderbuck lighted himself a fresh cigar and stood up. He ran his finger across the badge which lay on the desk. He had no regrets. A literal-minded man to the extreme, he never crossed a bridge until he reached it—and this bridge he had crossed because there was no other way. Yet he was displeased with himself and didn't know why. He left the jail office, passing the Crow Track men without a backward look. Bill Head's wrath would visit him soon enough, he realized; yet he went to the hotel porch and sat in a rocker there and somberly smoked his cigar.

A mile from Morgantown George Bernay said to Blackjack. "Wait," and his order stopped the party.

"You ain't in a hurry to go anywhere particular?" suggested Bernay.

"No."

"Turn here, then," directed Bernay; whereupon the group entered a trail and vanished toward the south.

AS SOON as they got beyond Morgantown, Surratt left the pass road. Faint moonlight seeped through the trees, showing him the vague arch of another road leading into the south. Judith said: "Where are we going, Buck?"

"To a point on the river where a man named Modoc Niles was killed."

"There?" she murmured. Afterward she added, "I know the way."

"Take the lead. I'm just going at it blind."

They ran on through the crisp and pungent night for a matter of three miles or so before she turned to the east and fell upon a corduroy trail leading into the higher hills. They passed much later a ranch house in a low meadow, from which a single light was cheerfully shining. "Billy Temple's place," she said, over her shoulder. Then they were in the solid trees and no light got through this green wall to show them the way. The trail turned, but they left it and pursued a narrowing slash upward. At one point they stopped to let the horses blow and Surratt's attentive ears quested the far, deep stillness for the sound of Head's searching scouts. Judith's voice was as soft as a breath of wind.

"I think they've not had time to spread down this way."

They continued, walking where the hill slopes sharply tipped, cantering when the ground ran level. It was a half hour later that Surratt saw a streak of moonlight coming down through the pines and knew they were at the edge of a north-and-south road of some consequence. His senses lifted at once, for a rumor struck forward definitely. He said, "Wait," and drew in. There was a strengthening echo over on the left; Judith came beside him then and her hand reached out and fell on his arm, the pressure of her fingers tightening as the moments dragged. Riders—two or three of them—went by on the road, vaguely visible through the brush.

THEY waited until the sound faded, then crossed the road and kept rising with the slope. Head's men were spreading fast, laying a loose net through all the hills; thinking of this, Surratt's attentive senses reached more keenly into the tricky, felt-thick shadows. But there was a part of his mind free to have its way with him, and that part was filled with the strange and strong impressions of this girl. Her shoulders swayed faintly as she rode and he saw now and then the trim outline of her head turning gracefully. The tone of her voice, when she broke the long riding silence, was a tone that struck soft and clear and vital across all uncertainty.

She had stopped with a warning abruptness and she was bending forward. Brought stiffly up, he saw a meadow's yellow glow directly to the fore—and the blurred, still shape of a horseman in it. This was only a hundred yards away, near enough to betray to that one the steady draw of their horses' breathing. Yet the man, poised as though listening, seemed not to hear it; and presently he slid on across the meadow and vanished with a minute rattle of the surrounding thicket. Judith veered around the meadow, holding her pony to a slow walk. The meadow dropped behind and afterward the sightless trail fell between tall shoulders of rock. Sparks shot up from the shoes of Judith's animal, creating a pale spray of light, and the sound of that concussion rode the stillness hugely. They were out of the defile. The ruffled run of water came to them softly then—and the faint odor of wood smoke was abroad. Judith stopped here and Surratt went ahead of her. It was for only a dozen yards. Halted, he sent a small, gentle challenge at the blackness.

"Nick."

The answer seemed almost under his feet; and it came in a rush of expelled breath. "That was close," sighed Perrigo's voice. "Who's with you?"

"Miss Cameron."

"Go ahead."

"Somebody riding around here, Nick. We saw a fellow cross a meadow just below." He went on with Judith, dropped down the short bluff and followed the gravelly bottom of the old-time river bed. A remote glow indicated the mouth of the cavern, with a shape angularly placed against the glow. Ferd Bowie's challenge met them as they got down.

"That's all right, kid," grunted Surratt. He took Judith's arm and led her into the cavern. Around its quick bend firelight jumped freshly at them and the pungent smoke was thick here. Ed and Doc Brann stood close by the fire; Sam Torveen was a shape under the blankets; his head turned their way. Judith dropped to her knees and Surratt heard her voice break; she was near to crying. "Oh, Sam—what have they done to you?"

All of them were watching Sam Torveen's gray face brighten. The presence of this girl was a warmth that smoothed and softened his pain. The deep, dark-drawn lines of his face eased. There was a faint loosening of his lips into the old, skeptic smile. His one good arm reached up and touched Judith's shoulders. "Honey," he murmured, "I'm sure glad you're here, but it's one hell of a place for you to be."

Judith wheeled toward Brann. "Be honest—how bad is this?"

"He's all right," said Brann, casually. "It was a lot of blood he lost."

Sam Torveen never let his eyes turn from Judith. Hope was strong in them and pleasure put spots of color on his drawn cheeks. "It's a help to know you thought enough to come," he said humbly.

"Sam," she murmured; and then she was quietly crying. Bending her head she kissed him on his stubbled chin. Surratt jerked around on his heels and walked back to the mouth of the cave.

He stood there, glowering into the liquid blackness, with a still more profound blackness in his brain. He got out his pipe and automatically packed it. The light of the match, when he lifted it to the pipe bowl, showed the bony set of his jaws. There was a pattern to a man's life and it never changed; there was a fate that covered him from beginning to end and neither hope nor bitter fighting could temper that. He dragged the smoke heavily into his hale lungs, all wild and savage-tempered and reckless from knowing he never would have this girl. His eyes, against his own wishes, had looked ahead, seeing some faint gleam of luck. He knew definitely and bitterly now that he had fooled himself. The morning half of the trail was always bright with the newness of things and the way was fresh and full of pleasant prospect. The second half was only regret for what had been and what never would be. He was on the afternoon side of his journey now, with no shade for a traveler along this way until the final night came.

PERRIGO glided softly out of the night. Ferd Bowie came from somewhere and remained vaguely behind Perrigo. Brann and Ed and the girl walked from the tunnel. They made a loose group there.

"Can we move him?" asked Surratt.

"No," said Brann, "you can't. The boy's lost too much blood."

"Where'd you want to move him?" asked Perrigo.

"Over the Peaks, out of this country." The bowl of Surratt's pipe cut a round, crimson hole in the shadows. "It's not my habit to give up easy, but Sam's lost this fight. Bill Head's throwing forty or fifty men into the hills. It is only a question of time till we're found. I wouldn't want Sam to get in their hands now, not with one killing to his credit and a bunch ready to settle that score."

"You can't move him," repeated Brann very definitely. "He's unable to ride or walk."

"Then we'll have to play our white chips like we were proud of 'em. Put out that fire, Ed."

"Nobody can see it."

"No, but you can smell it for a mile."

They stood thoroughly still for a little while, having nothing to say. Surratt watched Ferd Bowie's thin shape sway and swing. The kid went away, his boots scuffing up a small noise. Perrigo turned to follow. Brann murmured, "Well, we'll make a night of it," and went back into the cave with Ed. Judith remained. It was long afterward when her voice came to him, low and rather sad.

"It's like a light going out, Buck—when you give up hope."

He stared at the shapeless bulk of the gravel bank which separated this old stream's course from the river. A tempest stormed up from that wild, lonely place in him which lay beyond his will, out of that very core of his body where was bred his most reckless angers and his gentlest regrets. He bit his jaws against it. "You had better be riding back."

"No—I'm staying here."

He said, "All right," and moved away from her to the gravel bank. He sat down there. She stood a moment, uncertain and silent, and then came forward. She settled beside him, her shoulder against his shoulder.

"You don't mind?" she asked softly.

"No."

HE PUT his hands across his knees and locked his big fists together. Her hand came out to touch his fists; and the coldness and smallness of that hand did strange things to him, past his understanding. He put it between his palms.

At once she turned and he saw the pale oval of her face come near to him and rest on his chest. Her body tipped in and she was crying in a silent, intense way that shook all the courage and pride and serenity out of her. He laid his arms around her, holding her thus against the moment's despair. He had never seen Judith cry; he had never seen a break in her strength before—and it was hard for him to endure; this hurt he could not help.

His thoughts ran on with an instant's immeasurable clarity. He had held Annette Carvel this way and felt the frank, passionate offering of a gift he didn't want. Stirred as he had been, he had felt only a pity. But in his arms now was a sweetness and a richness that filled all the empty places of his body, allowing him for this short fragment of time to know what completeness could be. This was the full treasure of a man's dreaming. The best of his life was here at this moment, soon to pass away. For he knew he would never hold her again and he knew that the rest of his days would be deeper in want, from the memory of this. The fragrance of her hair touched his senses. She lay quietly in his arms, the rhythm of her breathing growing calmer. He had no way of stopping the one desire he felt; and so he said: "Judith," and when her face lifted he kissed her. Her lips were cool and firm and not afraid; and there was something in her that made him savagely happy—a quality that through the years would never grow less, something she could give to a man, yet never lose. She straightened and sat beside him again, not speaking. But he wasn't ashamed and felt no need to apologize.

He said, quietly: "Sam's all right. There's still a trick or so I can try."

"And after that?"

"I don't know. I quit asking questions about tomorrow a long while ago."

She said, gently: "You're a very wise man, Buck. But not wise enough to know why I should be crying now."

"Luck," he murmured, "comes even to the poorest of us. I had mine just now. It is a thing to remember beside many a campfire."

She rose swiftly and went back into the cave.

(To be continued next week)

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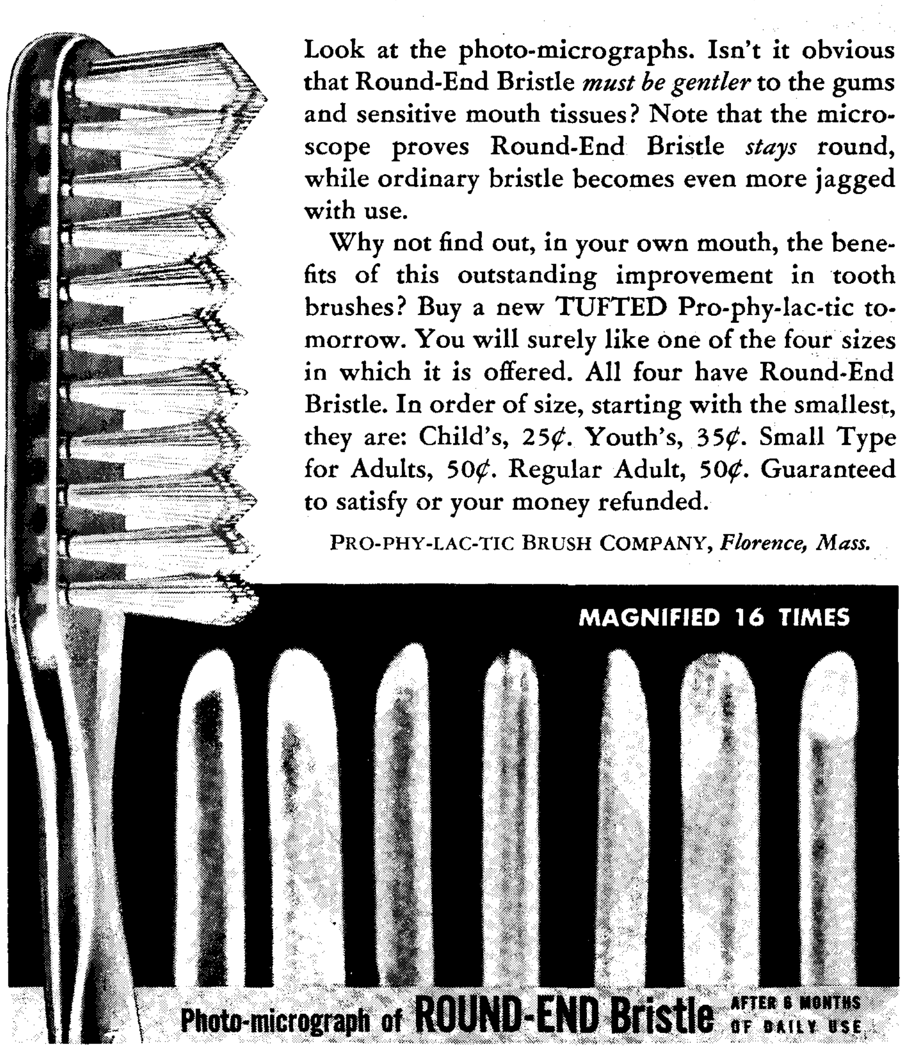
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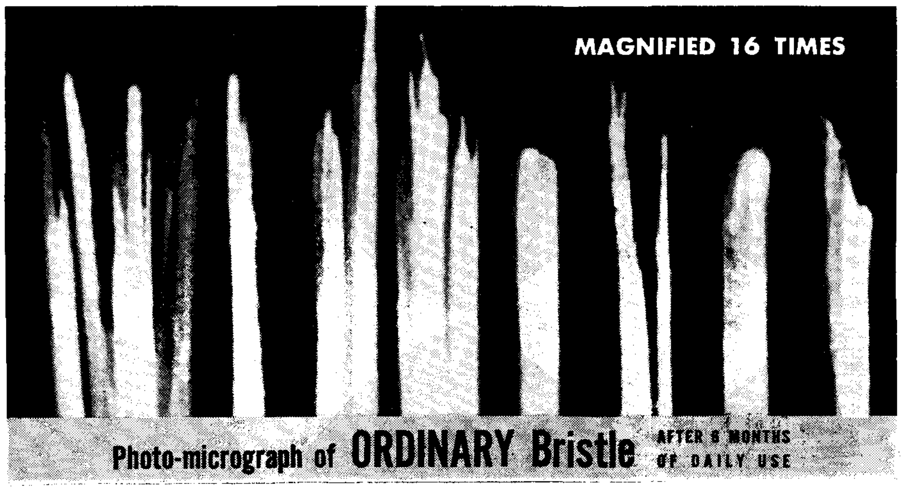
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Full Stream Ahead!

Continued from page 13

hours off a sixty-hour run. Why, the airplanes can't save more than this in wintertime or if they are off schedule. . . . Those mail contracts were profitable and the express business could be made profitable if it could be speeded up to match highway transport service.

But these "toy trains" would never solve *these* problems, the old fossils on railway boards in New York and Chicago reasoned. However, as these pioneer triumphal tours of the West progressed and stories of the overwhelming welcome the public accorded them reached the boards of directors, some of the younger ones felt it high time to step out and experiment too. Maybe there was something in it.

Managers of rival railroad lines looked on these two trains as the greatest publicity stunts ever pulled. It won't last, they argued, just a fad, and then everybody will forget about it . . . but it certainly woke up the people out in the sticks in a hurry. . . . Why, those people haven't ridden on any train since they traded their horses for their first flivver. . . . How could they ever be passengers for railroads, even if we did give 'em streamliners?

No Temporary Rider-Interest

After running a couple of hundred thousand miles each, these trains came home from their tours and went to work earning their cost. They had literally paid for themselves in free advertising. The Union Pacific train went to work on a run out of Salina, Kansas, and the Zephyr on a run out of Omaha, to Lincoln, Nebraska, both in the farm belt of the U. S. A. that was rapidly getting weaned away from all transport on the rails. You remember it was the Kansas farmer, in a mass migration in the family car, that helped to make Los Angeles the city of automobiles, oranges, airplanes and evangelists.

After going to work for a month, earning their cost, the first operating results amazed the gloomy Chicago railway managers. In the Windy City the spirits of half the citizens rise and fall with daily traffic reports from the railroads, as most of the country's leading systems have operating headquarters of some kind there. The Zephyr demonstrated its ability to replace two steam trains weighing four times as much as it does; had doubled the traffic on a heretofore declining run and cut operating expenses by two-thirds and proved its ability to earn $100,000 a year profit. The U. P. train has worked out in actual service almost as well, drawing from bus lines and private autos.

No temporary rider-interest here! And in August, 1935, the original Burlington Zephyr had a fourth car inserted in its articulated middle, because from ten to twenty standees had to be carried each trip! It will pay for itself in three years. Twenty-four months ago the Burlington felt that it would possibly have to abandon this run because nobody rode on the two steam trains!

From that time and for the next fifteen months things began to happen thick and fast in the railway world. Seventeen steam and Diesel streamlined trains were ordered by eight of the country's leading systems, for routes extending to every part of the United States, from Bangor, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, and from New Orleans to Minneapolis. In addition, with the sensibleness of cutting weight of passenger trains proved in practice, five leading railroads have ordered seven unique Diesel-engined rail cars to be used to pull one or two ordinary passenger coaches on short country runs, and do away with clumsy steam operation. Still a third phase of this rapid modernization program was put underway. Four leading railroads ordered, for delivery before Christmas, a total of nine of the most unusual Diesel and steam locomotives ever built—all of ultra high speed and of remarkably low fuel consumption, and of low unit of weight.

In all, since the two little streamliners wrote their inaugural ceremonies into the record of American transportation, a total of thirty-three of the most widely assorted and unusual pieces of railway passenger equipment ever built in the world have been ordered as the opening wedge in a wholesale revision in passenger train practice. More than $8,000,000 is represented in these trains, and the much maligned New Dealers have one of the alphabetical-soup bureaus, the RFC, headed in the right direction. This federal agency has put up most of the cash for streamlining the American railroads.

And now General Motors has rounded up so much Diesel railway equipment business that their newly revitalized subsidiary, the Electro-Motive Corporation, is completing a $5,000,000 plant near Chicago—the world's first plant devoted exclusively to the construction of Diesel railway equipment.

And the steam locomotive people are far from asleep. They have discovered new virtues in the old Iron Horse, and are tinkering with lightweight alloy steels, 350 pounds steam pressure, marine-type boilers, 90-inch drive wheels, chromium plated and bright enamel streamlined exteriors that look like a lady's bath trimmed in orchids. The Baltimore & Ohio has two of these beauteous creations—their blue Lord and Lady Baltimore locomotives, to haul their Royal Blue train from Washington to New York, to compete with the Pennsylvania's electrified, streamlined giants. The B. & O. has definitely decided to compete with the Pennsy's $100,000,000 electrification program with high pressure, lightweight, coal-burning steam locomotives and new Diesel locomotives. Daniel Willard, the astute B. & O. president, sees plenty of speed, greater economy and far fewer mechanical gadgets to worry about by keeping his line out of fancy electrification expense. It will be an interesting race to see who develops the most economical service. It takes a huge volume of business to write off $100,000,000 for electrification investment alone.

A Taproom on Wheels

Meanwhile, the most sensational piece of steam streamlining is that on the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific's twin Hiawathas — flaming orange and stainless steel streamlined passenger locomotives, that haul their 6½-hour train from Chicago to St. Paul and Minneapolis. Shining like a teakettle, this train broke all records in the first three months of operation by carrying nearly four hundred passengers a trip, each way, every day. No railroad ever piled up such a record in such a short time with a new train.

Not only did this train do an enormous business, but other trains on the same run did not suffer any loss in travel, showing instead a healthy increase. The Hiawatha was the first train ever built to abandon the traditional baggage car, and to use a coach partly without windows. In place of the baggage space, enterprising Milwaukee people put in a modernistic taproom, without windows and trimmed in bright colors. Sundeck type furniture and the ability to concentrate on the quality of refreshments, without being disturbed by the passing scenery, has made this the most famous innovation ever installed on a railroad train. And how the cash register does click! And you have to pass the dining-car section in order to get out of the place en route to your seat, so sales are high there also. It is one of the most profitable ideas ever tried out on a railroad.

Breaking World Records

The Milwaukee stepped into the picture with the Hiawatha, with the idea that too-lightweight equipment that was all in one piece (articulated) was all wrong. So they built their extra-wide cars of Cor-Ten steel, put roller bearings on the wheels and fixed the insides to look like a hotel lounge. Their triumphal financial success in the past five months has demonstrated the wisdom of improving on old-time designs, with a bit of extra weight and full width for comfort, instead of cutting off too much weight to save fuel. The "sailing" of the Hiawatha is a thrilling event for Chicago commuters up Evanston way, and they all come down to watch it go by, just as they did fifty years ago!

In this lightweight steam idea, the Baltimore & Ohio have started a most unusual experiment. They built two complete trains, one of duralumin and the other of stainless steel. One train will run from Baltimore and Washington to New York behind the trim, blue Lady Baltimore steam locomotive, an 1,800-horsepower lightweight type, while the other will run on the Alton out of Chicago, behind an 1,800 horsepower Diesel locomotive. The idea is to test the virtues of steam against Diesel power on an equal footing, and the respective merits of duralumin and stainless steel. This is the first experiment of its kind ever tried anywhere in the world, and upon its results will largely depend whether America will ride behind steam or Diesel locomotives. The Abraham Lincoln and the Royal Blue, as the B. & O. trains are known, have created a sensation. Their distinguishing feature is extra width, and a brand-new type of tight-lock couplers, costing $1,500 each, between cars so that when the engineer starts off, the entire train moves as a single unit, with no jerks. This feature was copied from the New York subways, where it has kept passengers from losing their false teeth for many years. The Alton line between Chicago and St. Louis will operate the Abraham Lincoln.

While the steam enthusiasts have launched out with some interesting modifications of traditional equipment, the striking new fields explored by the Diesel enthusiasts outshine anything ever done in rail transportation.

As we have outlined above, the amazing popular reception to the first streamliners caused railway graybeards to get a reckless feeling of "shoot the works, boys—we'll give it a whirl."

Hardly had the original Zephyr come home to roost, after its tours, when contracts were signed by Mr. Budd of the Burlington to build identical twin Zephyrs for the four-hundred-mile Chicago-Twin Cities run. The Union Pacific ordered a seven-car duralumin flyer, the world's first streamliner with sleeping accomodations, to cut off those twenty-four hours and make the Chicago-Portland, Oregon, run in thirty-nine hours. When it was finished this train and the original Zephyr kept the speed enthusiasts in a state of high feeling when they broke every world record for sustained speeds in the West, and on transcontinental runs.

The staid old Boston & Maine railroad in New England decided to order an almost exact replica of the original Burlington Zephyr for a double daily run from Boston to Portland and Bangor, Maine, calling for nearly 750 miles daily run each day in a 14½-hour period.

Next followed the unique double-ended Diesel commuting train ordered by the utra-conservative New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, from the Goodyear Zeppelin works at Akron, Ohio. This train was finished in May of this year, and is a creation of aluminum and stainless steel, having a four-hundred-horsepower Westinghouse Diesel at each end, with full operating controls just like a street car, so it can make the forty-four-mile run between Boston and Providence in forty-four minutes with a load of 160 passengers in three cars.

Down in the deep South, the enterprising little Gulf, Mobile & Northern railroad took the bull by the horns and decided to build two identical Diesel trains, with separate cars, tight-lock couplers, and christened The Rebel. These fiery red and silver trains took the South by storm. They have separate coach and sleeping compartments for white folks and colored people, and even carry Venetian blinds in the observation car to keep the sun and moon out of passengers' eyes!

Millions have heard the term "articulation," but it does not seem to mean much after buying a ticket. Well, it means simply this: an articulated train is made up as a unit, with one car-end resting on the same four-wheel truck as the car-end next to it. The Diesel power plants can best be visualized as glorified automobile engines with tiny fuel pumps that shoot the Diesel fuel oil into the top of cylinders which contain air brought to a high temperature by compression. Its advantage is a fifty per cent increase in output per gallon of fuel, and it won't explode.

With traffic men shouting with joy over their new sales appeal, the new streamliners have gone into service just as fast as they could be turned out.

An Upswing in Travel

Meanwhile on the Chicago-Twin Cities run, the news that the Burlington Zephyrs would be built prompted the Northwestern line to jump the gun with their famous "400," an ordinary train with an ordinary locomotive converted to an oil burner. In the first six months of its operation, the "400" carried 150 passengers each trip, with practically no drop in travel when the two other streamliners began service. The twin Burlington Zephyrs began a double daily service on June 2d, making over 900 miles per day each, and carried an average of 78 per trip, in the limited seating capacity. In October announcement was made that a fourth car would be added to each of these Zephyrs, to handle the increase in business. The Hiawatha on the Milwaukee, since May 29th and up to Labor Day, averaged 276 passengers per trip, each way, with many days so many tickets sold that they had to add a second section.

When the Union Pacific seven-car streamliner City of Portland started its sailing schedule of six round trips a month, the Northwest went wild. The train left full on every trip, and many of its passengers had never ridden on a train since they migrated west in the '90's. The other trains showed a healthy increase in travel.

One of the most encouraging signs of revival of business ever witnessed came with the traffic reports. Total gross passenger revenues showed a $17,000,000 increase in 1934 over 1933 and a $5,000,000 increase in the first seven months of 1935 over the same in 1934. In the same period of 1935 there was an increase of $21,000,000 in gross revenues over the same period in 1933. And traffic men swear it was the streamliners and air-conditioned trains that started the upswing in travel.

The Pullman car industry has long been one of the most important branches of American railroading. Yet after you talk with E. E. Adams, dynamic new vice president of the Pullman company, the future of the present type Pullman cars looks entirely different. In November, Mr. Adams started running a pair of new-type aluminum sleeping cars out over various lines throughout the United States on an experimental basis.

New Comfort for Sleepers

These cars consist of two articulated standard-size sleeping cars swung on four four-wheel trucks. The entire outside is streamlined and the wheels are shrouded. The first car consists of twenty-one individual bedrooms on two levels, yet both levels are reached from one common passageway.

The second consists of a block of staterooms, a buffet and a luxurious lounge including a rounded solarium. The entire unit is made to run behind the last car of a regular train and designed to eliminate the present type observation car. In this design, using individual bedrooms instead of the conventional upper and lower berths, the Pullman company, according to Mr. Adams, may have the solution to the upper and lower berths of ordinary Pullman cars.

Approximately the same sleeping capacity is possible with these two-level room cars, and if they prove a success during the year's experimental test operation, the Pullman company will probably never again build another ordinary Pullman sleeper.

Not to be caught napping, the Western lines have spent $40,000,000 air-conditioning their trains, dipping down into their last pile of reserve to modernize older, heavier but still serviceable equipment that must be worn out.

Schedules all over the United States have been speeded up in the past ninety days, and the long-dreamed-of Chicago-New York 12-hour train is not far distant. Uncle Sam's vast grade-crossing elimination program is the key factor in speeding up trains.

The Milwaukee, Seaboard Air, Baltimore & Ohio, and Boston & Maine have all ordered the new combination Diesel power and baggage cars, to be used in reviving short-line day passenger business.

And now the freight boys are stealing a leaf from the streamliner book, with several experiments under way on lightweight freight cars of alloy steels that will cut the total weight of freight trains by thirty per cent and be able to haul just that much more pay load.

America's ten-billion-dollar railroad system is in for a swift overhauling. The day of speed is at hand and the challenge is being met with fierce competitive efforts to regain for the rails their rightful place in America's complicated transportation system. Possibly a few billions of watered stock will have to be drained off, and maybe thousands of miles of surplus trackage abandoned, but the ultimate, if present trends continue, will be a new deal for railway security holders, a wonderful transportation for the American public and speeds and economies that would have been considered fantastic in 1929.

The next five years will be interesting ones for the transportation industry, and the airplane may find a fast, economical and comfortable competitor in the swift, birdlike flights of streamlined trains across the vast transcontinental network of railroads.

DO THIS to Ease Sore Throat INSTANTLY

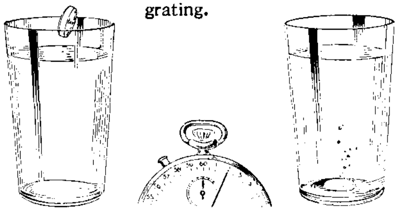
Relieve Soreness in Three Minutes this Easy Way

1. The moment you feel a throat irritation, crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN Tablets in ⅓ glass of water. Gargle twice. Do not rinse mouth.

Why BAYER Aspirin Works So Fast

Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a glass of water.

By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating.



IN 2 SECONDS BY STOP WATCH

A Genuine Bayer Aspirin tablet starts to disintegrate and go to work.

What happens in these glasses happens in your stomach — Genuine BAYER Aspirin tablets start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

2. If you have a cold, take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN Tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat if necessary, according to directions in package.

If you want the most astonishing and quickest relief from sore throat, you have ever experienced, just do this:

Crush and dissolve three Bayer Aspirin Tablets in ⅓ glass of water for use as a gargle.

Gargle your throat *twice* with this medicated mixture, holding the head well back to allow its going deep into the throat.

That's all! Relief will come almost instantly. For the Bayer Aspirin will act like a local anesthetic to ease throat pains. And, at the same time, will soothe and quiet irritation.

People by the tens of thousands are combating sore throat this way.

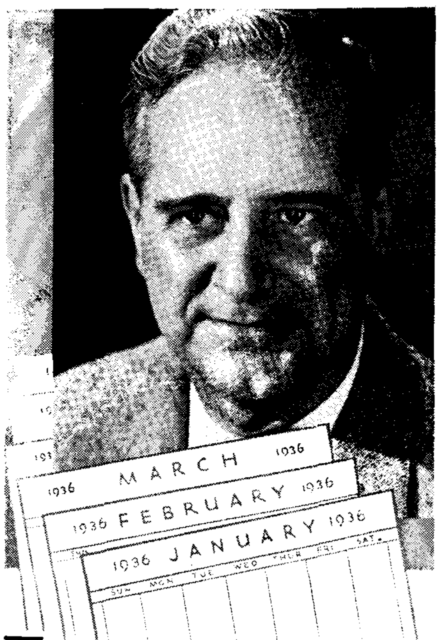
Doctors endorse it. And scientists acclaim it as perhaps the most effective gargle yet discovered — *for it provides a medication, and it takes medicine to combat a sore throat.*

If you have a cold with your sore throat — take two Bayer Aspirin tablets with a full glass of water at the same time you gargle. When you buy, though, be sure to get real BAYER ASPIRIN TABLETS. They dissolve fast and work fast.

Good Housekeeping Bureau

Bayer Tablets Aspirin

NOW REDUCED TO 15¢



The common sense thing to do –

Use a daily aid in building good general resistance

People used to wait until common winter ills bothered them, and then look for a means of getting over them. Many people today, however, take a more sensible view.

They figure that a little effort spent on *advance* precautions against winter ills may save much discomfort later. They use certain measures, *while they are well,* to remain in good health.

It's been found that winter ills attack more people in mid-winter than any other time of year. One reason is because the *general resistance* of many people is lowest during January and February.

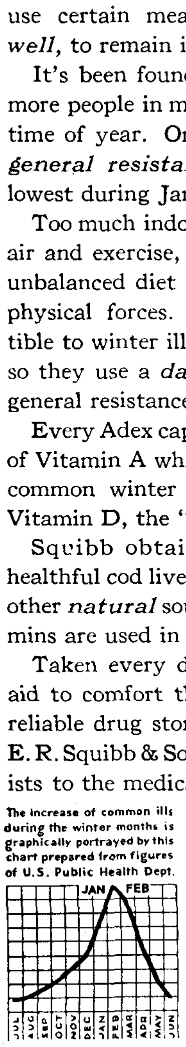
Too much indoor living, too little fresh air and exercise, too much work, and an unbalanced diet combine to deplete their physical forces. They are more susceptible to winter ills under these conditions; so they use a *daily* aid in building good general resistance—*Adex.*

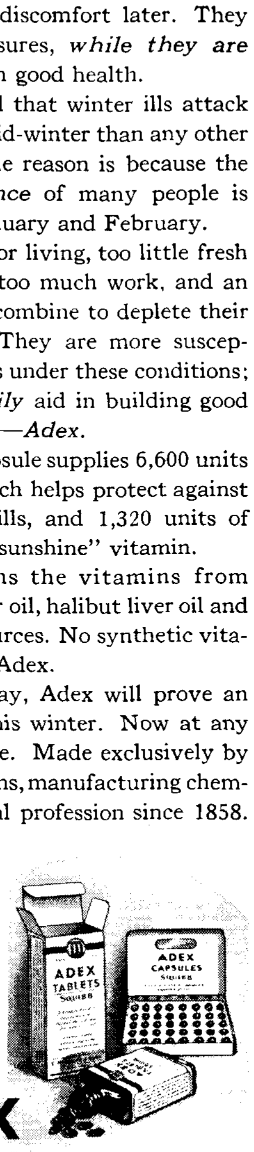
Every Adex capsule supplies 6,600 units of Vitamin A which helps protect against common winter ills, and 1,320 units of Vitamin D, the "sunshine" vitamin.

Squibb obtains the vitamins from healthful cod liver oil, halibut liver oil and other *natural* sources. No synthetic vitamins are used in Adex.

Taken every day, Adex will prove an aid to comfort this winter. Now at any reliable drug store. Made exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

The increase of common ills during the winter months is graphically portrayed by this chart prepared from figures of U.S. Public Health Dept.





ADEX
TABLETS and CAPSULES
SQUIBB

Mumbo Jumbo

Continued from page 9

"I am Turea," she said. "My father is Matua, the priest. He has sent me to keep house for you."

"He has sent you," thought Pennant, "to prove that I am not a god but a man," and aloud he said: "The woman who keeps house for me will have to be an old woman. Go back to Matua and tell him so."

But instead of going she came forward a little, and flung the black masses of her hair back over her shoulders.

"My father," she said, "has sent me to live in your house and be your woman."

"The gods," said Pennant, but his voice was not convincing even to himself, "don't marry." And he worked himself into anger. In that way lay safety. "If Matua doesn't know that he is a fool."

"Then you don't want me?" The ingratiating smile faded from her face. And she covered her breasts.

"I am as far above women," said Pennant, his husky voice denying him, "as the stars are above the sea. So go."

Still she lingered.

"When I tell you to go," said Pennant, "you must go. You must always do what I tell you to do."

But she did not go.

To her the man's firmly chiseled face was completely beautiful and the man himself, or the god, if that was what he was, completely desirable. If she could be his woman she would be the envy of every woman in the tribe.

The man's eyes had a kind of hypnotic quality. He had always had the power to force truth out of many who did not wish to tell it.

"Matua," he said, "sent you here to try me. Is that the truth, or not?"

"He said," she faltered, "that if you acted like a man, he would know that you were a man and have you killed. But if you did not act like a man he would know that you were a god, and he would have to obey you in all things."

"Go then," said Pennant, "and tell your father which I am."

When she had gone he raced to the hut which had been set aside for Leech and Bitts. The place reeked of gardenias but the weaker men had also resisted the temptations which had been sent to them.

THE man who voluntarily denies himself the pleasures of the flesh is often too harsh on those who do not. And the sudden metamorphosis of Pennant's character was based upon this unlovely foible in human nature. If he couldn't have a good time nobody should have a good time. Almost overnight he became one of those monstrosities of personal rectitude and intolerance which pass for good men. He invented a word for sin. The Rapitians had none. If hitherto they had lived by any rule of conduct it was akin to the Golden Rule. He introduced them, with cruel punishments for trespassers, to the Ten Commandments. And, more hideously punitive, put them to work.

Among the priest's effects, among all the religious books and paraphernalia, was a set of architectural drawings of the floor plan and elevations of a small and simple stone church. Pennant determined to enlarge the scale of this church, to add a steeple and to build it.

Leech and Bitts tried to talk him out of this idea. They thought his sudden religiosity was play-acting. It was not. He had been reading in the priest's books. He looked back upon the whole of his past life with horror. Only by doing good could he find redemption. They learned that he had been graduated from a New England church school, that he had been intended for the ministry. That he saw himself holding services and laying down the law before an altar of mother of pearl. The two withdrew from his presence dissatisfied.

"That's what you get for swearing off liquor and women," said Leech.

Often they thought of rebelling against the harsh rule of "Father" Pennant, but being lesser men continued to obey him. He soon began to speak of the church which he was to build as "the cathedral" and he drew plans for a school and a prison. Often he strutted patronizingly on the dark terrace below the seven stone gods of Rapiti and determined to overturn them and break them on the day when he should lay the cornerstone of the cathedral.

A GENUINE convert to Pennant's brand of religion, and perhaps the most devout of all, was Matua's daughter, Turea. But it was really the man whom she worshiped. And if, when she wasn't working, it pleased him to see her quiet, unadorned, somber and on her knees in prayer, why so be it. Almost foaming at the mouth, he had explained to her the meaning of sin. And she actually believed that it was wicked to laugh and dance and sing (unless hymns in the meeting house of pandanus mats) and be gay.

Almost overnight one of the noisiest islands in the Pacific had become the most quiet. And one of the laziest, happy-go-lucky tribes had become the most industrious.

Leech had been shown the quarry on a distant islet in the lagoon whence in ancient days the raw materials for the platform and the monolithic gods had been fetched. Putting hundreds to work building rafts upon which to transport the product, he reopened the quarry. Not accustomed to working in the hot sun between the hours of eleven and four, the quarrymen sickened and died like flies. They were replaced and the work went on.

For the most part the seven gods of Rapiti stood firm and strong in their places. But the central god, Oro, owing to the erosion of centuries, could be oscillated by hand and could have been overturned with a stout lever operated by a strong and able child.

In helping to unload the huge block which was to be the cornerstone of the cathedral, "Father" Leech scratched the sole of his foot, so that it bled, on live coral. Nobody but he noticed the bleeding and so no instant doubt was thrown upon his godhood. And in a few minutes the bleeding stopped. But because live coral is rotten with dead animal matter, the fine cuts became infected. The foot swelled and darkened. Then the leg. He took to his hut and lay day and night in great torment. And could not be present at the laying of the cornerstone.

And later when the tribe had gathered about the black terrace to see the old gods overthrown by the levers, wedges and mauls which Leech himself had prepared, his wrinkled old housekeeper came running to say that he was dead.

Matua was on his feet in an instant.

"He said that he was a god," he cried, "and now he is dead. Gods don't die. He was not a god. He was a man."

The king, Maputua, eater of men, came raging to the side of the high priest.

"It may be," he said, "that only the one who has died was a man. These two may be gods. Tie them hand and foot."

This was done with a joyous alacrity. Then he said that it would not be difficult to discover if the two were men or gods. He pricked them and they bled, and he laughed.

"We shall have a great feast," he said, "with laughter and singing and dancing and love-making."

Only a miracle or what might pass for a miracle could have saved the white men. But this was in the making.

The doomed pair, or Pennant at least, had still one humble but quick-witted friend. Turea loved the cold, intolerant, dreaming man with all her hot nature, and she discovered presently a means of saving him. It was the king himself who put the thought in her head. Pointing to the great stone gods he cried: "Those are our gods, and they shall not be overturned and thrown down. They shall stand for the ages of ages."

Turea had watched and even helped in the preparations for overturning the gods. She now stole away from the crowd and into the jungle directly behind the great god, Oro, which could be oscillated with a strong push of the hand. The lever designed to overthrow this god was in place. She bore down upon it with all her weight and the thirty-foot monolith leaned slowly forward.

Turea could not know that in these packed moments her father Matua had shifted his position on the platform so that he now stood where the god was about to fall. She only knew that the god was falling. And that if the human agency of the god's fall was discovered, the fall would have been in vain.

As she fled, shouts and screams of consternation and horror filled her ears, and above these sounds the smashing and crashing of the god's fall.

Once more she was mingling with the crowd, and there was silence. It was Pennant who broke it.

His hands had been loosely and clumsily tied behind his back, and he had succeeded in working them free. And when he showed that they were free the people believed that still another miracle had taken place. His voice cut like a knife.

"I have thrown down your chief god," he said, "together with his high priest. Now throw down the others yourselves or I will do worse things."

In a frenzy of fear and rage the people overturned the rest of their gods. And the day being still young, "Father" Pennant ordered them back to the quarry, and the stone-dressing sheds, and the excavation for the cathedral crypt and foundation.

BUT the prison was a going concern long before the cathedral.

If there was one thing that the mad man now hated more than another, it was nature. And all the cells of his prison and houses of correction were always filled and mostly with young people, who until his coming had not known that there was any such thing as sin.

One couple, notable for high spirit and beauty, succeeded in escaping. They fled into the high center of the island. But it was the dry season and by burning the whole side of a mountain he succeeded in smoking them out. And having caught them, he changed their sentence from one year—to life.

He confined them in cells which faced each other. He had small openings made in the stout doors of the cells, so that they could see each other and speak to each other, and long for each other.

They remained there two long years, indeed until the last stone of the cathedral had been laid.

By this time the girl had sickened and "Father" Bitts, who was always visiting the prisoners and making things as easy for them as he dared, believed that if she were not liberated she would die. And that if her lover were not also liberated she would die anyway.

So one night he set them free.

He did more than that. He had provisioned a seagoing canoe for them, and he gave them, wrapped in oilcloth, letters to the governor in Tahiti. And further, to make everything as right as possible, Bitts married them.

He doubted if they would reach Tahiti. But it was not unlikely that they would make some other habitable island. If not; well, at least, they would have the blessed privilege of dying free. And he blessed them and also the stout canoe in which they sailed away.

He did not confess what he had done. Time enough for that, he thought, if and when Pennant discovered that the birds had flown. It was possible that Pennant, so involved with a multiplicity of duties—for the man did not spare himself—would never know.

THE population of Rapiti had been cut in two. The survivors had the sad, brooding eyes of the condemned.

But they were all practicing and confessing Christians. And Pennant was highly gratified with the results of his labors in the island. But he had his worries.

Long ago he had learned in the confessional from Turea that it was she, herself, with her own hands, and not the intervention of a divine miracle, who had overturned the great god, Oro, and crushed her own father to death.

Up to the moment Pennant had believed in the miracle. And doubtless he would live to believe in it again. But whenever he was once more on the point of belief, he remembered what Turea had told him. And that irritated him.

She had also confessed that she loved him with all her heart and soul as a woman loves a man.

The day after these revelations, she had set out in her canoe ostensibly to collect sea snails on the reef, for he was very fond of them.

But she had not returned and her body had been found floating in the lagoon, a wilted gardenia above the left ear.

To the whole of Rapiti it was obviously a case of suicide, but Pennant decreed that she had come to her death by accident. And he had her buried under one of the flagstones of the cathedral floor. And he preached a sermon and said that Turea's life was an example for them all, himself included. Her character, he said, was without any stain whatever. She had been pious, dutiful, obedient, chaste and without reproach.

When he had finished he covered his eyes for a moment with the back of his hand—it is unknown why—and was seen to sway a little in the pulpit.

One day a French gunboat sailed into the lagoon and some officers with a dozen marines came ashore.

Pennant met them at the beach and, drunk with authority, told them that they were not wanted or needed, and ordered them off.

"And we are here," explained the smiling commander of the gunboat, "to arrest you for the murder of Captain Mallard."

No bolt out of a clear sky could have been more shattering. Pennant had seen the schooner sink. There had been no witnesses to the murder but himself, Leech and Bitts. Leech had died. He knew nothing whatever of the couple whom Bitts had liberated from the prison and sent to Tahiti with letters. For the first time in his life he was without power of speech. His eyes roved and there, sitting in the waist of the shore boat, he recognized the golden couple whom he had sentenced because of their illicit love. Fearing him no more, they stepped out of the boat and waded ashore smiling.

Intuition made everything clear, and Pennant turned upon the small and humble Bitts with concentrated fury.

"You gave the show away," he cried. "You! Always sneaking around behind my back and trying to undermine my good work. You had to tell!"

Bitts wriggled uncomfortably.

"And who double-crossed us?" he said. "Leech and me? You said we'd only have to stay until we'd collected all the pearls there was, and then we'd make off in the whaleboat and change our names and live like princes. We did just like you said to do. We played your game for you. We didn't look at the women. Not once. And you had to go and get religion and think you was the Almighty. And if anybody looked like they was having a good time you stamped down on them . . ."

"Pearls?" interrupted the smiling commander. "You have some pearls?"

"There's a wooden image in the cathedral," said Bitts, "all stuck full of 'em, black and blue and gold and pearl color like cloves in a ham."

At a nod from the commander two marines stepped up to Pennant and handcuffed him.

"You perhaps," said the commander to Bitts, "will guide me to the cathedral. And where, by the way, are the people? Isn't the island inhabited?"

Bitts turned to the young people whom he had befriended.

"Tell the people not to hide any longer," he said. "Father Pennant is going away forever—back where he came from." And added in English, "And I guess I'm going away too."

"Not if you are a wise man," said the commander. "These men and officers speak no English. When we inspect these pearls what if you run away? Do you think a French gunboat can take the time to look all over a big mountain for just one little murderer?"

"The people will know that I'm not a god," said Bitts, "and they'll kill me and eat me."

"That," said the commander, "is for you to think about. And now this wood image—stuck with pearls like the ham with the cloves—is it too heavy to carry? . . ."

BUT Bitts was not killed and eaten. There were too many golden brown men, women and children, especially children, whom he had befriended in his kind, wise little underhand ways. Indeed the people helped him to hide while the French made a perfunctory search for him, and before the gunboat bearing "Father" Pennant to Tahiti to be tried for piracy on the high seas was hull down on the horizon, they had organized a great feast of rejoicing for him.

At this feast, which lasted for several days and nights, he got gorgeously drunk on fermented oranges and, being an undersized man, chose for himself a strapping big wife with whom he lived in lazy good-natured contentment for the rest of his days.

In one of the government warehouses at Tahiti was a guillotine, knocked down and crated just as it had been sent out from France. This was assembled and set up in what is now the market place of Papeete, and while he was waiting for Pennant to be fetched from the prison, the executioner, chosen by lot for the occasion, suffered horribly from stage fright, and had to be braced with brandy. Some thoughtful officers had a banana plant cut down. They helped him to chop the soft neck-thick trunk into short pieces. Practice makes perfect. And although Pennant prayed aloud till the last moment, his head was cut off at the first attempt.

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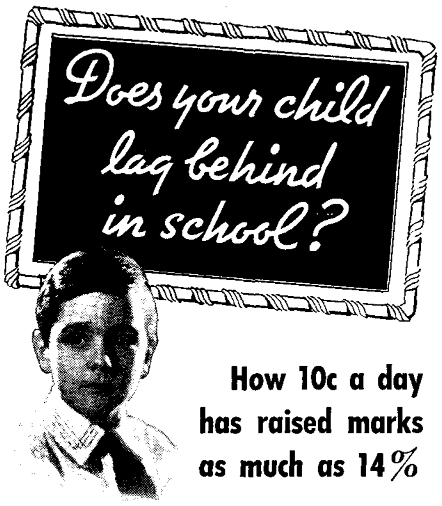
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Callingham's Girl

Continued from page 15

to the psychopathic ward," said Cantavo. "You'll have trouble keeping that address out of the papers."

"I know how you must feel. But, Bill, I'll explain everything when I see you. And promise me you'll tell no one."

"What time do you want me?" he asked. There was reluctance in his voice.

"Any time after six," she said. "It will be really dark then. Goodby."

CANTAVO emerged from the booth. Despite his big breakfast he felt hungry. He glanced into the restaurant of the Makewell. But he couldn't be sure about the Makewell chef. The hotel bore a good reputation but a man was stupid to take chances. So he went to a chop house on Broadway. The manager greeted him with enthusiasm. He led the musician to a flaming grill and presented him to a flattered chef, who selected a mutton chop with great care. Also, he recommended highly the vegetable soup. Cantavo left the restaurant, three quarters of an hour later, in the most pleasant frame of mind.

But he scowled as he stood uncertainly on the sidewalk. Here he was with a free afternoon and nothing to do. It was about time he fell in love again. Love was a swell thing. The last time he had endured its pleasant pangs he had enjoyed every minute of it. Of course, love had to end sometime, but while it lasted it was pretty gay. He wondered if he'd ever really fall in love permanently. He shook his head. Probably not. Somehow, he always seemed to get tired. But he wished he had some girl now that he liked well enough to take to a picture or a vaudeville show. But for the past six months he had been completely fancy free. The only girl he liked to talk to was Rosie Reardon and he made a rule never to play around with people who worked for him. It caused disgruntlement in the band. The other girls—sometimes he had as many as four women singers—thought he was playing a favorite if he assigned a popular number to the girl of his fancy. Anyway, Rosie had a yen for some Canadian. Gee, he hated that. Something would be missing when Rosie left the band. He sighed heavily, walked down Broadway until the sign outside a picture palace attracted him. It was a sad picture and, hard-boiled though he pretended to be, he wept furtively through the more harrowing scenes and enjoyed himself thoroughly.

At shortly after five he reached his apartment.

"That Mrs. Bostwick telephoned twice while you've been out," Sam told him.

"Any message?" asked Cantavo.

"No, but she seemed mighty disappointed. I told her you'd call up the minute you came in."

"You did? And what made you say that?"

"She's a pretty lovely lady. I saw some pictures of her in last Sunday's paper. My, Mr. Cantavo, she's as beautiful as one of those film actresses."

"You be careful, Sam," said Cantavo. "You quit trying to marry me off."

A moment later he was speaking to the pretty widow, whom he had met recently.

"Bill Cantavo, you promised me that on the first Friday that came along you'd lunch with me and do things in the afternoon."

"I couldn't be sorrier. A lot of business—"

"A lot of nonsense," she interrupted. "Now you must dine with me. I won't be denied. I'm a dangerous woman. What I want I get."

"I dine so early," protested Cantavo.

"I know that. My cook is serving dinner at exactly six-fifteen."

"I'll be there," said Cantavo.

"Not too reluctantly," said Mrs. Bostwick.

"With delight," he told her.

He hung up the receiver with a bang. He liked to dine with the band on Friday night. But he *had* promised Virginia Bostwick that he would devote this Friday afternoon to her and he hadn't kept his promise. Why did he make such promises? Mrs. Bostwick was pretty and entertaining, but what of it? He felt a sudden nervousness. She had just said that she was dangerous and that what she wanted she got. She was right in both statements. She could be very dangerous to a man's peace of mind. She was shrewd as well as charming. Thoughts of her were apt to creep into a man's brain and evoke memories. And in the last few months Cantavo had more than once felt that Virginia Bostwick looked at him with eyes that held more than friendship. He lacked physical vanity. He constantly referred to himself as the fat old fiddler, but there were always the facts and these were that women liked Bill Cantavo.

The Bostwick woman had money and position. She had been married fifteen years ago; from what Cantavo had heard, the marriage had been happy. But seven years ago Jim Bostwick had died. And here was a somewhat romantic widow in her very early thirties who craved new sensations.

He went into the bedroom and began undressing. The telephone rang and Sam told him that Penfold was calling.

"Thought I'd let you know, Bill. I'm still on the Marsten case."

"What do you mean?" asked Cantavo.

"Beeman came to see me this afternoon. He says that Marsten wants his wife's name cleared. So I'm going to do my best to prove something, although the Lord only knows what that something may be."

CANTAVO muttered a noncommittal response and hung up.

He changed into the full evening dress in which he conducted his band, placed a silk hat upon his head, told Sam to telephone Graham and say that he couldn't eat with the orchestra tonight, and left his hotel. He stepped into his own car and gave the driver Virginia Bostwick's address.

She lived in a pretty little house in Sixty-first Street. She employed no menservants in the house and Cantavo gave his hat, coat and stick to a maid who looked as if she had stepped out of a chorus. Virginia Bostwick had enough money and position to be able to afford to be a trifle bizarre. She came down to the dainty drawing-room within a minute after Cantavo had arrived. Her dark eyes flashed a greeting more meaningful than the conventional words her full lips uttered.

"I'm not going to make you wait a minute for your dinner," she told him as the maid brought cocktails. Slowly she let her hand drop from his.

Cantavo touched the rim of the glass with his lips. Then he put it down and escorted his hostess into the dining-room. He had barely entered the room when he became aware of matters that increased his reluctant admiration for Virginia Bostwick. As they sat down he beamed at her.

"I'm told that some Frenchman is a genius at perfumes, that he can fit a fragrance to the soul. You wouldn't fool the old fiddler, would you? I mean, you didn't hire him to invent an essence that smelled like corned beef and cabbage?"

She smiled at him, wrinkling her pretty nose.

"No, but I think I'll hire him to remove the psychic traces of this repast. I heard you say once that no private home in New York, that you'd ever been in, could serve your favorite dish properly. I wanted to show you how mistaken you were."

He looked at her with something akin to reverence in his eyes.

"I'm almost willing to believe you're not going to serve anything first," he said.

"I deserve that faith," she laughed. "Bill Cantavo, you're going to have a meal."

IT WAS a meal. Not only was there corned beef and cabbage and boiled potatoes, but there were popovers, smoking hot, and there was a bread pudding later on.

At the conclusion of the meal he leaned back in his chair and stared at her.

"I hate to tell you, but you must never ask me to dine again. I'm trying to get thin and you, with your womanly wiles and your seductive graces, are going to make me fat."

"Ridiculous! Robust is the word. And I told you that I am a dangerous woman."

"You're all of that," he generously conceded. "I haven't had a meal like that in ten years. You put ideas of marriage in my head."

"Is this a proposal?" she giggled.

"Well, let me look at your cook before I ask her to marry me," he smiled.

"A cautious man," she jeered. "We'll have coffee in the drawing-room," she told the maid.

"You avoided me at the wedding reception yesterday," she said.

"Didn't see you," he told her.

"It's too unbelievably tragic, isn't it? I loved Mary."

There was a sincerity in her voice that almost startled Cantavo. Virginia Bostwick was a swell girl and she had marvelous culinary ideas, but he had not looked for depth of feeling in her.

"You knew her well?" he asked.

She nodded.

"I'm a dozen years older, but we were intimate. Her mother was very sweet to me when I first came to New York."

"I bet you came from Maine. Only New Englanders really understand corned beef and cabbage."

"New Hampshire," she laughed. "You're a great friend of Tim's. How well did you know Mary?"

He shook his head, lighted a cigarette and looked at her.

"Not very well. But I liked her."

"She was grand. And brave. Her mother and father died several years ago. She had very little money and had been used to a great deal. But she never whimpered."

"She lived pretty well. Her apartment didn't seem the home of a girl that was poverty-stricken," said Cantavo.

"She had that from her parents. But she couldn't have kept it up much longer. As a matter of fact, until she fell in love with Tim, she'd been trying to get rid of it. She tried to earn money, too."

"Had she? How?" Cantavo was interested.

"Theater."

Cantavo stared at her.

"I never knew that."

"No one did except myself. Not even Tim."

"Why didn't she tell him?" asked Cantavo.

"She had a queer pride; perhaps it was conceit, although I never thought so. I don't think she minded failure as much as she hated the idea of receiving sympathy for failure. She knew that if her friends found out that she had not made good in the theater they'd all be sorry for her. She had tremendous pride. I'd be afraid—really—to feel sorry for her now. Wherever she is, she would resent it."

"Funny it never got out. After all, Mary Byran was pretty well known. Usually, when a girl like that goes on the stage the newspapers get hold of it. And, usually, the girls want the papers to know about it. They figure that publicity will do them good."

"Not Mary. She was afraid she might get a job on account of her name and she didn't want that. She used another name, called herself Mary Carney."

"But why wasn't she recognized?"

"She never played in New York. She got a job in the chorus of Lady Lightning."

Cantavo nodded.

"I remember. It was sick in Philadelphia, seemed to improve in Washington, but died the death in Boston."

"Exactly. And it was in Boston that she met Walter Callingham."

Cantavo's eyebrows lifted.

"Do you know that?"

"Mary told me so. She said that he was a pretty dreadful person."

"But she was a nice girl. I can't believe that she and Callingham—"

"Nor I. I *know* she was nice. I can no more imagine why she killed him—" She dabbed at her eyes with a wispy handkerchief.

"You haven't told the police any of this?"

"And I'm not going to."

Cantavo rose.

"Workingmen can't linger no matter how much they want to when it's work-time," he told her. "May I come again?"

"Try and avoid coming," she said.

ROSIE REARDON emerged from the dressing-room near the check girl's counter as Cantavo was surrendering his outer clothing at the Monroe.

"Threw us down tonight for a luscious brunette, didn't you?"

"How did you guess?"

"Your man Sam told Graham. You watch your step, Bill. That gay widow will marry you when you aren't looking. I can tell the symptoms in a woman about to get her man."

"Don't be silly," he laughed. He walked into the ballroom and took his place on the platform. For an hour and a half he led his orchestra.

Promptly at nine he stepped from the platform and walked directly to a table by the door. A waiter was just presenting a check to the lone guest at the table. Cantavo waved check and waiter away. Henderson looked up at him, protest on his lips. Cantavo sat down beside the inspector.

"If you pinched me and threw me in jail I'd expect you to feed me. I'd be your guest. When you're here, you're my guest, Jim." He eyed the inspector's immaculate dinner jacket. "On a loop? All dressed up, aren't you? You ought to have a girl with you. Where is she?"

"No girl. No fun. Business."

"Some of my band been bad?"

Henderson shook his head.

"Not yet."

"You sound hopeful."

"Those reefers are bad things. I know, sometimes it makes a lad feel his music more intensely, but marijuana is a drug and it's a criminal offense to possess it."

"I've only got one lad who smokes it and he's going to quit. You didn't come up to pinch him, did you?"

Henderson ignored the question.

"Jack Rapport been in here tonight?" he asked.

"Haven't seen him," Cantavo replied cautiously. "Why?"

"Thought I might have a little chat with him."

"What's he got to do with the Marsten case?" inquired Cantavo.

"The Marsten case? Nothing. Why do you ask that?"

"That's what you're working on, isn't it?"

"Hell, no. That's all finished. Except for Marsten hiring Penfold to see if he can't sweeten his wife's name."

CANTAVO felt a sneer in the inspector's voice.

"You're hoping Penfold has no luck? That isn't like you, Jim."

"Isn't it? I'd just love it if Penfold proved Mrs. Marsten had nothing to do with killing Callingham and that I frightened her into suicide. That would make a murderer of me, Bill. But Marsten's crazy. The case is closed."

"I suppose so," conceded Cantavo. "But what has Rapport been doing?"

"Curious, eh? The fiddling philosopher wants to know things. Just an old gossip. Well, Bill, I'd tell you my business when I wouldn't tell my own mother. And is she a gabby old sweetheart! Rapport will never get out of the rackets, Bill. We were just talking about reefers. But they're nothing. There are other drugs. You may have heard of them."

Cantavo nodded.

"So that's where Rapport gets his bucks?"

Henderson shrugged.

"I wouldn't say yes and I wouldn't say no. I'd just like a little chat with him. Where's Willy Jernegan tonight?"

"Now, don't tell me Willy's in the racket," grinned Cantavo.

"He chums around with a girl I've been wanting to see. Amy Martin. Know her?"

Cantavo grew weary.

"I've met her a couple of times," he admitted.

"Recently?"

Cantavo shook his head.

"Well, if you do run into her, tell her I'd like to see her."

"Can't you find her?"

"One of my men did last night, but she gave him the slip. Bright lad. He'll be on Staten Island pounding a beat tomorrow. When you see her, tell her there's nothing to be afraid of. I just want to ask her a few questions about Jack Rapport."

"Sure I will. I'll tell her. If I ever see her. I don't know why I should."

"Neither do I, except that she wants to see you. She was pretty anxious last night, wasn't she?"

"Go on," said Cantavo, "pull the rabbit out of your sleeve."

"There's a quiet alarm out for Martin. And there's a chatty clerk at the Santiago. You're a famous man, Bill. When you call on dames at four in the morning hotel clerks remember the visit and they chat with plain-clothes men. Now, it's none of my business. That is, in a way, it is. We want Martin and she wants to see you. At least, she did last night. She may want to again tomorrow. If she does, and you see her, tell her that hiding from the cops is bad business."

"Why don't you trail me to see if I meet her?" asked Cantavo.

Henderson patted him on the sleeve.

"Don't be that way. I wouldn't do a thing like that to you. I know that if the little girl sees you, you'll give her the right advice. You certainly were swell tonight, Bill. Boy, when you scrape that fiddle I sure want to dance."

"Thanks a lot," said Cantavo.

(To be continued next week)

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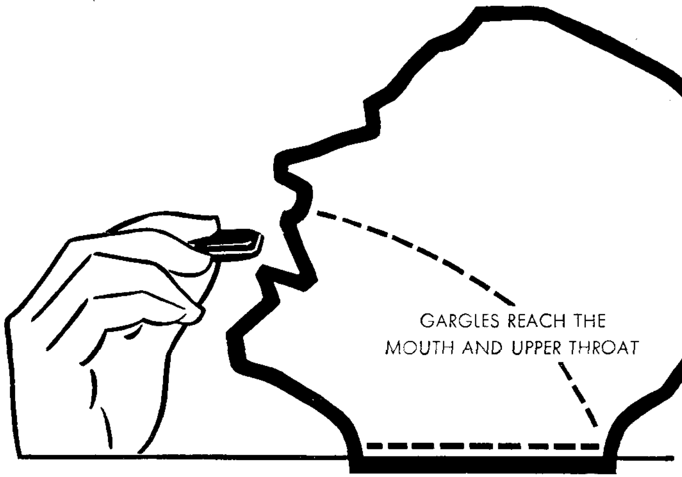

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Something about a Uniform

Continued from page 22

ter; there are I don't know how many shots; I feel something burning hot in my shoulder, and hear Dan yelling and Mabel screaming. Then the thing in my shoulder turns ice-cold and I get giddy in the head. I think I am not behaving very well, but there's nothing in the Usher's Manual to cover the situation. People are running all around me in circles when I pass out.

The room in the hospital is very white and clean and dignified, and when I open my eyes I feel kind of contented and lazy. Then I see Mr. Bessenger sitting next to me and I remember a lot of things and do not feel so good.

"I guess I fainted," I say.

"Right in the lobby," he grins. "It's against all the rules."

"What happened?"

"We were lucky." He smiles grimly. "All of us, that is, except you. Your friend Mooney wasn't hurt. Those boys were shooting wild and Mooney was shooting lucky. He nipped the driver of the car, and the car crashed into a taxi and the rest was more or less easy. I got my hair mussed; our two private dicks got sore wrists from being tied up; Mabel got a shock. The doctor's keeping her in bed for a few days. She'll be in to see you soon. Glad?"

"Sure," I tell him half-heartedly. "Always glad to see Mabel."

"Mooney grabbed all the credit for the capture of the gang. He's going to be promoted."

"Ain't that great?" I mutter.

"And so are you," Mr. Bessenger goes on. "You're going to be my third assistant. That means a stiff shirt and black tie every evening and a general assignment to roam around and look handsome and important."

"Thanks, Mr. Bessenger," I say. I should make more of it, I know, but I just can't get interested.

"You'll look pretty classy in evening dress if we pad the shoulders right," he says.

"Maybe I will," I answer. "I never wore one."

"You'll go over pretty big with Mabel."

I smile a little. "With Dan Mooney in the uniform of a sergeant of police—"

Mr. Bessenger gives a whoop. "Who said he's going to be a sergeant?"

"You just told me—"

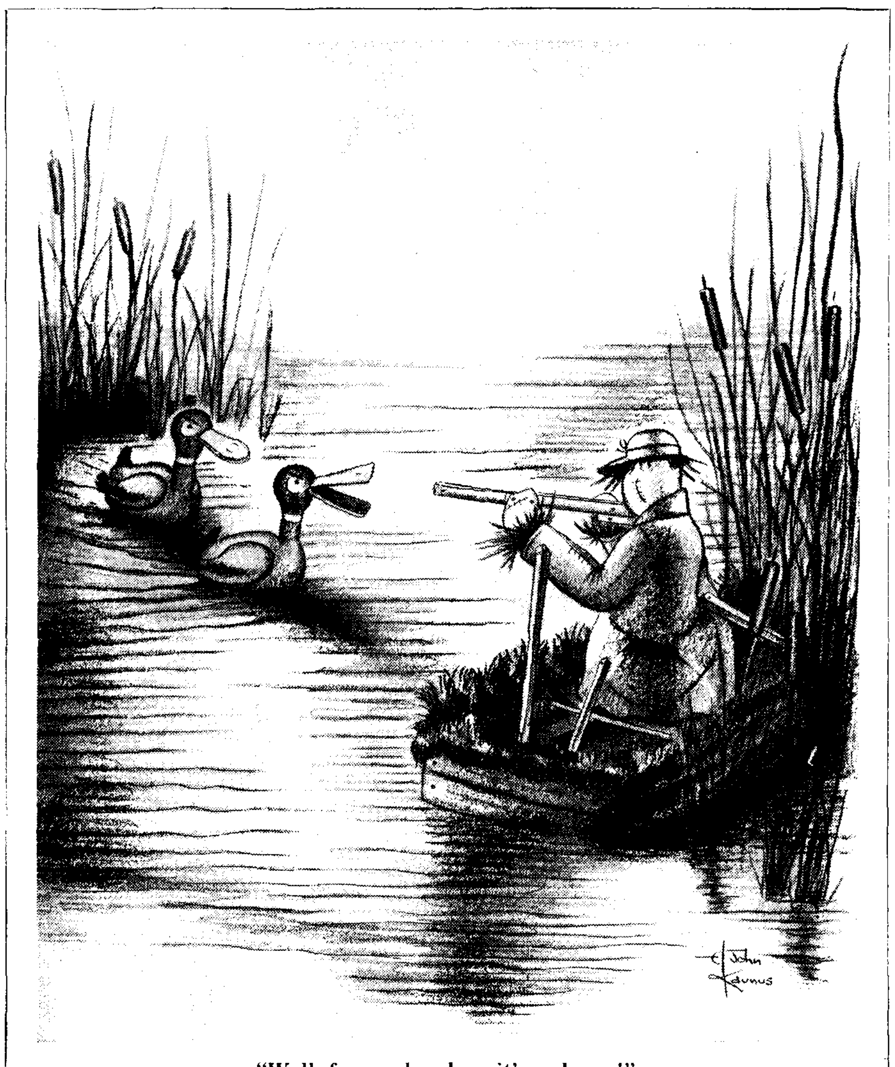
"Sure. He's been promoted." He reaches over and grabs my arm. "Timmy, tell me something! What kind of a guy is the most unromantic-looking guy in all New York?"

I STARE at him and hold my breath. "A detective, Timmy!" he cries. "One of those dicks with an all-year derby and square-toed shoes, and pants that always need a pressing. That's what Dan Mooney's going to be! He's been promoted from patrolman to plain-clothes man!"

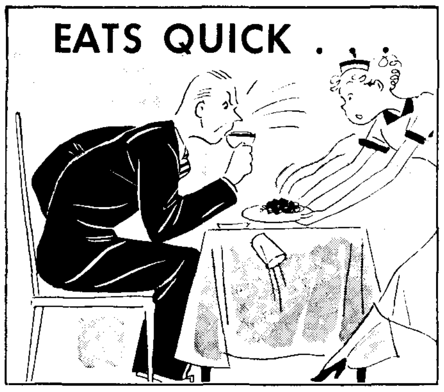
I try to raise myself on one elbow, and I fall back into the pillow. Then I start to laugh. I laugh long and loud as I think of Dan Mooney, the flatfoot, without a brass button to his name, taking Mabel home and trying to pull anything on that brownstone stoop.

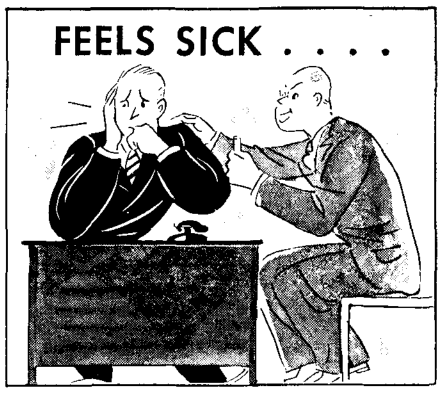
When I open my eyes my nurse is bending over me and looking very worried. She is a nice, kind nurse and I would not for the world take any liberties. But at the moment I am so happy I forget myself entirely. I draw back my one good arm and land one across her back so hard she topples forward on the bed.

"Really, Mr. Slattery!" she says coldly as she picks herself up. "A little more dignity, if you please!"



"Well, for gosh sakes, it's a decoy!" JOHN KAUNUS





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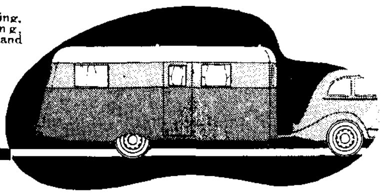

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High Ski

Continued from page 19

circuses. The local moppets were friendly. They likewise were curious. What kind of kids could these new Amerikaners be not to know jump-turns, gelander-sprungs, the telemark, the christiana?

They offered their skis. The Amerikaners tried them and fell. Their blades crossed. Their knees wobbled. Their feet slid apart. But the quondam Floridians vowed they'd learn to ride those bed slats as well as anybody. However, they wouldn't do their learning out where the other kids could laugh.

Retiring to a piece of snowy landscape safe from the critical eyes of their more proficient German playmates, they laid out their own trails and built their own private jump. Here, after numberless hours and countless nasty spills, they mastered the tricky art of riding the runners and even began to develop a certain unmistakable finesse. It was tougher for Dick. He was the smaller of the pair, but he gradually became the more talented performer.

Skiing stunts became his hobby and likewise his passion. He began doing tricks even the Germans couldn't do. One of these was to whip down the jumping incline at terrific speed, and take off at the lip of the jump at such an angle that he would turn in a complete circle in mid-air and land facing downhill. The jumping somersault was a cinch for him. Even the double somersault was easy. Because he was too short to climb over fences on a cross-country run, he perfected a sensational forward somersault, using his ski poles as pushers. To save his strength in strenuous downhill racing, he discarded the crouching and the skidding of the so-called Arlberg technique and developed a high-speed turn which can't be done at less than thirty miles an hour and which the experts now call the high-tempo turn and try to copy.

With all this he mastered the orthodox methods, too.

At the age of fourteen this kid, but two years out of Florida, completely self-taught but a born virtuoso, was proclaimed by experts to have perfect skiing form. He had far outstripped his German playmates and was, in fact, the local prize and pride.

Skiing in Summer

In all, he was in Garmisch-Partenkirchen six years. The last two saw him undisputed champion of his club, with sensational wins over many of the most experienced skiers in the Alps. His titles covered jumping, cross-country racing, downhill, straight-line running and the slalom. The latter is the following of a long serpentine course laid out down a steep incline and marked with pairs of flags stuck in the snow below each other at such angles that the runner, who must pass between each pair, must whiz a testing, zig-zag trail.

The slalom, probably the keenest test of real ski mastery, was his specialty and in 1933, at the age of eighteen, he won his major foreign triumph, when in a great national meet, he was officially crowned the junior slalom champion of all Germany.

Returning to the United States, Durrance later established himself in the little town of Newport, New Hampshire. He planned to attend the local high school and prepare for Dartmouth College.

Dartmouth produced Daniel Webster, Doctor Ernest Martin Hopkins, the song "For It's Always Fair Weather When Good Fellows Get Together . . ." and a football team that finally beat Yale, but, in certain circles, at any rate, its most famous and most widely copied extracurricular activity is its Outing Club, featuring all winter sports, but especially skiing and annually sponsoring a now world-famous Winter Carnival.

Durrance arrived in Newport in summer and snow was still months away, but local youngsters had discovered that skiing of a sort could be had by packing their trails and jumps with pine needles. It offered only about half the speed of the regular sport, but jumps of at least forty feet had been registered and downhill work of a sort could be had. Durrance hastened to join in the fun. Local experts looked at each other with unbelieving eyes when this wisplike Southerner began to perform. He did things they'd only read about in books, and with a nonchalant ease that made them seem doubly astonishing.

Durrance lived in Newport under the aegis of Mr. Gould for a year, serving in every capacity from butcher to clerk. His young eyes were on Dartmouth but he lacked sufficient credits for entrance and at Gould's suggestion he enlisted in the local Towle High School to make up his academic deficiencies. He breezed in his classes, being an excellent student, did his work in the hotel, and in his spare time, rode his skis, for of course snow finally came to blanket the north country and Dick was happy again.

Snow Men

As a competitor in meets, he was soon a sensation. He easily bagged every title within touring reach. He shattered the Taft Trail record three times in successive weeks, vanquished all the college stars of the area and capped his schoolboy season by winning the Eastern United States Downhill title. With all this he completed his school work satisfactorily, passed his entrance requirements for Dartmouth and was officially enrolled as a freshman in the fall of 1934.

Here, for the first time in his career, he encountered expert coaching. Hitherto he'd had no coaching of any sort, his remarkable championship technique being purely the result of his own tireless experimentation.

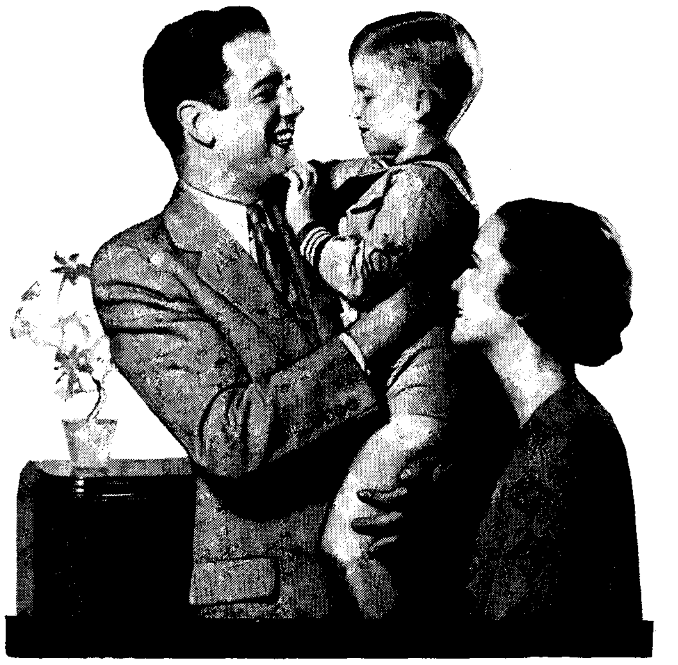
The coaching was done by Otto Schniebs, top kick in a crack German regiment during the late unpleasantness, but now a naturalized American citizen. The Dartmouth Outing Club had engaged him.

A varsity squad of sixty or seventy-five needed expert ski coaching. Colleges all over the East had copied the Outing Club idea freely and gladly acknowledged Dartmouth as their pattern. Fifteen of these colleges had formed an Intercollegiate Circuit to foster regular winter competition. Of these McGill, Toronto, Ottawa, St. Patrick's (Ottawa), New Hampshire, Dartmouth, Maine, Vermont, Bates, Middlebury, Norwich, Bowdoin, Williams and Amherst were competing regularly against one another and Harvard, Yale and Princeton, none of which is a snow college, were beginning to send entrants.

Schniebs found a real job awaiting him and the job found a real man in Schniebs. What Schniebs found in Durrance was beyond words but his coaching intelligence was immediately manifest when he decided not to tamper overmuch with the young man's self-taught technique. Some of the things Durrance did, such as that "high-tempo turn" and the forward somersault over fences in cross-

(Continued on page 50)

THE TYPICAL I.C.S. STUDENT!



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(Continued from page 49)

country competition were not in any book that had ever been written, but Coach Schniebs promptly and wisely decided that that was because no author had ever seen a skier such as Durrance.

The young man fitted into Dartmouth's ice-skimming picture perfectly, and there was quite a picture for him to fit into. The Big Green team faced a rugged schedule of ten major meets beginning with the Snow Birds Annual College Week at Lake Placid, New York, and ending three and a half months later at Mount Rainier, Washington, with the United States National Slalom Championship Meet and the National Olympic Selection Meet.

Up to the departure for Rainier, the Dartmouth team swept every meet, except strangely enough, that of its own Winter Carnival, when it finished third to New Hampshire and McGill. Young Durrance was phenomenal. Even in the Dartmouth Carnival meet, where his team, as a team, was beaten, he garnered the majority of the individual honors with three firsts, a second and a third.

The athletes were Warren Chivers, whose father is a Professor of Chemistry; Ben Woods, whose distinguished progenitor is a Professor of Sociology; Ted Hunter, whose sire for years was Dartmouth's Superintendent of Buildings, but who now is a Hanover contractor and architect; Link Washburn, son of the former ambassador to Austria and later Professor of Poly Sci, as the students call Political Science at Dartmouth. These and young Durrance.

To any son of Dartmouth that paragraph will say a lot. It means that the four competitors besides Durrance were Hanover kids, born in the snows and grown to manhood on skis. Hanover youngsters, boys and girls, are like those kids over in Garmisch-Partenkirchen. They're riding skis before they're riding velocipedes and for that reason they never bother with velocipedes.

By bus to Chicago, thence westward by train, they whizzed on their way to stand at last before Paradise Inn gazing upward toward the frozen shoulders of mighty Rainier. It was young Durrance whose eyes shone the brightest. It was Garmisch-Partenkirchen again, almost duplication so far as skiing conditions went. Wide-open country, steep slopes of sheer speed, none of the fir trees and pine groves and stumps and stone walls that cluttered the landscape around Hanover. Here was merely a matter of riding the wind, of staying aboard at high speed, of giving the skis all the run they had in them with few worries about natural obstacles to avoid or to clear.

The team swept through the preliminary meets in top order. On April 5-6, in a dual meet with what had become their fast friends—the University of Washington Ski Team—the Dartmouth team finished 1, 2, 3, 7, and 8 in the Downhill; 1, 3, 4, 6 and 7 in the Slalom. Young Mr. Durrance rang in the two firsts. The downhill coincided with the Olympic trail downhill course and the slalom was run on the same hill where the Olympic event was to be held a week later.

Blind Skiing

Two other warm-up meets saw the eastern collegians riding their runners successfully and then on Saturday, April 13th, the Olympic downhill trails were traced down the bosom of what is known as Sugar Loaf from a take-off eight thousand feet toward the clouds. Through soupy fog for half the distance, the lads came flying, more or less blindly, to hit the last *schuss*, an 800-foot drop at a 35-degree slant. Most of them hit the finish line at something like sixty miles an hour!

Next day brought the Olympic slalom. The course was expertly laid out by Ed Newell, former New Hampshire State ski star. Most of it was clear, or as skiers say, "wide open," but there was a sufficiency of "closed gates," "narrow corridors," "tight flushes" and "cornices" to make it the truest possible test of skiing skill.

When it was all over, three of the Dartmouth lads, Hunter, Chivers and Durrance, had made the Olympic team and the fourth, Washburn, had been selected as an alternate. The other member, Woods, suffered the misfortune to have a bad day. Young Durrance had been the bright particular star of the Rainier venture in general and the Olympic downhill and slalom trials in particular.

He was the first of what, in the morning, had been a field of sixty qualified American amateurs to cross the line in the Olympic downhill, although, so far as the particular race went, he was second to an ineligible Austrian ski teacher named Hannes Scroll, who went along, more or less, for the buggy ride.

In the slalom, Durrance was third to Scroll and Robert Livermore, Jr., of the Hochgebirge Ski Runners of Boston. But this was only one day, and his overall record for the meets and competitions held in the vicinity that week was four firsts, two seconds and a third. His Olympic Trial combined rating was officially entered as One.

Once Aboard the Blades

Thus a Floridian becomes the top hope of the American team of fifteen, the rest of whom are northern lads, mostly of Scandinavian extraction. His companions in the frosty Olympic adventure on the slopes he knew as a neophyte will be: Nils Backstrom and Birger Torrisen, of the Norfolk Winter Sports Association, Norfolk, Connecticut; A. H. Bright and Robert Livermore, Jr., of the Hochgebirge Ski Runners, Boston; Warren Chivers and Ted Hunter, his Dartmouth teammates; Donald Fraser, Washington Ski Club, Seattle; Sverre Fredheim, Norwegian-American Athletic Club, Minneapolis; James Henrikson, Sioux Valley Ski Club, Canton, South Dakota; Roy Mikkelsen, Auburn Ski Club, Auburn, California; Casper Oimen, Anaconda Sports Club, Anaconda, Montana; and Richard Parsons, Magnus Satre and Ottar Satre of the Salisbury Outing Club, Salisbury, Connecticut.

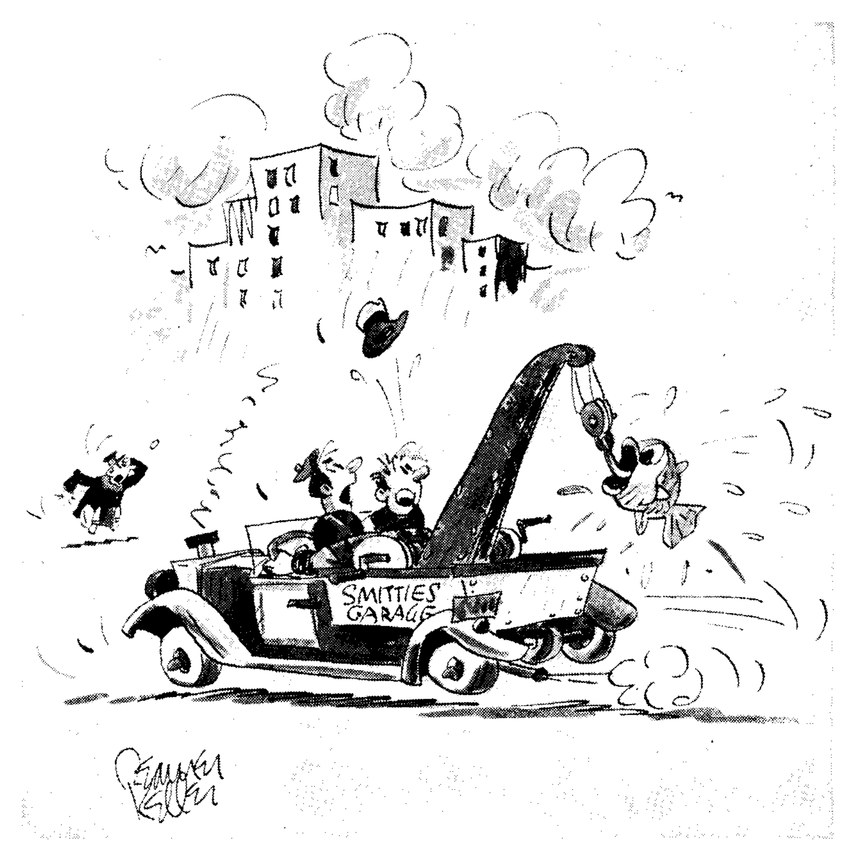
Durrance sailed from New York to Germany on November 6th, being the first American Olympic athlete of any sort to move toward the site of the great international games. His ticket was No. P101, the first issued by the transportation committee of the American Olympic Committee.

He's sacrificing his sophomore year in college, but it's far from total loss, because he's studying art in Munich within easy commuting distance of his old home and the new Olympic site, and his talents away from the runners are definitely artistic. Meanwhile, he practices every day on the old familiar slopes that now have a new international significance.

As to his probable chances against the best of the world's Olympic talent, he won't even venture a guess. Being modest, even shy, the very question embarrasses him. But his coach and his teammates unanimously call him a nonpareil. Although small and light for a ski racer, he trains like a prize fighter to build wind and endurance and he has originated various individualistic maneuvers that equalize his deficiencies in size and physical strength. That forward somersault over obstacles in cross-country racing is one. The "high-tempo turn" previously noted is but one of several others.

Part of his secret is an expert knowledge of what ski and what ski wax is best suited to what sort of snow, for snow isn't just snow. It can be light or heavy, dry or wet, slushy or ice-crusted, fast or sticky. Different weights, lengths and waxes make plenty of difference in speed.

Then, once aboard the skimming blades, Durrance has the yachtsman's expert "feel" for angles, windage, the resistance of the elements. He knows to the split of the second where and when to shift his weight, stance and balance in order to get the maximum of speed into his run, or to turn with the minimum loss of all-important momentum. His form is natural and graceful; his knowledge of his art complete.



"We must have hooked him when we went through that mud hole"

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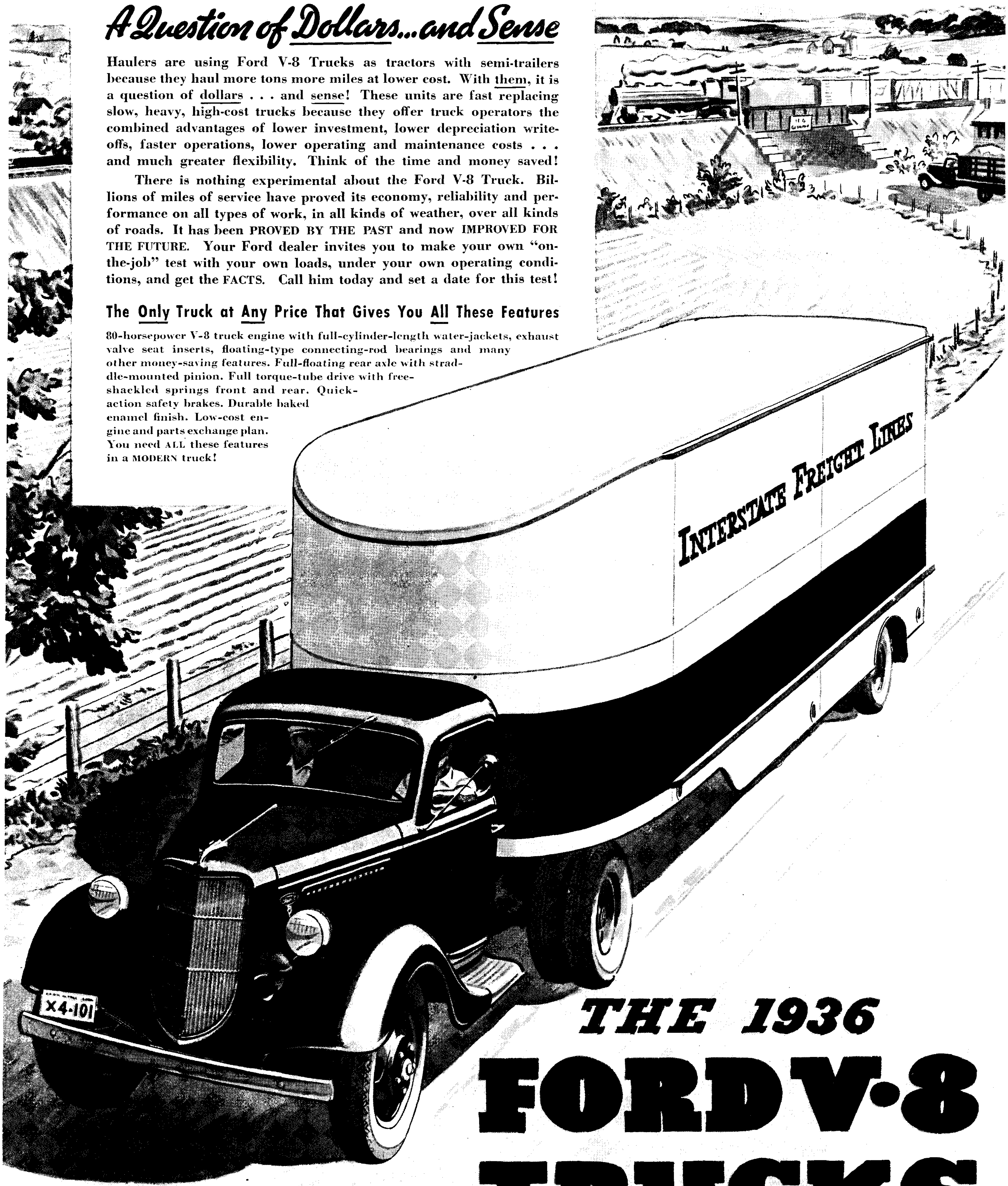

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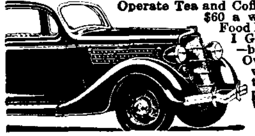

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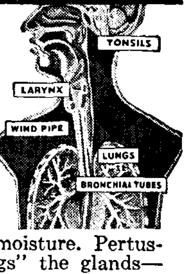

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PERTUSSIN
"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF
COUGH RELIEF

Snake in the Grass

Continued from page 18

"All right. We'll picnic here."

The boys dropped their burdens eagerly and we spread the mat on the thick, soft grass.

"Go find some coconuts," I told Ahmed. "We'll need a drink with this picnic."

In the jungle, you see, you don't drink water—*any* water—unless it's been thoroughly boiled. Then you put it in a stone jug to cool. It never gets very cool, of course; it couldn't in a place where the average temperature is a hundred degrees in the shade. Warm water's not a very palatable drink and, stone jugs being rather difficult to carry on an eight-mile walk to a picnic, I had relied on coconuts. They grow plentifully all through Malaya, and there's nothing more delicious and cooling than a drink of fresh coconut milk.

Ahmed came back presently with two, which weren't enough, so I sent him back into the jungle for more. In the meantime, I began to spread the lunch out on the mat. The clearing took on a festive air. The fruit and rice in its green banana leaves, the bright tins of biscuits, and the gay red jam jar, which I opened with my parang, looked as appetizing as any picnic lunch I've ever eaten back in America. I couldn't help smiling at the memory of picnics I've been on on the old Trinity River down in Texas and on the dunes at the southern end of Lake Michigan.

Visions of the old home towns left me, however, with the arrival of a troop of langur monkeys in the trees overhead. They came swinging through the branches, chattering like a group of magpies, with their bright, curious eyes fastened on what we were doing below. They weren't invited to the picnic, but they were welcome. Even though I have brought back to America about twelve thousand monkeys, I never grow tired of watching them play. And I pictured a nice, shady picnic lunch with free amusement furnished in the trees overhead while we ate.

Coils of Lightning

It was then I heard Ahmed shout. It was a loud shout, full of alarm, and I reached for my rifle. A second later he burst into the clearing—without the coconuts.

"*Tuan!*" he cried. "Python! Big python back in bush! I go too close before seeing! It nearly get me!"

We had been about to picnic within a hundred yards of a python, the biggest breed of snake in the world, and one of the most dangerous!

Now pythons bring a good price in the market, and not having caught any leopards I decided to have a try at the snake.

"Bring those ropes!" I called to Ali.

I snatched the piece of gunny which had been inside the lunch basket to keep the contents cool, and ordered Ahmed to lead us to the python. It wasn't far. That snake could have joined our picnic with a few wiggles of his huge, muscular body!

He started moving away as he heard us coming. I could see him, his back glittering in gorgeous colors of green and blue and gold, slithering deeper into the brush and bushes. I had hoped to find him in a clear space where I could rope him. If he once got deep into the undergrowth I knew I wouldn't have a chance and he'd soon get away.

So I did the only thing that was possible. I grabbed him by the tail!

Now a python has considerable tail. This one had twenty-two feet of it from his neck back, and quite naturally he objected to having it held. He did exactly what I knew he would—he turned and charged, his huge mouth opened to its fullest!

It's no fun being bitten by a python. They're not poisonous snakes, killing their prey only by the constriction of their great coils. But they have a mouthful of needle-sharp, triangular teeth set backwards in their mouths so they can swallow their food. When you realize they can swallow whole a hundred-and-fifty-pound hog or a good-sized deer, you'll have a fair idea of how big their mouths are and how formidable those teeth and jaws must be.

So, as this python charged me, I was ready for him. I held the gunny from the lunch basket in front of me and the snake grabbed it instead of my arm. As I felt him strike the gunny I released my hold on it, jumped forward, caught him by the back of the neck, and dropped my weight across his back.

With the speed of striking lightning, he flung a coil over my body. By this time the three boys were around me, and as I was holding the back of his neck so his mouth was harmless, they pried loose the coil and threw their weight along his whole length where it would do the most good.

For a few minutes there was a battle royal. Awi, who is the smallest of my boys and weighs only ninety-seven pounds, though as muscular and as quick as any bantamweight fighter I ever saw, chose the tail to hold and got a free ride for himself. The python weighed close to two hundred and fifty pounds—all of it live sinew—and he flung little Awi around like boys playing snap-the-whip, with Awi on the end.

He ceased his more violent struggles after a time and we managed to straighten him out and hold down his whole twenty-two feet of length. It was then I realized I was in the dilemma of the man who had bought a pig in a poke and didn't know what to do with it. I had caught the snake all right, but I had no way of getting him back to camp—no net, no box, no way of carrying him.

I had the ropes, though, and I figured there must be *some* way of using them.

"Ahmed," I ordered, "there's a tall, thin tree over there. We'll manage to hold onto the snake while you take your parang and cut it down!"

Ahmed apparently thought this a queer time to indulge in a woodman act, but he obeyed. It was a long, slender tree, and a few blows of his sharp parang felled it.

"Now lop off the branches," I told him, "and bring it here!"

When he finally brought the sapling it was about the same length as the python.

"Put it on the ground right alongside the snake!" I ordered. "Then you hold his head here while I get busy with the rope!"

It didn't take long to lash the snake's neck to the pole. The boys began to get the idea as I worked down, putting a knot at every foot of the long body until I reached the tail, where little Awi still hung on. When I finished, the python was securely tied to the young tree, as rigid as though he had been a part of it, and as helpless to move as the improvised pole itself.

"All right," I said. "Pick up the pole and we'll go back and finish our picnic."

But we never did have that picnic. When we came into the clearing there was bedlam before us. Not one trace of food remained except the fish, which was spread around the grass as if it had been hit by a cyclone. The ground was literally covered with monkeys. They ran here and there, chattering and screaming, and fighting for the empty biscuit tins.

We were all pretty hungry and we'd lost our lunch, but I was mighty glad to have that python. He was a beautiful specimen, healthy, his gold and blue and green coloring vivid and fresh. Evidently he had eaten a week or so before and wouldn't require another meal for at least a month or six weeks. So I had no doubt, as I carefully untied him from the slim tree trunk and got him into one of my big snake boxes, that I'd get him home safely and in good health to some zoölogical garden so *you* can become better acquainted with him.

Ali in Trouble

Now, it may seem remarkable that I should go out into the jungle with nothing but a rope and come back with a twenty-two-foot python. In a way it is. Usually I use boxes and nets as well as ropes, but the circumstances in this case forced me to use the only thing available, and it worked.

I want to tell you of an instance even more remarkable that happened on my last expedition. This time we went into the jungle with nothing—absolutely nothing—and came back with a huge python almost as big as the first. And this time I came nearer to losing my faithful Ali than ever before in all our experiences together.

Running short of a few supplies I needed, I took Ali, Ahmed and Awi, and went twelve miles down a jungle trail to a native *kedai*, the nearest habitation to my camp. A *kedai* is a small Malay store or trading post, and this one was run by an old Malay and his daughter. You can get almost anything you need in the jungle at a *kedai*. The natives come in with their products—rattan, tapioca, rice, beeswax, rubber and other things—and trade them with the owner for salt, tobacco, matches, *serangs* and other necessities he imports from civilization.

I got what I wanted, and the four of us started back to camp, carrying our loads. Not expecting to meet any animals, and not intending to inspect any traps, we were absolutely unequipped for handling even a minah bird. We had nothing with us but a rifle, my revolver, and the packs on our backs.

About three miles from camp I stopped for a moment to watch a hornbill. He was about thirty feet up on the side of a hollow tree, and with his big beak he was tearing down a wall of cementlike mud with which he previously had sealed his mate inside the hollow trunk. I knew there was a squab inside there now with the mother bird, and I hoped to get a look at it.

As the trail was narrow, and as we were walking in single file, the moment I stopped, Ahmed and Awi, who were behind me, also stopped. Ali, who was ahead, went calmly on, not knowing we had halted.

I watched the hornbill a moment. He was making a loud pounding noise, like the tapping of a hammer on stone. That mud which he had put there to protect his young was almost as hard as stone now, and from inside the tree I could hear the female hornbill helping him with the job.

The next second I heard nothing but Ali's cry of terror. It rang through the jungle in a sharp stab of sound.

Swinging about quickly I saw him, about fifty feet away, flung clear of the ground. It was as if he had suddenly been catapulted into the air. His whole body shot upward, then was snatched back to earth again as if pulled by a great steel cable!

"Come on!" I yelled to the boys.

I couldn't understand what was happening. But we dropped our packs and ran forward.

A second later I saw Ali, on the far side of a fallen log, in the coils of a big python! It had a firm grip with its huge mouth on one bare leg, a coil around the leg, and another around Ali's thin brown body!

I saw in an instant what had happened. In stepping over the log he had literally stepped full into the coils of this twenty-foot python. It had struck instantly, grabbed the calf of his leg and, rearing up with all its two hundred pounds of muscle, tossed him straight into the air. When he hit the ground the snake had slapped a coil around his leg, another about his body, and now, with a firm grip on his leg, and the great coil around him, it was preparing to crush out Ali's life!

I hurled myself forward over the log and the boys followed. There was no time to draw my revolver—pythons work too quickly. It's a mere matter of seconds before they can crush in a man's ribs.

Even if I'd had a gun in my hand I couldn't have fired without hitting Ali. To kill it I'd have had to shoot the snake in the head, and the head, with Ali's leg in its mouth, was in close against the boy's side.

A Queer Ride

The three of us—Ahmed, Awi and myself—struggled frantically with that python. We worked like demons at the center coil that was around Ali's body. Unless we could get it off—and quickly—the boy would die.

We managed it finally, six sets of hands and muscles straining to their utmost, and I heard Ali's soft sigh as the pressure was relieved.

But by this time the snake had its tail wrapped around the boy's shoulders. I ordered Ahmed and Awi to lie flat on the main part of the snake until I unwrapped the tail.

With the tail loose there still remained the coil on Ali's leg, and for a second I feared the leg might break. Dropping to my knees I worked my arm under the coil and took off some of the pressure on my own arm.

"It's all right, Ali!" I told him. "We'll get you free!"

He tried to smile, but it was a wan sort of smile. His only pain now, as I slipped the coil from him, was in his leg from the snake's teeth and the steel grip of his jaws. But he knew he was safe.

With my free hand I got out my revolver. I could have killed the python now, as the coil was off Ali's leg and it was merely hanging on with its mouth. But, with the boy in no danger I hated to kill the snake. After all, in attacking Ali when he stepped on it the python had done no more than any other creature would have done to protect and defend itself. It had merely fought for its own life, which appeared to be in danger. So I determined to take the snake home alive—if I could.

Ali could help us now with his hands, and I ran my revolver butt up along his leg against the snake's mouth. That mouth hung on like a steel vise, and it required all my strength, with the revolver as a lever, to pry it loose. But it opened finally and Ali pulled out his leg as I grabbed the back of the snake's neck in a firm grip with both hands, dropping the revolver.

We had the snake now. That is, we had him on the ground under us, fighting and squirming with all his muscular strength. But we had not even a piece of rope with which to tie him!

Holding his neck with both hands, I glanced about. Practically everywhere in the jungle, rattan vines grow in profusion. This is the vine with which the Malays and *sakai* do all of their tying. A thin strand of it will tie up a small parcel, and a coarser piece will lash securely the logs of a tiger trap. It is the toughest and strongest of all natural growths. I saw that there was plenty of rattan hanging from the trees alongside of the path.

"Awi!" I called. "Let go a minute and get me some of that rattan!"

Awi sprang away like a brown monkey. In a few seconds, using his parang like a flashing overhead scythe, he was back with an armful of the thin, twinelike vine. I put three thicknesses about the snake's neck, then lashed the neck to the body a few feet down.

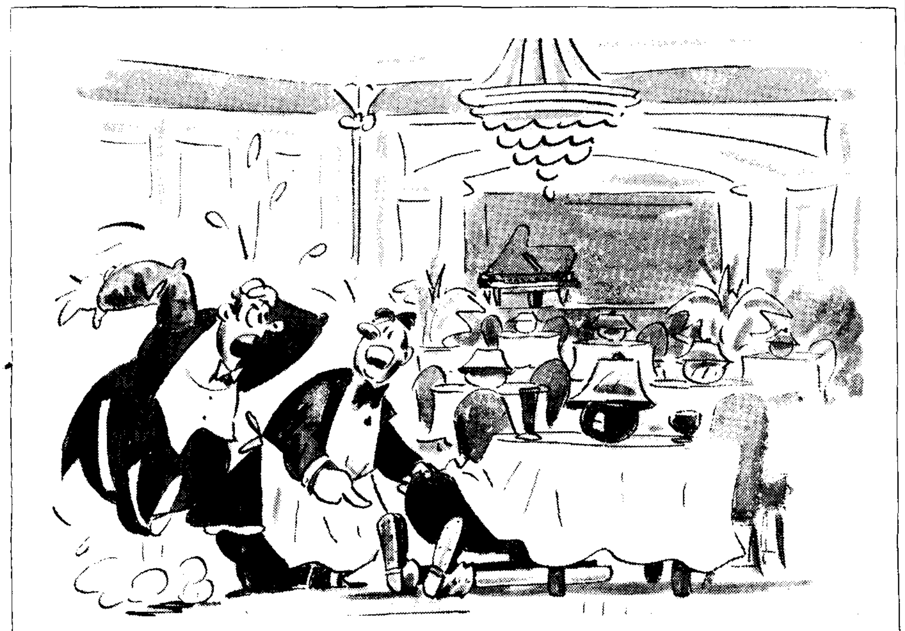
"Get him in another coil!" I ordered the boys.

They rolled up another coil on top of the first and I tied it firmly to the other.

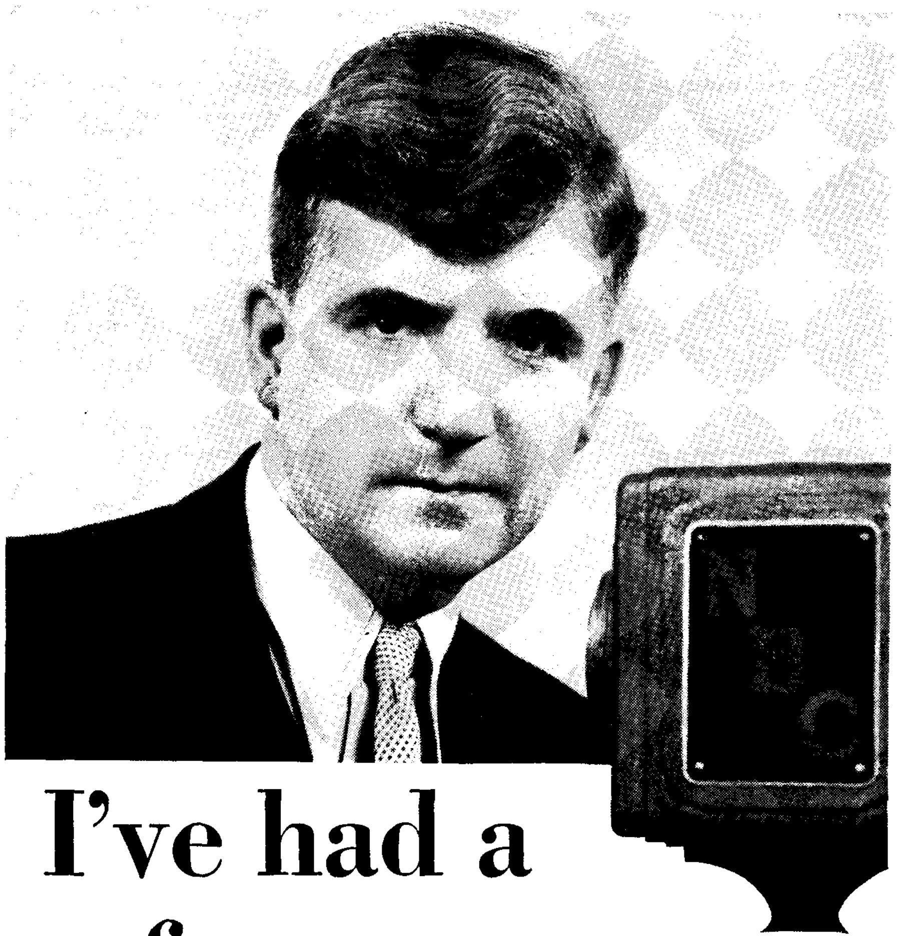
"One more!" I yelled.

They coiled up the eight-foot tail around the body and I tied it all together with dozens of lashings of rattan. When I finally stood up, Mr. Python looked for all the world like a coiled-up hose in a fire house.

From that point on it was a simple matter to slip a pole through the coils and carry him home to camp across our shoulders. He looked a little abashed hanging on the pole, tied in nice, neat, harmless coils, getting the queerest ride through the jungle a snake ever had!



"He sneaked out again without paying!"



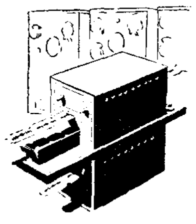
I've had a fortune spent on my face

By John B. Kennedy

Former Associate Editor of Collier's

My face isn't my fortune—that's certain—but there's a factory in Boston where they've *spent* a fortune on my face, and *yours*. I flew over to Boston for this story—visited the Gillette Safety Razor Company where they make razor blades with the scientific accuracy and sanitary care I thought limited to only the most delicate surgical instruments.

Yes, Gillette has spent millions in developing equipment to produce and test the Gillette Blade. I watched every step in its manufacture—saw it enter the process as part of a huge coil of strip steel, until it emerged as one of a family of five or ten blades in the familiar Gillette package. I was greatly impressed. My conception of blade manufacture was completely changed.



Before I get technical, let me explain that as a veteran reporter I have inspected many factories and manufacturing processes. Yet the intricate detail and intense supervision of each Gillette operation made even my hard-bitten mind marvel. As we approached the hardening room in my tour of the factory I had a vision of grimy men sweating before fiery furnaces. But what a surprise! Why, the place might have been an air-cooled office. Here 18 electrically controlled and operated furnaces—the like of which you've never seen—harden Gillette steel to perfection. Midway on each furnace is a little black box—a truly magical box. In it is a bellwether strip of steel—exactly correct in hardness for the manufacture of the Gillette Blade.

Through magnetic control—this master strip automatically regulates the temperature of the furnace so that the steel passing through is tempered to the identical hardness of the master strip. That's an untechnical way of explaining a process so marvelously skillful that its scientific description would fill a library.

And that's only one of many processes that made a lasting impression on me. The blades are honed by the sweetest process I have ever seen. Conveyed through whirring cycles of abrasive wheels and leather—they come out the sharpest, cleanest-shaving blades that science can produce.

I could enumerate a half-dozen or more operations that would amaze you; but having seen a blade start as raw, cold-rolled steel and finally emerge with edges so sharp the human eye cannot see them, and so hard that they can actually cut glass—I'm more impressed with results. I'm impressed with the fact that the Gillette Blade has *the* shaving edges for any man who is particular about his face.

In view of these facts—impartially recorded by a trained observer—how can any man accept a substitute. It pays to ask for Gillette Blades and insist on getting them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Collier's

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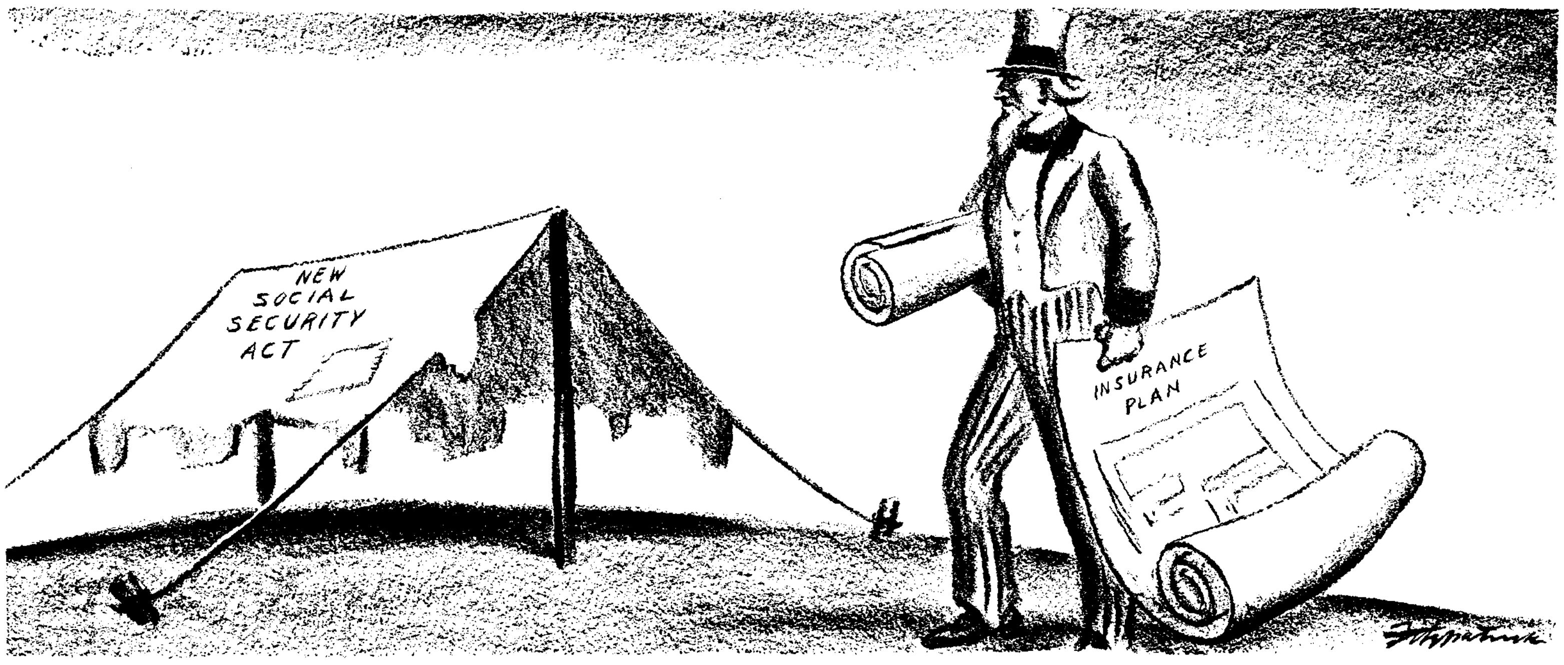


Social Security

LESS than five months ago President Roosevelt signed the Social Security Act. Now the new taxes levied under that law are accruing. Some years will pass before these taxes are actually paid out to the unemployed, the aged, and to the members of other groups included in the measure.

Before unemployment benefits can be paid nearly forty states must devise and establish insurance or pension systems. All states may reasonably be expected to act soon. The collection of taxes by the federal government will stimulate even the most reluctant legislature to some kind of action. People who pay the taxes will insist upon deriving some benefit from their money.

Many who have long advocated unemployment insurance, as well as those who have opposed it, are fearful of the consequences of the present federal Act. It has obvious flaws. Unless these weaknesses are removed or corrected without too great delay, the entire principle of social insurance may be discredited. This would be a tragic end of a great hope.

The plain truth is that the federal law does not establish unemployment insurance. The Security Act imposes taxes designed to benefit those who may at some future time be unemployed. The Act permits states to establish unemployment insurance, but if a state prefers pensions to insurance it is free to indulge its fancy. The opportunity for not-too-scrupulous politicians is large and inviting.

The work done by the commission which wrote the first draft of the law was of necessity hurriedly performed. Numerous changes were made while the bill was in Congress. When finally enacted and approved few understood or admired all its provisions.

The great weakness of the federal law is its failure to establish insurance. There are many ways of providing for the workless. Private charity is one. The old poorhouse system is another. Insurance is quite different from private charity or public relief.

The essence of insurance is providing by present savings against future contingencies the chances of which can be reasonably anticipated in the tables of experience. Wooden houses are more combustible than stone or concrete structures. So insurance on a tinderbox costs much more than insurance on a fireproof building.

The rates paid for burglary insurance depend upon the frequency of burglaries. Chicago motorists pay less now for their auto theft insurance than they did three years ago because fewer automobiles are stolen. Insurance measures the risk and calculates the sum necessary to meet the assumed obligation.

One of the great advantages of any sound system of insurance is the influence it brings to bear on removing preventable danger. Workmen's compensation insurance has stimulated men to invent methods of preventing industrial accidents. Fire insurance has contributed mightily to the construction of fireproof buildings.

Unemployment insurance, properly administered, can stimulate industry to devise ways of preventing unemployment. Pensions for the jobless will not, however, lessen unemployment. On the contrary, the very availability of pensions will have a tendency to increase unemployment.

The New York law makes unemployment insurance possible. Other states which have already acted have not based their social security systems on insurance. Yet without this feature there is little essential difference between the new social security system and the old dole or pension system.

Many other elements of danger lurk in the Social Security Act. The abandonment of insurance is the most important. As matters now stand in most of the states the security taxes fall with equal force on the prudent and the imprudent.

The considerate employer who hitherto has exerted all his ingenuity to provide steady jobs pays exactly the same tax rate levied against the man who heartlessly dismisses his workers at the first intimation of a canceled order.

There is no statesmanship, economic or political, in permitting a social security law to become an engine of insecurity. This is precisely what must happen if fundamental improvements are not made in the law.

The Security Commission, headed by former Governor John S. Winant, has had no funds with which to operate because of the filibuster conducted by the late Senator Huey Long. Funds should be provided, not merely for the administration of the existing Act, but also for a thorough and thoughtful inquiry into the whole subject of social security.

Insurance, not pensions and not doles, must be used if employment is to be made stable. The premiums or taxes paid by a particular industry or corporation or individual must be adjusted to the risk incurred. There is neither sense nor justice in exacting the same rates from stable and unstable industries.

Before any kind of insurance can be established it is necessary first to collect the facts on which calculations can be made. Up to now we have in this country a shockingly inadequate record of the actual fluctuations in employment. When the government or the labor unions or the industrial associations announce that so many millions are unemployed, their announcements are largely guesses. The guesses may be accurate. Some statisticians are very good guessers. But insurance should rest on records and not on estimates which may be right or wrong.

Much work must be done before it is even practicable to establish anything which can honestly be termed unemployment insurance. No time should be lost in collecting the facts and in making the further necessary studies. For we may be sure that if the present system fails, the whole cause of social security will be gravely injured.

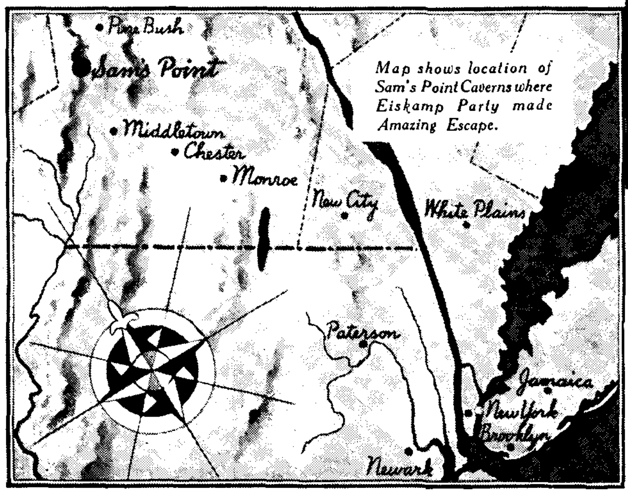
"Seven Skeletons Deep in the Earth"

Amazing Escape of Edward Eiskamp and his Six Companions

Saved from Death in Underground Maze

"MILE AFTER MILE we had wormed and twisted and crawled our way into the blackness of those caverns that burrow deep under the Catskills near Sam's Point," writes Edward Eiskamp.

"Down at last to the very bottom, we relaxed for that moment of exultation every explorer seeks. And in that moment, my flashlight slipped from my hand. There was a sickening splash, and darkness closed over us.



Map shows location of Sam's Point Caverns where Eiskamp Party made Amazing Escape.

"My heart pounded in sudden panic. We were trapped in a vast underground labyrinth, blinded by inky blackness. Trapped where only light could save us.

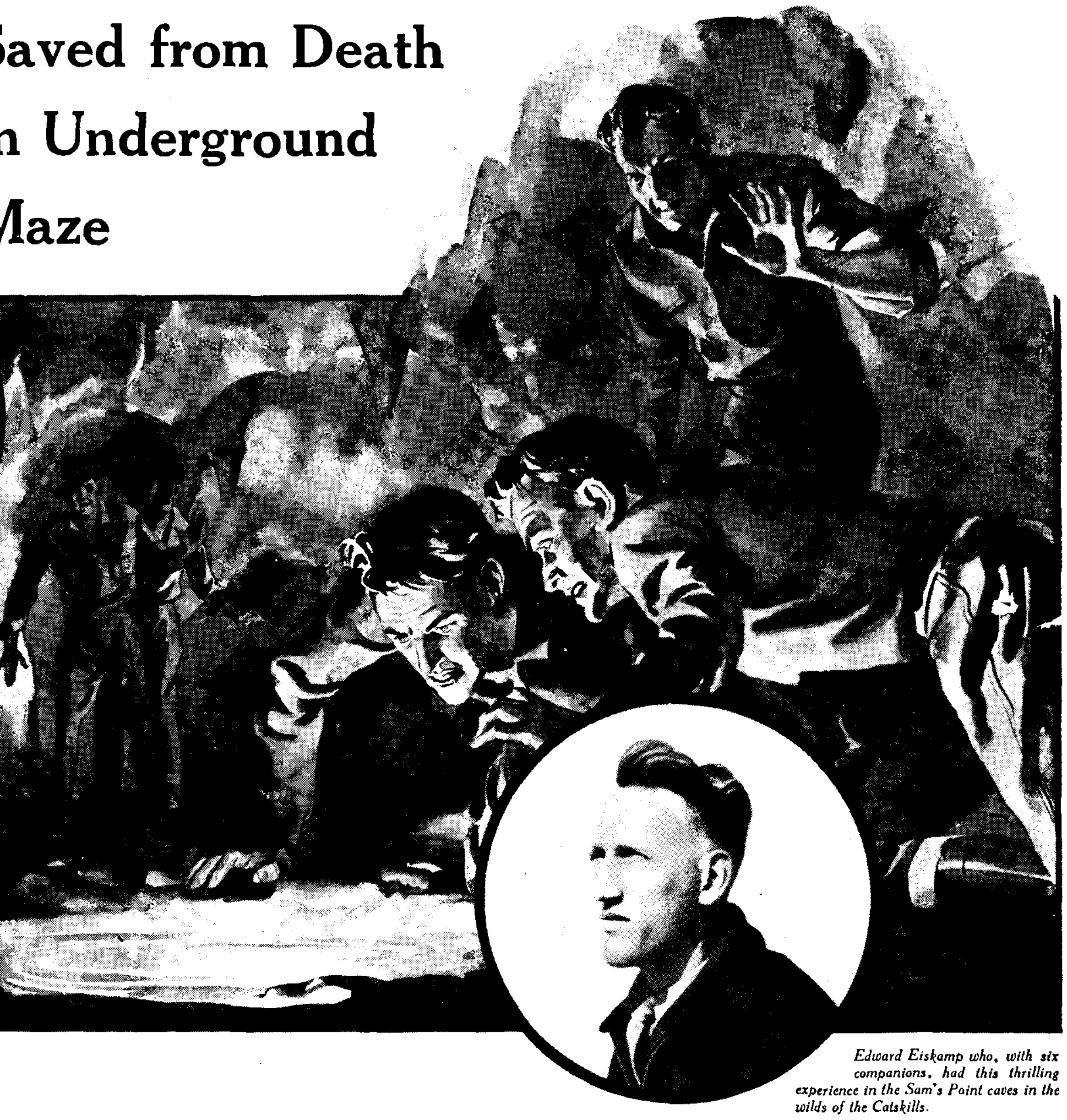
"Seven skeletons would grace this rocky vault Nature had prepared for us. What a grisly joke fate had played!

"But then we saw a glow of light from that deep, icy pool where the flashlight lay. We groped our way cautiously toward it . . . expecting every instant to see our beacon of hope fade and die.

"It didn't fade or die, or this story would never have been written. Fished up through eight feet of water, those fresh, strong Eveready Batteries maintained the brilliant beam that led us thankfully over the long, slow route to daylight.

"Until that day none of us realized how important fresh, dependable Evereadys can be. But we sure do now! For, if those batteries hadn't been fresh, if they had gone stale on some dealer's shelf, they never could have brought us back from our near-grave."

Edward Eiskamp



Edward Eiskamp who, with six companions, had this thrilling experience in the Sam's Point caves in the wilds of the Catskills.

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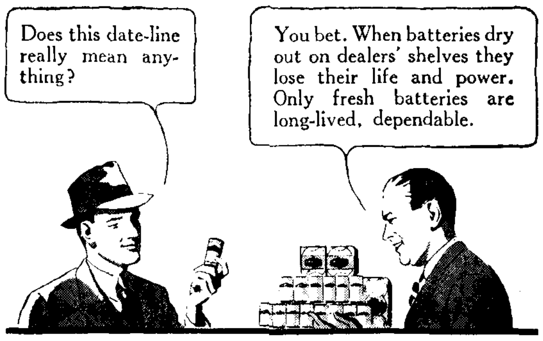
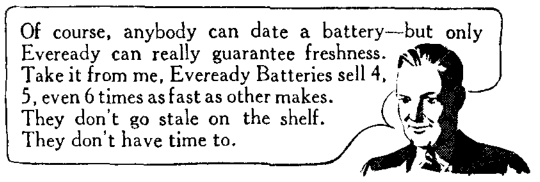
the "Date-Line" guarantees it!



Does this date-line really mean anything?

You bet. When batteries dry out on dealers' shelves they lose their life and power. Only fresh batteries are long-lived, dependable.



Of course, anybody can date a battery—but only Eveready can really guarantee freshness. Take it from me, Eveready Batteries sell 4, 5, even 6 times as fast as other makes. They don't go stale on the shelf. They don't have time to.

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